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MISCELLANEA:

COMPRISING

Reviews, Lectures, and Essays,

ON

Historical, Theological, and Miscellaneous Subjects.

BY M. J. SPALDING, D.D.

ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

Quæcumque in foliis descripsit . . .
Digerit in numerum, ...
Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

What time and place disjoin, is here combined,
Lest sporting winds disperse the flying leaves.—VIRGIL

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.—THEOLOGICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

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XX. OUR COLONIAL BLUE LAWS.*

ARTICLE II.—HERETICS, QUAKERS, AND WITCHES.

Two characteristics of the Puritans—Scenting out heresy and witchcraft—Preaching and practice—Consistency—Which colony deserves the palm—Roger Williams—His principles and banishment—Laws against Quakers—How executed—A strong protest—How answered—Persecution avowed and proved from the Bible—Witchcraft in New England—Why so prevalent there—Exposition of Cotton Mather—Shrewdness of the witches—How they were exterminated—"Eight firebrands of hell"—Hanging first, and trying afterwards—Humorous passage from Irving

For two things were the good pilgrim fathers especially remarkable: their hatred of heresy, and their mortal aversion to witches. Wo to the bold man, who, during the good old days of Puritanism in New England dared to think for himself in matters of religion; if, while enjoying this privilege, he unfortunately differed in opinion from the majority then wielding power. Wo to him if he chanced not to be orthodox for the time being; that is, not so rigidly Calvinistic as his brethren. He was sure to become the victim of a most relentless persecution; and, if he escaped with sound ears, or an unbored tongue, or even with his life, he might deem himself a very lucky man. And as to the luckless wizard, who, at that *enlightened* period, dared wave his mystic wand of incantation; or the haggard old witch, who, toothless and lustreless, and mounted on her broom-stick, ventured to perform her stated aerial evolutions, "to sweep the cobwebs from the sky;"—they were placed entirely without the pale of society; they were outlawed, and no more mercy was shown them than to the very imps of Satan, who, it was devoutly believed, bodily inhabited their persons!

The pilgrim fathers were certainly excellent heresy-hunters. They could detect the lurking infection in a twinkling. They could discover beams in the eyes of their neighbors, in which others, less keen-sighted,

* I. *The Blue Laws of New Haven Colony, usually called the Blue Laws of Connecticut; Quaker Laws of Plymouth and Massachusetts; Blue Laws of New York, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina. First Record of Connecticut; interesting extracts from Connecticut Records; cases of Salem witchcraft; charges and banishment of Rev. Roger Williams, &c., and other interesting and instructive antiquities. Compiled by an Antiquarian.* Hartford: Printed by Case, Tiffany & Co. 1838. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 336.

II. *The Code of* 1656 *; being a compilation of the earliest Laws and Orders of the General Court of Connecticut: also, the Constitution, or civil compact entered into and adopted by the towns of Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield, in* 1638–9. *To which are added some extracts from the laws and judicial proceedings of the New Haven Colony, commonly called Blue Laws.* Hartford: Judd, Loomis & Co. 1836. 1 vol. 16mo., pp. 119.

could scarcely have perceived motes. And as for witchcraft, they could scent it from afar, probably in consequence of the strong odor of brimstone which it usually gave out; and they could tell, to a nicety, its exact symptoms and *diagnosis*, with as much facility and certainty, as the physician can tell the disease of his patient, by feeling his pulse and examining his tongue. But, unlike the skillful physician, and like the empiric, they had but one remedy for the cure of the malady; a remedy, however, at once very simple and very efficacious,—the halter. This medicine was never known to fail in effectually subduing the most obstinate case of witchcraft!

It would, indeed, appear that the Puritans who peopled New England should have learned some mercy and toleration, in the severe school of suffering in which they had been trained up in *Protestant* England. It would seem that, having felt the smart of the rod of persecution on their own shoulders, they should have been very slow in applying it to the shoulders of others. Having emigrated to a new world for the enjoyment of the inestimable blessings of religious liberty; having braved, for this high and noble motive, the unknown perils of a boundless ocean, and the untried hardships and dangers of a frightful wilderness in a new world; they were surely not going to re-assert the very same intolerant principle, to which they had been indebted for all their past trials and sufferings. They were surely not going to set up again, in a virgin hemisphere yet unstained with the blood of the martyr, that very Moloch which had consumed their fathers, and had threatened themselves with a fiery death. If they were really sincere and consistent in their principles, they would certainly have done for ever with all kinds of persecution, no matter what might be the pretext for it; and they would have given to the breeze the glorious banner of universal civil and religious liberty.

But, alas for the weakness and inconsistency of poor human nature! These, our reasonable anticipations, are all doomed to utter disappointment, and we find the Puritans, who, in England and in Holland, were the loudest champions of the fullest liberty of conscience, become themselves, *immediately* after their arrival in America, the most stern and relentless persecutors! We find them setting up on our continent that very principle of church and state in which all their wrongs had originated, and lording it over the consciences of their fellow-men, with as high a hand as ever the haughty church of England had lorded it over themselves! Were they sincere, were they honest in all this? Or were they merely weak and inconsistent? Were they hypocrites, or were they mere blind fanatics? We venture not to decide. But of one thing we are quite certain;—they were not the immaculate *saints* they are usually represented to have been.

The inimitable Washington Irving thus humorously hits off their canting inconsistency and hypocrisy in the matter of persecution:

"Having served a regular apprenticeship in the school of persecution, it behoved them to show that they had become proficients in the art. They accordingly employed their leisure hours in banishing, scourging, or

hanging divers heretical Papists, Quakers, and Anabaptists, for daring to abuse the *liberty of conscience*, which they now clearly proved to imply nothing more than that every man should think as he pleased in matters of religion, *provided* he thought *right*, for otherwise it would be giving a latitude to damnable heresies. Now as they (the majority) were perfectly convinced that *they alone* thought *right*, it consequently followed that whoever thought differently from them thought wrong, and whoever thought wrong, and obstinately persisted in not being convinced and converted, was a flagrant violator of the inestimable liberty of conscience, and a corrupt and infectious member of the body politic, and deserved to be lopped off and cast into the fire."[1]

In the matter of the Blue Laws proper, we must award the palm of excellence to Connecticut; but in the matter of scourging, branding, banishing, or hanging heretics and witches, we must certainly assign the precedency to Massachusetts. Whether it was, that there were more heretics and witches in the latter colony, or that the hardy pioneers of the former had become more civilized, and their hearts softer in consequence of their greater proximity to the Indians, certain it is that the adventurous "moss troopers," who inhabited the plantations on the Connecticut river, are not recorded to have actually hung any witches or heretics; though they had severe laws against both, and though they more than once put both in bodily terror. On the contrary, the unadulterated and unmitigated Puritans of Massachusetts were not satisfied with mere laws on paper, or with mere empty threats; they went boldly to work to rid the country, —given by the Lord "as an inheritance to his *saints*," —of all the *pests*, which tainted its moral and religious atmosphere by their poisonous breath. No one could be either a heretic or a witch in Massachusetts, and live. The colony was too *holy* by far for any such wretches, and they must either die the death, or seek from the savage of the unexplored wilderness that mercy, which they sought in vain from their *Christian* brethren! So blind and unfeeling is bigotry!

It was thus that the famous Roger Williams was driven forth,— to say nothing of the treatment of Richard Waterman, of Ann Hutchinson, and of a number of other "pestilent heretics" of Massachusetts. And what were the offenses which drew down upon Roger Williams the terrible chastisement, of being driven out into the wilderness in the dead of winter,[2] there to find shelter from the savages, or to perish of hunger and cold? The following are the weighty charges preferred against him in the General Court, held July 8th, 1635:

That he held these "*dangerous opinions:* 1. That the magistrate ought not to punish the breach of the first table, otherwise than in such cases as did disturb the civil peace. 2. That he ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man. 3. That a man ought not to pray with

1 History of New York. Irving's works, in two volumes, 8vo. Philadelphia, 1840. Vol. i, p. 76.

2 Sentence of banishment was passed on him in October, 1635; and the court *mercifully* allowed him to remain in the colony till the following spring, on condition of his not disseminating his doctrines; yet it became necessary for Williams to fly in the following January, as he learned that his accusers were about sending him to England for trial and punishment.

such, though wife, children, &c. 4. That a man ought not to give thanks after sacrament, nor after meals." [1]

The first article was evidently the main ground of difficulty. The Puritans asserted, and Roger Williams denied, that the civil magistrate had any right to punish mere religious delinquencies, or "breaches of the first table" of the commandments, embracing the duties we owe to God, unless such delinquencies should disturb "the civil peace." The Puritans asserted, and Roger Williams protested against, the principle of a union of church and state. The Puritans asserted the right in the state to enforce religious conformity; Roger Williams protested against that right. The Puritans triumphed, and so did Roger Williams; *they* drove him out, and *he*, when driven out, became the founder of a new colony, which he moulded according to his own liberal principles.

We subjoin the sentence of banishment pronounced against him, as a curious specimen of colonial jurisprudence:

"Whereas Mr. Roger Williams, one of the elders of the church of Salem, hath broached and divulged divers *new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates*, as also written letters of defamation both of magistrates and churches here, and that before any conviction, and yet maintaineth the same without retraction; it is therefore ordered that the said Mr. Williams shall depart out of this jurisdiction within six weeks now next ensuing, which, if he neglects to perform, it shall be lawful for the governor and two of the magistrates to send him to some place out of this jurisdiction, not to return any more without license from the court." [2]

This and many similar sentences of banishment against heretics, found on the old Massachusetts Records, exhibit the stern and relentless spirit of the Puritans; a spirit worthy of all reprobation, and reproved in the following fine passage of the Protestant divine, Jortin, whom our author quotes, and of whose sentiments we heartily approve:

"To banish, imprison, starve, hang, and burn men for their religion, is not the gospel of Christ, but the gospel of the devil. Where persecution begins, Christianity ends, and if the name of it remains, the spirit is gone. Christ never used anything like force or violence, except once, and that was to drive men *out* of the temple, and not to drive them *in*." [3]

But the Quakers,— the poor, harmless, and inoffensive Quakers,— were those who smarted most under the lash of puritanical intolerance:

"The Quakers were whipped, branded, had their ears cut off, their tongues bored with hot irons, and were banished, upon the pain of death in case of their return, and actually executed upon the gallows." [4]

Yet they had asked for no special privilege; they had merely sought the boon of religious toleration. They could not find this privilege in England; and, like the Puritans themselves, they had emigrated to the new world with the fondly cherished hope that, here at least, they might enjoy freedom of conscience. But sadly were they mistaken. The

1 Record of the court. Blue Laws of Massachusetts, p. 65.

2 Massachusetts Records. October 1635 Blue Laws &c., p. 67.

3 Blue Laws, etc., p. 68, note.

4 Ibid. Preface, p. vi.

Puritans had no bowels of mercy for those who, like themselves, had fled from persecution in the old world. Towards Quakers, especially, they entertained feelings of the most deadly hatred, as the laws common to *all* the New England colonies clearly prove. Among the Blue Laws of Connecticut we find the following:

"18. No Quaker or *dissenter from the established worship of this dominion*, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates or any officers.

"19. *No food or lodying* shall be afforded to a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic." [1]

But, as we have already intimated, the laws of the Plymouth colony against Quakers were the most rigid of all, and the only ones, in fact, which were strictly executed. The following are among the orders of the Court, assembled at Plymouth at different times in the years 1657, 1658, 1659, &c. They were copied by our author from the Plymouth Records themselves:

"It is ordered by the court, that in case any shall bring in any Quaker, Rantor, or other notorious heretiques, either by lande or water, into any parte of this government, shall forthwith, upon order from any one magistrate, returne them to the place from whence they came, or clear the government of them on the penaltie of paying the fine of twenty shillings *for every weeke* that they shall stay in the government after warninge." [2]

In the same year it was further

"Enacted by the court and the authoritie thereof, that noe Quaker or person commonly soe called, *bee entertained by any person or persons* within this government, under the penalty of five pounds for every such default, *or be whipt*, and in case any one shall entertaine any such person ignorantly, if hee shal testify on his oath that hee knew not them to bee such, he shal be freed of the aforesaid penalty, provided hee upon his first discerning them to bee such, doe discover them to the constable or his deputy." [3]

October 6th, 1657, an order was passed banishing Humphrey Norton, a Quaker, from the colony, and on the 14th of October following, this additional law was enacted against Quakers; — for atrocious cruelty it is surpassed by few documents of the kind on record in any country, Christian or pagan:

"As an addition to the late order in reference to the coming or bringing in of the *cursed sect* of the Quakers into this jurisdiction, it is ordered that whosoever shall from henceforth bring, or cause to be brought, directly or indirectly, any known Quaker or Quakers, or *other blasphemous heretiques* into this jurisdiction, every such person shall forfeit the sum of *one hundred pounds* to the country and shall by warrant from any magistrate, be committed to prison, there to remain till the penalty be satisfied and paid, and if any person or persons within this jurisdiction shall henceforth entertaine and conceal any such Quaker or Quakers, or other blasphemous heretiques (knowing them so to be), every such person shall forfeit to the country *forty shillings for every hour's* enter-

1 Ibid. p. 122. 2 Ibid. p 13. 3 Ibid. p. 14.

tainment and concealment of any Quaker or Quakers as aforesaid, and shall be committed to prison as aforesaid, until the forfeitures be fully satisfied and paid; and it is further ordered, that if any Quaker or Quakers shall presume, after they have once suffered what the law requireth, to come into this jurisdiction, every such male Quaker shall, for the first offence, *have one of his ears cut off*, and be kept att work in the house of correction till he can be sent away att his own charge; and for the second offence, *shall have the other ear cut off*, &c., and kept att the house of correction as aforesaid. And every woman Quaker that hath suffered the law here, that shall presume to come into this jurisdiction, *shall be severely whipt*, and kept at the house of correction at work, till she be sent away *at her own charge*, and so also for her coming again she shall be alike used as aforesaid. And for every Quaker, he or she, that shall a third time herein again offend, THEY SHALL HAVE THEIR TONGUES BORED THROUGH WITH A HOT IRON, and be kept at the house of correction, close at work, till they be sent away *at their own charge*." [1]

Alas for the gallantry and the tender mercies of the pilgrim fathers! If these laws, and many more of a similar nature, too numerous and lengthy for quotation, be any index of their character, then shall we thank God, as long as we live, that we have not a drop of Puritan blood in our veins. We could not even feel easy or comfortable, were we descended from those *holy* men, with long visages and sanctimonious looks, but with cold and iron hearts steeled against humanity; who could pray as long prayers at the corners of the streets as the ancient Pharisees, or the more modern Praise-God-Bare-Bones of Cromwell's fanatical army, but who were as merciless as fanatical, and as hypocritical as any other Pharisees of them all, whether ancient or modern. Much would we prefer to be ranked with the publicans and sinners, than with such *saints!*

By laws subsequently enacted, all persons under suspicion of holding the "diabolical doctrines" of the "cursed sect" of Quakers, were forbidden, under severe penalties, from meeting together for worship; [2] Quakers, Ranters, and all such corrupt persons could not be admitted as freemen, nor be allowed to vote; [3] their books were to be seized by the public officers, and presented to the court; [4] and even their horses were to be taken and confiscated to the government. [5] This last law is so curious that we must copy it entire:

"Whereas we find that, of late time, the Quakers have bin furnished with horses, and thereby they have not only more speedy passage from place to place to the poisoning of the inhabitants with their *cursed* tenetts, but alsoe thereby have escaped the hands of the officers, that might otherwise have apprehended them. It is therefore enacted by the court and the authoritie thereof, that if any person or persons whatsoever in this government, doth or shall furnish any of them with horse or horsekind, the same to bee forfited and seized on for the use of this government; or any horses that they shall bring into the government, or shall be brought in for them, and they make use of, shall bee forfited as aforesaid; and that it shall be lawful *for any inhabitant to make seizure of any such horse* and to deliver him to the constable or treasurer for the use of the county."

1 Ibid. p. 14–15. 2 P. 16. 3 Ibid. 4 Ibid. p. 20. 5 P. 33.

We will conclude our rapid summary of the laws against Quakers, with the following extract from the Plymouth Record of 1660:

"It is enacted by the court and the authoritie thereof, that if any person or persons commonly called Quakers, or any other such like *vagabonds* shall come into any towne of this government, the marshall or constable shall apprehend him or them, and upon examination, soe appearing, hee shall *whip them, or cause them to be whipt with rodds*," [1] &c.

Talk of the Spanish inquisition after this! And yet these laws were not a mere dead letter, as the early history of Massachusetts abundantly proves. It appears, from the public Records themselves, that the following persons were banished, after having suffered imprisonment, and probably the other terrible penalties of the law;— Humphrey Norton, Samuel Shattock, Lawrence Southwick and wife, Nicholas Phelps, Joshua Buffam, and Josiah Southwick; that William Robinson, Marmaduke Stephenson, and Mary Dyer were sentenced to death, and the two first executed; and that the treasurer was empowered to sell into slavery "to any of the English nation at Virginia and Barbadoes, Daniel and Provided Southwick, son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick," because they had been either unwilling or unable to pay the fines imposed on them for recusancy.[2]

The Quakers loudly protested against this high-handed injustice and glaring cruelty; but their protest was either allowed to pass unheeded, or it was met with additional insult. Thus "Humphrey Norton, who was a Quaker, and who had smarted under the rod of persecution of the governor of the Plymouth patent," addressed a letter, "with care and speed," to the chief of his persecutors, upon whom, after having charged him with uttering *eight* palpable *lies*, he thus denounced the divine vengeance:

"The cry of vengeance will persue thee day and night for other men's goods, hard speeches, unrieghteouse actions which thou hast done and spoken against us and others, without and contrary to the righteouse law; . . . the days of thy wailing will be like unto that of a woman that murthers the fruite of her wombe; the anguish and paine that will enter upon the reignes will be like gnawing wormes lodging betwixt thy hart and liver; when these things come upon thee, and thy back bowed downe with paine, in that daye and houre thou shalt know to thy grief that prophetts to the Lord God wee are, and the God of vengeance is our God."[3]

What reply was made to this and similar protests? The General Court of Massachusetts published an elaborate "declaration," which is found spread out on the Records, and in which the course pursued against the Quakers is defended by a long train of arguments, copiously interlarded with texts of Scripture! The Court thus openly defended the doctrine of persecution on the authority of the Bible. This strongly reminds us of John Calvin's famous, or rather infamous book in favor of punishing heretics, written by him expressly to vindicate his agency in the burning of Servetus. Verily the disciples were worthy of their master; but neither the one nor the other had any right even to pronounce the soul-thrilling word — LIBERTY.

1 P. 34. 2 P. 17, seqq. 3 Pp. 23-4.

But we are tired of unfolding these cruelties; and we willingly pass from the sad history of the formal and demure New England Quakers, to that of the fantastic and mischief-loving New England witches. We know not upon what principle of philosophy or theology we are to account for the singular fact, that witches were at that time so abundant in New England; but the fact itself seems undeniable, at least if we are to give any credit to the testimony of the Rev. Cotton Mather, and of scores of other grave and cotemporary witnesses. Speaking of the great number of cases of witchcraft, which had occurred during his time, the Rev. Cotton Mather says:

"For every one of which we have such a sufficient evidence, that no reasonable man in this whole country ever did question them; and *it will be unreasonable to do it in any other.*" [1]

Another grave old chronicler, John Josselyn, gent., gives the following testimony on the same subject:

"There are none that beg in this country, but there be witches too many—*bottle-bellied witches* and others—that produce many strange apparitions, if you will believe report, of a shallop at sea manned with women, and of a ship and great red horse standing by the mainmast, the ship being in a small cove to the eastward vanished of a sudden," [2] &c.

Whoever will reject these authorities, must be very hard to convince, indeed; and had a person so skeptical chanced to live in New England at the time of the famous trials for witchcraft, he would have been in great danger of being hung as a wizard himself,—that's all. We can scarcely even *guess*, why it was that the witches took so remarkable a fancy to the early Yankees. Whether it was that there was some secret congeniality of feeling between the two, or that the evil one envied, and sought to mar, by his diabolical incantations, the extraordinary *sanctity* of the pilgrim fathers, we know not, but leave it to the shrewdness of our readers to divine. Perhaps the following passages from "the wonders of the invisible world," written by the Rev. Cotton Mather, exhibiting the reputed origin, the characteristic symptoms, and the fearful ravages of the New England witchcraft, may aid us greatly in coming to a right conclusion on a subject so important:

"It is to be confessed and bewailed," says this grave old Puritan minister, "that many inhabitants of New England, and young people especially, had been led away with little sorceries, wherein they did secretly those things that were not right against the Lord their God; they would often cure hurts with spells, and practice detestable conjurations with sieves, and keys, and peas, and nails, and horse shoes, to learn the things for which they had a forbidden and impious curiosity. Wretched books had stolen into the land, wherein fools were instructed how to become able fortune tellers.

"Although these diabolical divinations are more ordinarily committed *perhaps* all over the world, than they are in the country of New England, yet that being a country *devoted unto the worship and service of the Lord Jesus Christ above the rest of the world*, he signalized his vengeance (in)

1 History of New England, b. vi, ch. 7. Quoted by Irving, Works i, 119.
2 Quoted by Irving, Ibid.

these wickednesses with such extraordinary dispensations as have not often (been) seen in other places.

"The devils which had been so played withall, and it may be by some few criminals more explicitly engaged and employed, now broke in upon the country after as astonishing a manner as was ever heard of. Some scores of people, first about Salem, *the centre and first born of all the towns in the colony*, and afterwards in other places, were arrested with many preternatural vexations upon their bodies, and a variety of cruel torments which were evidently from the demons of the invisible world. The people that were infected and infested with such demons, in a few days' time arrived unto such a refining operation upon their eyes, that they could see their tormenters; they saw a devil of a little stature, and of a tawny color, attended still with spectres that appeared in more human circumstances.

"The tormenters tendered to the afflicted a book, requiring them to sign it, or to touch it at least in token of their consenting to be listed in the service of the devil; which they refusing to do, the spectres under the command of that black man, as they called him, would apply themselves to torture them with prodigious molestations.

"The afflicted wretches were horribly distorted and convulsed; they were pinched black and blue; pins would be run every where in their flesh; they would be scalded till they had blisters raised on them; and *a thousand other things*, before *hundreds of witnesses*, were done unto them, evidently preternatural; for if it were preternatural to keep a rigid fast for nine, yea, for fifteen days together; or if it were preternatural to have one's hands tied close together with a rope to be plainly seen, and then by unseen hands presently pulled a great way from the earth, before a crowd of people; such preternatural things were endured by them.

"But of all the preternatural things which these people suffered, there were none more unaccountable than those wherein the prestigious demons would ever now and then cover the most corporeal things in the world with a fascinating mist of invisibility. As now, a person was cruelly assaulted by a spectre, that she said came at her with a spindle, though no body else in the room could see either the spectre or the spindle; at last, in her agonies, giving a snatch at the spectre, she pulled the spindle away; and it was no sooner got into her hand, but the other folks then present beheld that it was indeed a real, proper, iron spindle; which, when they locked up very safe, it was, nevertheless, by the demons taken away to do farther mischief.

"Again, a person was haunted by a most abusive spectre, which came to her, she said, with a sheet about her, though seen to none but herself. After she had undergone a deal of teaze from the annoyance of the spectre, she gave a violent snatch at the sheet that was upon it; whereupon she tore a corner, which in her hand immediately was beheld by all that were present, a palpable corner of a sheet: and her father, which was of her, catched, that he might see what his daughter had so strangely seized; but the spectre had like to have wrung his hand off, by endeavoring to wrest it from him; however, he still held it; and several times this odd accident was renewed in the family. *There wanted not the oaths of good credible people to these particulars.*

"Also is it known, that these wicked spectres did proceed so far as to steal several quantities of money from divers people, part of which individual money dropt sometimes out of the air, before sufficient spectators, into the hands of the afflicted, while the spectres were urging them to subscribe their covenant with death. Moreover, poisons, to the standers-

by wholly invisible, were sometimes forced upon the afflicted, which, when they have with much reluctancy swallowed, they have swoln presently, so that the common medicines for poisons have been found necessary to relieve them; yea, sometimes the spectres in the struggles have so dropt the poisons, that the standers-by have smelt them and viewed them, and beheld the pillows of the miserable stained with them. Yet more, the miserable have complained bitterly of burning rags run into their forcibly distended mouths; though no body could see any such clothes, or indeed any fires in their chambers, yet presently the scalds were seen plainly by every body on the mouths of the complainers, and not only the smell, but the smoke of the burning sensibly filled the chambers.

"Once more, the miserable exclaimed of branding irons, heating at the fire on the hearth to mark them; now the standers-by could see no irons, yet they could see *distinctly the prints of them in the ashes, and smell them too*, as they were carried by the not-seen furies unto the poor creatures for whom they were intended; and those poor creatures were thereupon so stigmatized with them, that they will bear the marks of them to their dying day. *Nor are these the tenth part of the prodigies* that fell out among the inhabitants of New England.

"Flashy people," adds the old Puritan divine, "may burlesque these things, but when *hundreds of the most sober people*, in a country where they have as much mother-wit certainly as the rest of mankind, *know them* to be true, nothing but the absurd and froward spirit of Saducism can question them. I have not yet mentioned one thing that will not be justified, if it be necessary, by the oaths of more considerate persons than can ridicule these odd phenomena."[1]

Verily, if all these things be true, we must admit that the demons were particularly intimate with the early Puritans of New England; rather more intimate, in fact, than was at all comfortable for the latter. Shrewd and calculating as were the early Yankees, the imps who played such fantastic tricks among them, were much shrewder. Those devices of the spindle, of the sheet, of the branding-irons, in particular, were truly capital! The invisible spirits knew their trade much better than to try wooden hams or nutmegs, or to attempt the impossible task of over-reaching their friends in a bargain. Cunning tricksters were those same witches of New England!

Now, we are Sadducees enough to laugh at all those impostures, and also at the Pharisees who gave them credit and importance. But alas for the poor witches of New England! They were doomed to have other tormentors than the spirits of the invisible world. The Puritan fathers leagued with the demons to torture them to death. What the "devils and the spectres" could not or would not do with their sheets and spindles, and branding-irons, that the early Puritans boldly accomplished with the halter. The extermination of the luckless witches was decreed on earth, as a carrying out of the mischievous plot originally devised in the lower invisible world.

Space fails us to recount all the trials for witchcraft, and all the executions which ensued, chiefly at and about Salem, in the year 1692.

[1] Blue Laws, &c., p. 299, seq

They are given in great detail by our author of the Blue Laws, and also by Bancroft, in the third volume of his "History of the United States." We will content ourselves with a few extracts from this latter highly respectable historian:

"At the trial of George Burroughs, a minister, the bewitched persons pretended to be dumb. 'Who hinders those witnesses,' says Stoughton (the deputy governor), 'from testifying?' 'I suppose the devil,'— answered Burroughs. 'How comes the devil,' retorted the chief judge, 'so loath to have any testimony borne against *you?*' And the question was effective. Besides he had given proofs of great, if not preternatural muscular strength. Cotton Mather calls the evidence 'enough;' the jury gave a verdict of *guilty.*"[1]

At the execution of Burroughs, Cotton Mather made one of the most heartless, and almost fiendish speeches we have ever chanced to read: he seemed even to exult over the imminent damnation of the convicted wizard![2] And another preacher, named Noyes, on seeing eight persons hung up together as witches, had the heartlessness to exclaim: "THERE HANG EIGHT FIREBRANDS OF HELL!!" Alas for the tender mercies of the pilgrim fathers!

Well, the delusion at length subsided; but not until a great number of crazy, "afflicted," or innocent persons, had been sacrificed to the insatiable Moloch of religious fanaticism, or rather to the senseless idol of a stupid superstition. The Rev. Cotton Mather thus coolly winds up his narrative of the New England witchcraft:

"Now upon a deliberate review of these things, his excellency (Sir William Phips) first reprieved, and then pardoned many of them that had been condemned; and there fell out several strange things that caused the spirit of the country to run as vehemently on the acquitting of all the accused, as it by mistake ran at first upon the condemning of them. In fine, the last courts that sate upon this thorny business, finding that it was impossible to penetrate into the whole meaning of the things that had happened, and that so many unsearchable cheats were interwoven into the conclusion of a mysterious business, which perhaps had not crept thereinto at the beginning of it, they cleared the accused as fast as they tried them; *and within a little while the afflicted were most of them delivered out of their troubles also;* and the land had peace restored unto it, *by the God of peace treading Satan under foot.*"[3]

That is, the good Puritans first hung the witches, and then found out that they were *perhaps* innocent! Shrewd jurists they, and enlightened, merciful Christians! We leave other comments on this "thorny business" to our readers; merely remarking that it ill becomes the children of the Puritans to taunt Catholics with superstition, fanaticism, intolerance, or cruelty.

We conclude this paper with the following humorous passage from Washington Irving's "History of New York:"

"The witches were all burnt, banished, or panic-struck, and in a little while there was not an ugly old woman to be found throughout New England,— which is doubtless one reason why all the young women

1 Vol. iii. p. 84. 2 See ibid. p. 93. 3 Blue Laws, &c., p. 306

there are so handsome. Those honest folk who had suffered from their incantations gradually recovered, excepting such as had been afflicted with twitches and aches, which, however, assumed the less alarming aspects of rheumatism, sciatics, and lumbagoes,—and the good people of New England, abandoning the study of the occult sciences, turned their attention to the more profitable hocus-pocus of trade, and soon became expert in the legerdemain art of turning a penny. Still, however, a tinge of the old leaven is discernible, even unto this day, in their characters,—witches occasionally start up among them in different disguises, as physicians, civilians, and *divines*. The people at large show a keenness, a cleverness, and a profundity of wisdom that savor strongly of witchcraft,—and it has been remarked, that whenever any stones fall from the moon, the greater part of them is sure to tumble into New England."[1]

1 Irving's works, vol. i, p. 130

Reviews, Essays, and Lectures.

PART II.—THEOLOGICAL.

XXI. THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

TEMPORAL AND ETERNAL.

What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?—*St. Matthew* xvi, 26.

Is this an enlightened age?—Enlightenment and empiricism—Material progress—Constant agitation and fever—Rest and motion—Self-complacency—Two classes of extravagance pointed out—And illustrated—Doctrine of progress applied to religion—Degrading religion to an earthly standard—Reason and faith—Incident related by St. Augustine—Reasoning backwards—A tower of Babel—Modern systems of philosophy—True and false liberty—Evils growing out of sectarianism—Carrying out a false principle—Private judgment—The great struggle and final issue—Protestantism and enlightenment—American infidelity—Parallel lines of reasoning adopted by the sects and by infidels—Fanaticism and infidelity—Mammonism—Money and virtue—Mammon worship in churches—Utilitarianism—Wrong views of education—Religious indifference and latitudinarianism—Frightful moral disorders—Fruits of Protestantism—The great problem of the age.

Some malicious wight has ventured to call this age the *sæculum humbuggianum;* but we greatly prefer to call it the age of enlightenment. This latter epithet, besides being vastly more polite and fashionable, is, at the same time, perhaps more nearly connected with the truth. True, we have empiricism in every thing; in medicine, in science, in politics, and even in religion! The empiric deals not only in quack medicines and in political *legerdemain*, but also in the once hallowed tenets of a holy religion! Our modern mountebanks feast us on Millerism and Mormonism, as well as on Fourierism and Mesmerism, to say nothing of a thousand and one other new-fangled notions and *isms*. When the wisest of men said, "There is nothing new under the sun," he could scarcely have directed his prophetic vision to our enlightened age. We have certainly hit upon some new things, which would have greatly astonished and startled even Solomon himself.

Still our confidence in this being an enlightened period is not at all shaken. The extravagances, to which we have just alluded, are but exceptions to the general spirit of our age. Enlightenment is the rule, empiricism the exception. The latter is a superabundant growth on a rich and fertile soil. The noxious weeds with their wild luxuriance may cumber the ground uselessly, but they cannot wholly choke the many healthy and

useful plants which flourish thereon. And it may be, that by a judicious system of cultivation, we may finally succeed in plucking out the evil weeds altogether, and in causing the goodly plants to shoot forth their branches, and to yield their abundant fruits, for the healing of the nations, without let or hindrance.

Yes, we are free to avow the belief that ours *is*, in some respects, an enlightened age. In certain points of view, the present is far in advance of any preceding age. As far as mere earthly interests and comforts are concerned, we can boast of great improvements over our more simple and unsophisticated ancestors. All the useful arts have attained a perfection never dreamed of by them, even in their wildest reveries. In navigation, in commerce, and in ship-building; in warlike accoutrements and in naval equipments; in the facilities of intercourse both by sea and by land; and in the appliances of domestic comfort; we are immeasurably ahead of our forefathers in all past ages. We travel a thousand miles now in a shorter time, and with more comfort, than our ancestors did a hundred; we traverse the ocean with as much facility as they did an arm of the sea, or an inland lake. By the invention of steam-navigation and the great improvements recently made therein, we have almost succeeded in annihilating time and space. We have brought the whole world into close and intimate correspondence. The old and new worlds, once separated by an almost impassable gulf, are now brought almost into contact. The most ordinary articles of our daily consumption, such as spice, pepper, and tea, are brought from the very antipodes, and, in return, we spread out before the antipodes our own products. Thus the very extremities of the globe are made near to each other; and the children of the earth, inhabiting the remotest boundaries thereof, are brought together, and associate as brethren of the same great family.

Still we are not satisfied. We are always in a restless fever of agitation and excitement. We are never at rest, but when we are in motion. We forget what is past, and we bend forward to what is future. Past discoveries, great and magnificent as they are, are all counted as nothing; we anticipate something much more brilliant in the future. The surface of society is like that of the ocean lashed into foamy billows by the winds of heaven. But, unlike the sea, we are never at rest. The great characteristic of the age is PROGRESS. We must progress in every thing; in the arts, in the sciences, in legislation, in philosophy, and even in religion! We are always looking restlessly *ahead*. Inventions, which once dazzled the world with their brilliancy and promise of usefulness, have been long since superseded and forgotten. The cumbrous and imperfect steamboat machinery of Blasco de Garay and of Biancas were superseded by the more simple and manageable apparatus of Fulton; while this too, in its turn, has given way to the more available methods suggested by recent discoveries.

Little did even Fulton dream of the wonderful extent to which his discovery, or rather improvement, would be rendered available for the purposes

of manufacture, of land travel, of navigation, and of naval warfare. Little did the Italian physician Galvani think, while experimenting on frogs with his metallic plates, that he was laying the foundations of a science which, at no distant period, would be applied to the instantaneous transmission of intelligence between the most remote points, and, perhaps, to the purposes of machinery and navigation. Still less, we are quite sure, did the simple-minded Italian suspect that the notable *science* of animal magnetism would be built up on this discovery! Little did the first inventors of the noble art of printing imagine the amazing progress which their simple invention would soon make in the world, and the wonders to be achieved by the steam and the power-press. And little did any among the earlier harbingers of science dream of the beautiful discovery of Daguerre, by which the rays of the sun are caught in their rapid progress towards the earth, and are made to subserve the purposes of the pictorial art, without the aid of either the brush, the pencil, or the coloring material of the painter!

All these, and many others, are the triumphs of modern art and science And yet, as we have already said, we are not content with our present improvements. We rush forward in the career of discovery with the speed of one of our own steamboats or locomotives; and we make almost as much noise, and give out almost as much smoke, in our progress. Puff! puff!! puff!!! is our watch-word, and the token of our progress. This is the age of *puffing*, no less than of progress. With us every thing goes by steam. The steam engine is the characteristic and the most appropriate emblem of our age. We have made amazing progress in every thing; we know it and *feel* it; and we wish others to know it and to feel it as well. And if others should not know it and feel it, it will surely be for no want of boasting on our parts. Our Fourth-of-July orators and itinerant lecturers; our pulpit orators and our rostrum haranguers; our journalists and our reviewers, have heralded forth this fact so often and so loudly, that surely the world must be very deaf and stupid indeed not to have found out by this time, that we *are* a great and enlightened people, and that ours *is* peculiarly the age of enlightenment. Never, since the world began, has the saying of the inspired apostle been more fully or more strikingly verified; "SCIENTIA INFLAT—knowledge puffeth up." At no former period was the accompanying warning of the apostle more appropriate or more needed: "If any man thinketh that he knoweth any thing, he hath not yet known as he ought to know."[1] Our knowledge is great, but our self-glorification is greater. Our science is inflated and vain-glorious in the extreme. We have not yet learned the noble modesty of Socrates, who, after having devoted a long life and a vigorous intellect to moral and scientific pursuits, said when near the close of his career: "*Hoc unum scio, me scire nihil*—this one thing do I know, that I know nothing."

Now, we do not at all object to this spirit of progress, so characteristic of our age; we applaud it rather, if it be kept within its appropriate limits. We merely rebuke its extravagances and its excesses. These

[1] 1 Corinth. viii. 1, 2

are mainly reducible to two classes: first, an application of the doctrine of progress to religion and to heavenly things; and secondly an almost total forgetfulness of religion and of heaven, in the all-absorbing interest which the mind is made to take in things of this earth. We will devote this paper to a brief consideration of these two leading errors of modern society; and if our humble efforts should contribute even ever so little to the awakening of public attention to a subject of vast and paramount importance, and if they should even slightly contribute to the more healthy development of the great principle of progress, we shall not have labored wholly in vain. We will endeavor, then, to show that modern society is grievously wrong in both of two ways:

1. IN ITS APPLICATION OF THE DOCTRINE OF PROGRESS TO RELIGION AND TO HEAVENLY THINGS.

2. IN ITS ALMOST TOTAL FORGETFULNESS OF RELIGION AND OF HEAVENLY THINGS, IN THE ALL-ABSORBING INTEREST WHICH IT TAKES IN THE COMPARATIVELY PALTRY CONCERNS OF THIS EARTH.

1. That there is in our age a strong tendency to bring down the noble and sublime truths of religion to the low level of mere earthly knowledge, we think no impartial and philosophic observer of the signs of our times will or can deny. That this tendency is entirely wrong; that it is founded on very imperfect or erroneous notions of religion; and that it debases and degrades this heavenly science, we think equally undeniable. That it is fraught with danger, and that it has already produced the most lamentable results, a mere glance at the leading features of modern society will be sufficient to prove. We can not in any other way explain the extensive prevalence of unbelief among us; nor can we otherwise account for the mischievous theories which have been broached and received with favor, if not with avidity, by large masses of our population. There is surely something grievously wrong *some where;* and we will endeavor briefly to point out the wrong and its remedy.

The wrong lies precisely where we have located it: — in the vain attempt to estimate heavenly things by a merely earthly standard; the remedy consists in a counter movement, embracing a return to sounder principles of reasoning. Religion is something apart from, and immeasurably above, mere human speculation and knowledge; it treats of God, of heavenly things, of eternity. It is the embodiment of divine wisdom; of principles and truths unfolding the nature and attributes of God himself, and His revelations in time to His creatures. To know and to estimate aright the things of God, we must have God himself for our teacher, or at least some one authorized and commissioned by Him to teach us in His name, and with His unerring truth. Any other teacher would be wholly incompetent to the task; because any other might be mistaken and might mislead us fatally. The truths of religion rest not on mere human speculation, or theory, or science; they rest on a *fact;* — that God himself has so declared and so spoken in His revelation to man. The Lord hath spoken; let the earth be silent, and let men listen

with reverent awe: — such is the principle upon which alone we can learn religion aright and with certainty. To attempt to learn it in any other manner, would betray a woful ignorance of the first elements of religion, and would mislead us in a thousand ways.

To pretend that we can find out what religion is by mere unaided human reason, is about as wise as would be the declaration of the mountebank, that he could light up the heavens of a dark night with a mere rush-light! Such a pretension forcibly reminds us of the beautiful allegorical incident related by St. Augustine. This greatest man of his age tells us that, when he was once walking on the sea shore, he observed a man very busily engaged in dipping up the water of the sea, and pouring it into a small basin which he had excavated in the sand of the beach. To the holy Doctor's inquiry as to the object which prompted this singular conduct, the simple peasant replied, that he meant to dry up the sea by emptying its waters into the cavity! St. Augustine smiled at his simplicity, but turned the incident to account in his writings against the Manicheans and other unbelievers of his day.

Our modern philosophers are attempting to do precisely what that foolish peasant fancied he could accomplish; — they would fain make the immense, boundless, and unfathomable ocean of God's truth pass through the narrow and shallow basin of their own reason! They apply the principles of human science to religion, with as much confidence as they apply algebra to geometry. With them, religion is to be estimated only by human knowledge. The inflated doctrine of human progress is the starting point; religion is the conclusion reached. Science is everything; religion is almost nothing: at least, science is the principal thing; religion is but a secondary consideration — an adjunct, a corollary.

In religion those things are readily admitted, which human science can understand or demonstrate; those are rejected which human science is pleased to reject. Whatsoever doctrines of revelation appear to them to promote human knowledge and to aid human progress, are received with applause and hailed with delight; whatever wars against human pride, is painful to human sensuality, or is humbling to human reason, is rejected with scorn. Mysteries can not be fathomed or understood; therefore mysteries must be rejected. It matters not, that there are thousands of mysteries in this lower world, both around and within us, — mysteries which all agree in admitting, without being able to understand or explain them; it matters not how strong may be the evidence which establishes the *fact*, that God, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, *has revealed* those same mysteries; they will not believe them, because they cannot understand them! Thus, certain astronomers could not prove the existence of God mathematically; *therefore*, they sagely concluded the existence of God is at best but problematical! Thus, also, certain learned *Christian* philosophers can not, for the life of them, understand the nature or utility of the great revealed doctrines of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Real Presence, &c.; *therefore*, all these must go by the board! These

wise men might as well blot out the myriads of twinkling stars from the firmament, under the pretence that they cannot understand the utility of so many bodies in our system! And they might exclaim with their prototype Judas Iscariot: "*Ut quid perditio hæc,*"—why this sad waste of light?

There is something radically wrong in all this line of reasoning. Those who adopt it begin at the wrong end of the argument, and reason backwards. Instead of reasoning from high to low—from heaven to earth, they reason from low to high—from earth to heaven. Instead of raising up the earth to the lofty standard of heaven, they would fain bring down heaven to the low standard of earth. Puffed up with the pride of learning and with the windy spirit of the age, they would, like Lucifer of old, raise themselves up to the very heavens of God, and either seek to place themselves on a level with the Eternal himself, or to bring down the Eternal to their own abject position. With Lucifer they say, in the pride of their hearts: "I will ascend into heaven, and I will exalt my throne above the stars of God. . . . . I will ascend above the clouds; I will be like the Most High."[1] Would that they did remember Lucifer's fall; and they might learn to beware! Would that they did but place a lower and more truthful estimate on themselves, and a higher estimate on God and on heavenly things! Weak, erring, and short-sighted as they are, would that they could but learn a little more modesty in inquiring into things infinitely above themselves, and entirely beyond the range of their imperfect vision! In a word, would that the emphatic language of the great apostle of the gentiles were not fully verified in them: "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools!"[2]

But alas! Such a hope were almost idle in our vain-glorious age! The great ones of the earth never learn anything. The experience of the past, the striking lights of history with its fearful lessons, the teachings of a sounder philosophy, are all thrown away on them. In spite of all that can be alleged, they persist in being "vain in their thoughts,—*evanuerunt in cogitationibus suis.*"[3] Like the builders in the plains of Shinar, they have foolishly sought to erect a tower which shall reach to the very heavens; but like them too, their speech has been confounded. The inflated philosophy of the day is a modern Babel;—a sad jumble of contradictory theories and speculations. As in the days of Cicero, there is no absurdity whatever, which the *soi-disant* philosophers of the age have not broached and idolized. Atheists, deists, materialists, pantheists, rationalists, eclectics, transcendentalists, perfectionists, Fourierists, Millerites, Mormons, socialists, mesmerists, neurologists, &c., &c., &c.,—what a conglomeration of jarring elements, or rather absurdities! And, as if we had not already absurdities enough, new ones are daily starting into existence; and it is a sad thing that nothing new can be broached, no matter how shocking or absurd, which does not gain proselytes! Alas for our *enlightened* age!

Perhaps the most fashionable absurdities of the day are pantheism,

1 Isaiah xiv, 13, 14. 2 Rom. i, 22. 3 Ibid. v, 21.

eclecticism, and transcendentalism. These three systems — if systems they may be called — are but a revival, under new and more witching forms, of very old systems of *pagan* philosophy, long since consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. Pantheism is but a new form of the ancient Platonism; — a system peculiarly acceptable to our modern philosophers, because it deified the world, made matter an object of idolatry, worshiped the creature, and forgot the Creator. The modern, like the ancient eclectic in the days of Cicero, prided himself in the assumption, that he has succeeded in extracting the quintessence of all that is best in all other systems of philosophy, and in harmonizing together the truths thus extracted; whereas, the truth is, that he has only succeeded in showing his own inconsistency and absurdity, in the attempt to harmonize contradictions. The transcendentalist steps gallantly forth to the rescue of the pantheist and of the eclectic, when these are pressed by the stringent logic of the Christian philosopher; and he dexterously conceals the true position, or covers the retreat of his allies, with a cloud of grandiloquent, but unmeaning verbiage. His motto is that of Horace's poetaster: "*ex igne dare fumum*" — to smother the brightly burning fire of truth with a heavy superincumbent mass of smoke! You know not where to have him; for his panoply is — smoke. His real position was very appropriately defined by the Scotch highlander, who, when asked the definition of metaphysics, replied: "When a man dinna know what another man says, and the other man dinna know what himself says, that's metaphysics!"

It is a sad and a sober fact, that the intellectual and philosophic atmosphere of our age has become hazy and foggy to such an extent, that the bright sun of truth is almost wholly concealed from the eyes of the simple-minded beholder. Those who are content to become little children for Christ's sake, really know more of sound philosophy, though they boast less, than the proudest philosophers of them all.

These men tell us, as an apology for their never-ending and ever-changing theories, that this is an age of enlightenment and of progress. Nonsense. Is the heaping of absurdity on absurdity, and the adding of vagary to vagary, any evidence of enlightenment or of progress? They tell us that this is the age of mental liberty and of free inquiry in every thing, — from things in the humblest walks of life up to those in the highest regions of philosophy and religion. Nonsense. Is there, then, no difference between rational liberty, trammeled only by the fetters of sober reason and by the golden bonds of obedience to a divinely constituted and clearly ascertained divine religion, and that licentiousness of intellect which knows and acknowledges no restraint whatever, human or divine? Must we become sons of Belial, and shake off all restraints of every kind, in order to be *free?* If liberty can be attained only on such conditions, and at such cost, then away with liberty; we have had too much of it already. We pant for no higher freedom than that of which Jesus spoke, when he said: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."[1] We want

[1] St. John viii, 32.

no higher freedom than this. Dearly as we prize liberty, we value no other than that of which the venerable prince of the apostles speaks, when he warns us to conduct ourselves, "As free, and not as making liberty a cloak for malice, but as the servants of God."[1]

What benefits or truths have the proudly boasting philosophers, who have the hallowed name of liberty forever on their lips, really bequeathed to the world, after all the noise they have made on the subject? We have already seen what bequest they have left us; and until they have something better to offer, we are done with them. We are content to be little children; aye, to "become fools for Christ's sake." Pride precipitated Lucifer from heaven, and pride drove our first parents from the earthly paradise; pride is the main spring of modern philosophy, and the bane of modern society; pride has heaped nothing but maledictions, mental and moral, on our race: we are done with pride, and we embrace with delight the less attractive but more safe way of humility, being most fully persuaded, that "God rejects the proud, and gives His grace to the humble."

Disguise the fact as we may, it is still a *fact*, that the wrong which we deplore is not confined to those who, in our day, wear the mantle of philosophy; it has extended to the sects, and it has done its deadly work among them. Sectarianism has been always cursed and blighted by the same evils which have ruined philosophy; and these evils have sprung from the same polluted fountain of private judgment and individual reason, proudly raising itself up against the teachings of authority. The sectarian prates as much about liberty and the emancipation of the human mind, as does the infidel philosopher. Voltaire and Rousseau did but seize up and re-echo through the world the self-same shout of LIBERTY, which Luther and Calvin had sent forth, two and a half centuries before in Germany and Switzerland. The infidels did but carry out the leading doctrine of the reformers, and all the world saw and *felt* the awful results of that principle, when it was fully developed.

And not only the French infidels, but the children of the reformers themselves, have carried out that mischievous doctrine to its logical and most fearful consequences. What is it that has blighted German, and Swiss, and European Protestantism generally? What is it that has filled the land of Luther and of Calvin,— which erewhile resounded with the battle cry of freedom from the tyranny of the papacy — with the discordant notes of triumph, now raised by the rationalists, pantheists, and transcendentalists? What is it, that has there made the press, and the pulpit, and the professor's chair the vehicles of downright infidelity? What is it but this same demoniacal shout of LIBERTY — liberty as excluding, and in deadly opposition to, *all* restraint of authority? Private reason first undertook to judge for itself in matters of religion, and it has ended in rejecting religion altogether! Infidelity has triumphed over Protestantism on the very soil and the very first battle-ground of Protestantism; and it

[1] 1 Peter ii, 16.

has achieved its triumph, too, with the very weapons which Protestantism placed in its hands! Is not this true? Is it not lamentably true?

We must be blind to the spirit and manifest tendency of our age, not to perceive that the great struggle in our own republic will, at no distant day, be not so much between Catholicity and Protestantism, as between Catholicity and infidelity. Protestantism in this country will, and must in the very nature of things, run the same career, and pass through the same phases, that it has run and passed through in Europe, and it must ultimately share the same fate. Torn and distracted within, split up into a hundred warring sects already, and yearly witnessing new divisions, and the rise of new sects, it must, sooner or later, fall a prey to its own dissensions, and become a victim of those warring elements of dissolution which are already festering in its very bosom. Jesus hath uttered the prophecy, and the prophecy must be fulfilled: "*Every* kingdom divided against itself shall be made desolate, and *every* city or house divided against itself shall not stand."[1] American must bide the doom of German Protestantism; nothing can prevent this result. The sects may make a prodigious noise; they may put on a sanctimonious air; they may boast their love of the Bible; they may prate about the sabbath; they may league together against Catholicity; they may make desperate and almost supernatural efforts to infuse a sort of spasmodic and galvanic life into their else lifeless followers; but their doom is sealed, and no human power can avert it.

PROTESTANTISM CANNOT BEAR THE TOUCH OF LITERATURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT. Paradoxical as this may appear, it is even true. Reason and history both proclaim its truth. The endless vagaries and the countless inconsistencies of Protestantism must vanish before the progress of enlightenment, even as the mists vanish before the rising sun of day. One of the most eloquent writers of the day has said: "Science is an acid which corrodes and consumes every thing but the pure gold of truth;" and never was a truer thing said. Such has been precisely the result of progressive enlightenment in Germany, and such it will be in this country, so certainly as similar causes invariably produce similar effects under similar circumstances.

In fact, a mere glance at the religious aspect of our country is sufficient to convince us that "the mystery of iniquity already worketh"[2] among us. Look at Boston, said to be the most enlightened city of our union. What is it but the paradise of infidels, and of sects bordering on the very verge of infidelity? What is it but the great centre of Universalism, of Unitarianism, of Fourierism, of Parkerism, of Transcendentalism, and, perhaps, of many other *isms* of a similar character? How sadly have the children of the Puritans degenerated from the rigid orthodoxy of their sires, who whilom enacted the blue laws, hung the witches, bored the tongues of the Quakers with red hot iron, and drove forth brother

1 St. Matthew xii, 25. 2 2 Thessalon. ii, 7.

Protestants into the frowning wilderness! Is not Puritanism, in its very stronghold, fast verging to downright infidelity?

Look at New York, our great commercial emporium. Each succeeding year the infidels hold there a national convention, for the purpose of organizing themselves for a regular crusade against Christianity. The convention conducts its proceedings unblushingly, in the open light of day; it is held, as if in defiance, during the very week of the great *religious* anniversaries; and even women participate in its deliberations! The public press, too, spread out before the community the speeches and resolutions of this assembly, with a nonchalance really ominous. What, but a few years ago, would have sent a thrill of horror from one end of this union to the other, now causes comparatively but a slight sensation, and passes off almost without a rebuke!

If all these, and many similar signs of the times, fail to convince us of the strong infidel tendency of our age, the startling fact revealed by the religious statistics of the American Almanac can not fail to rivet that conviction on the minds of the most skeptical. It is estimated, from authentic sources of information, that, of all our adult population, over twenty-one years of age, MORE THAN HALF BELONG TO NO RELIGIOUS DENOMINATION WHATEVER! That is, that more than half of our grown population is composed either of downright unbelievers, or of persons indifferent on the subject of religion, or, at least, of those who have not yet made up their minds as to the sect they mean to embrace. And yet this is the age of boasted enlightenment, and this is the land of open Bibles, of tract and missionary societies, and of religious knowledge!

In view of all these facts, we must believe that there is something grievously and radically wrong in the whole religious complexion and tendency of our age. Effects so startling must have an adequate cause, and it requires no wizard to tell what that cause is. The fatal source of all this mischief is THE PRINCIPLE OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN MATTERS OF RELIGION, IN OPPOSITION TO THAT OF AUTHORITY. The distracting and disorganizing principle of individuality has set itself up against the great conservative principle of an authority, based on antiquity, and secured from error by Divine promise. Hence the prolific brood of jarring sects which overspread our land; hence the unsettling of religious belief; hence indifferentism and infidelity.

The truth is, the leading Protestant sects employ against the distinctive doctrines of Catholicity the self-same arguments that the infidel employs against Christianity. The doctrine of the real presence is unreasonable and absurd, therefore it must be rejected. The doctrine of confession is too humiliating to man, and gives too much power and influence to the priesthood; therefore it, too, must be discarded. The hierarchy and the papal supremacy fetter individual freedom of opinion, therefore they must be abolished. Catholicity imposes too many painful restraints on human nature; it is antiquated, and no longer adapted to the growing wants and exigencies of our *enlightened* age; therefore Catholicity must be put

down. What other species of logic than this does the infidel employ against Christianity itself? What other weapons are wielded against the Bible, with its astonishing miracles and incomprehensible mysteries?

So long as Protestantism will continue to adopt a system of logic flattering human pride, and pandering to human passion, so long will it lend weapons to infidelity to be wielded with murderous effect against Christianity itself. In its present distracted condition, and with its present worldly armor, it must prove utterly powerless in the warfare with unbelief. It occupies a false position; it began wrong, and has continued wrong; it must retrace its steps, and re-occupy the old Catholic vantage ground, ere it can hope to battle successfully in the sacred cause of truth. The experience of full three hundred years has already proved the ruinous tendency of the principle which was its great starting point; till that principle be discarded, infidelity will and must continue to reap an abundant harvest, wherever Protestantism is prevalent. It has ever been so; it will ever be so; in the very nature of things it must be so.

The religious opinions of our age and country oscillate between two extremes, fanaticism and indifferentism. On the one hand we behold an extreme of religious excitement, on the other, an almost total apathy or a lurking sneer. On the one side, we hear an endless cant about the sabbath and the Bible, about revivals and "getting religion," about tract societies and missionary societies, about money to support the missionaries, and their wives and children; on the other, we are chilled by an ominous silence, as of the grave. Fanaticism makes the most noise; but indifferentism gains the most proselytes. We seem to be on the eve of beholding the full verification of that awful prophecy uttered by Christ: "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find, think you, faith on the earth?"[1]

We repeat, then, the declaration of our firm conviction, that the great coming struggle in our age and country will not be between Catholicity and Protestantism, so much as between Catholicity and indifferentism or infidelity. The present desperate effort of Protestantism to put down Catholicity in this *free* republic is evidently spasmodic, and can not last long; it is a fierce and animated skirmishing, which is but the forerunner of the great coming struggle between Catholicity and unbelief. But Catholicity has already come out victorious from too many fierce contests with infidelity, in every possible form and shape, to fear the issue of this great struggle. Her brow is already decorated with too many laurel wreaths of victory, to allow her to anticipate or fear defeat in her old age. He that could not err has said: "The gates of hell SHALL NOT prevail against her."

II. The second position which we proposed to establish, viz., that modern society forgets religion and heavenly things in the all-absorbing interest which it takes in the paltry concerns of this earth, need not detain us long. This general worldly-mindedness of our age is but too

[1] St. Luke, xviii, 8.

apparent, and it is one other fruitful source of that religious indifference which we have just been deploring. With the men of our age this world is everything, the world to come is nothing. They think on time and its short-lived and ever-changing interests; they forget eternity with its never-ending rewards and punishments. Or if they think of eternity at all, it is only at long intervals, and with but little attention. The world, with its bustling scenes and busy pursuits, engrosses everything.

Avarice is the besetting sin of the age. Ours is, emphatically, the enlightened age of *dollars and cents!* Its motto is; POST NUMMOS VIRTUS; — MONEY FIRST, VIRTUE AFTERWARDS! Utilitarianism is the order of the day. Everything is estimated in dollars and cents. Almost every order and profession — our literature, our arts, and our sciences — all worship in the temple of mammon. The temple of God is open during only *one* day in the week, that of mammon is open during *six*. Everything smacks of gold. The fever of avarice is consuming the very heart's blood of our people. Hence that restless desire to grow suddenly rich; hence that feverish agitation of our population; hence broken constitutions and premature old age. If we have not discovered the philosopher's stone, it has surely not been for want of the seeking. If everything cannot now be turned into gold, it is certainly not for want of unceasing exertions for this purpose.

We have even heard of churches having been built on speculation! And if the traveler from some distant clime should chance suddenly to enter one of our *fashionable* meeting-houses; if he should look at its splendidly cushioned seats, on which people are seen comfortably lolling, and then glance at the naked walls, and the utter barrenness of all religious emblems and associations in the interior of the building, he would almost conclude that he had entered, by mistake, into some finely furnished lecture-room, where the ordinary topics of the day were to be discussed. And if he were informed that this edifice had been erected and furnished by a joint stock company on shares, and that these shrewd speculators looked confidently to the income from the rent of the seats as a return for their investment, his original impression would certainly not be weakened. But the conclusion would be irresistible, if he were told still farther, that, in order to secure a good attendance of the rich and fashionable, the owners of the stock had taken the prudent precaution to engage, at a high salary, some popular and eminent preacher! Those who have watched closely the signs of the times, will admit that this is not a mere fancy sketch, and that it is not even exaggerated.

Alas! alas! for the utilitarianism, or rather materialism of our boasted age of enlightenment! In such a condition of things, can we wonder at the general prevalence of religious indifference, and of unblushing infidelity? As in the days of Horace, our children are taught to calculate, but not to pray. They learn arithmetic, but not religion.

The mischievous maxim, that children must grow up without any distinctive religious impressions, and then, when they have attained the

age of discretion, must choose a religion for themselves, is frightfully prevalent amongst us. This maxim is about as wise as would be that of the agriculturist who should resolve to permit his fields to lie neglected in the spring season, and to become overgrown with weeds and briers, under the pretext that, when summer would come, it would be time enough to scatter over them the good seed! It amounts to this · human nature is corrupt and downward in its tendency; let it fester in its corruption, and become confirmed in its rottenness; and then it will be time enough to apply the remedy, or, rather, human nature will then re-act and heal itself!

Another cognate maxim, equally prevalent, is equally mischievous in its tendency. It is the latitudinarian doctrine, that it matters not what religion a man embraces, provided he endeavor to be a moral man and an upright citizen. As if light and darkness, truth and error, were indifferent to God! As if Christ would have died on the cross to seal His holy religion with His blood, and yet is wholly indifferent whether men embrace it or not! As if the divine Author of Christianity had left His religion vague and undefined, to be apprehended by each one according to his own judgment and fancy, or had made it a jumble of confused and jarring sects!

With all these pernicious maxims current in our community, and silently exercising their malign influence on successive generations, can we wonder at the dreadful and constantly increasing moral disorders which prevail? Can we wonder that our youth, under such training, drink in vice like water, and become the bane of that society of which they should be the ornament and support? Raised without any intellectual or religious restraint, and with but little moral discipline, is it at all surprising that intemperance, quarrels, riots, and bloodshed, are the order of the day? Human nature is corrupt, and, when unrestrained by religion, it naturally runs into excesses of every kind. Unless children are trained up to govern their passions, how will they learn to restrain them when arrived at the age of manhood? Scarcely a day passes, that we do not read of some dreadful deed of violence, homicide, or murder; and unless the evil be checked, our newspapers will become little better than Newgate Calendars! Alas, for the moral evils of our times!

Such, O Protestantism, are some of the bitter fruits thou hast bequeathed to the world! Such are some of the "fantastic tricks" thou hast played off before high heaven! Thou art fairly responsible for the unsettling of religious faith, for the frightful multiplication of sects, for the wide-spread moral disorders, and for the extensive prevalence of religious indifference and infidelity in our land! And on the great day of the Lord, when the secrets of men shall be revealed by the Searcher of hearts, thou shalt be held strictly to thy responsibility!

With all these mischievous maxims extensively prevalent, and with the canker of sectarianism preying on its very heart-strings, Protestantism can do little more than secure a mere external conformity and a lifeless

formalism, if it can even do that. It may succeed in preserving a fair exterior; it may "make clean the *outside* of the cup and of the dish," but decay is at its bosom, and it is powerless for *internal* purification. It has been weighed in the balance, and has been found wanting. It has strained at the gnat of alleged abuses in the Catholic Church, and it has swallowed the camel of sectarianism. It has wasted its energies on trifles, and has "let alone the weightier things of the law: judgment, and mercy, and *faith*."[1] It must return to "its first faith;" it must seek "the rock from which it was riven;" it must "stand by the way, and look, and ask for the OLD PATHS, which is the good way, and walk in it;"[2] else it can find no rest to its soul, and can effect no healing of the nations by its ministrations!

In conclusion, we repeat the opinion, that the great problem of our age will be, to decide between Catholicity and infidelity, and that the sooner this issue is clearly understood and fairly met, the better. Nothing but Catholicity can heal the disorders of the age, and give a wholesome impulse and direction to its tendencies. Protestantism has been tried, and it has failed; it has aggravated, instead of healing, the crying evils of the times.

1 St. Matth. xxiii, 23, 25. 2 Jeremiah vi, 16.

XXII. THE CHARGE OF IDOLATRY—HONOR AND INVOCATION OF SAINTS.*

The curve and the straight line—The issue of the Puseyite movement—Its benefits—Origin of the controversy concerning Idolatry in the Catholic Church—Palmer and Dr. Wiseman—Charge by the former—How met by the latter—Palmer's criterion applied against himself—His line of reasoning unfair—Three propositions laid down—And proved—Catholic doctrine stated—Testimony by the Council of Trent—The Missal and the Breviary—Why are the Saints honored and invoked?—Passage from the late Pope's encyclical letter explained—Guardian angels—Objected passages explain themselves—Prayer of Cardinal Bona—Incident in the life of St. Alphonsus Liguori—St. Francis di Girolamo—The Pope's encyclical again—Palmer's Italics—The climax of idolatry—Coldness and enthusiasm in devotion—The devotion to the Virgin—Beautiful passage of Dr. Wiseman—Possible abuse no argument—Palmer's inconsistency—Passages from the ancient fathers—How he explains them—His glaring perversion of authorities—His work of supererogation—Faith and practice of the early Church—Beauty and sublimity of the Catholic doctrine—Devotion to the Virgin—A golden chain.

GEOMETERS tell us of a curved line, which can never come in actual contact with a straight line, to which it nevertheless constantly approximates. This theorem in conic sections forcibly reminds us of the past relative positions of Puseyism and Catholicity. Though the former seemed for many years to be constantly approaching the latter, yet the range of its curvature never actually touched the straight line of Catholic truth. Whether the approximation will yet terminate in contact, in spite of mathematical rules, the future alone can reveal. One thing is certain, that if so auspicious a conjunction should ever take place, the result will be owing to a modification in the laws of the curve, and not to any change in the direction of the straight line; for truth moves always in a straight line, and it can never deflect either to the right or to the left, else it would cease to be truth.

Though the final issue of the Puseyite movement has not entirely been satisfactory, it has nevertheless exercised a beneficial influence on the religious mind of the age. It has awakened inquiry on the great and all important question of the CHURCH; it has aroused the attention of the sober and reflecting to the grievous evils of sectarianism, and to the vast

1. **Letters to N. Wiseman, D. D., on the Errors of Romanism, in respect to the worship of Saints, Satisfactions, Purgatory, Indulgences, and the Worship of Images and Relics.* By the Rev. William Palmer, M. A., of Worcester College, Oxford. Baltimore: Joseph Robinson. 1843.

II. *The Character of the Rev. William Palmer, M. A., of Worcester College, as a Controversialist; particularly with reference to his charge against Dr. Wiseman, of quoting, as genuine works of the Fathers, spurious and heretical productions, considered in a Letter to a Friend at Oxford.* By a late member of the University. From the London edition. Baltimore: Metropolitan Press. 1844. 12mo., pp. 96.

importance of religious unity; it has learnedly and eloquently set forth, in a new and more favorable light, many of the distinctive doctrines of Catholicity; it has stimulated men's minds to inquire into the principles and institutions of the ancient Church; it has kindled up in the hearts of many Protestants a new fervor to explore the (to them) hitherto hidden treasures of Christian antiquity: and it has thus greatly promoted patristic learning among those who, before, either entirely neglected this useful branch of study, or treated it even with positive contempt. Such have been the principal benefits of Puseyism.

But it has done yet more than this. It has already been instrumental in conducting many ingenuous and learned Protestants to the very portals, and some others into the inner sanctuary, of the venerable Catholic temple. Irresistibly led, by the course of reasoning upon which they had entered, to the conclusion that Catholicity and Christianity are identical, these individuals did not consult their own interests or worldly reputation; they did not confer with flesh and blood; but, spurning all mere human considerations, they straightway embraced what they believed to be the truth in Christ Jesus; they denied themselves, took up their cross, and followed their Saviour in the narrow path that leads to life, in which He had walked.

To check this ever increasing tendency towards Roman Catholicism among their immediate disciples, and to prove their own orthodoxy to their Protestant friends, some of the principal Puseyite leaders published works or pamphlets fraught with bitter enmity against Rome, and filled with declamations of a strong attachment to the "no-popery" principles of the Anglican establishment. They maintained that the Catholic Church is one thing, and "popery" another; or that there is a broad and clearly marked distinction between Catholicity as unfolded in its official and recognized formularies and standards, and Catholicity as it actually exists at present, with the open sanction of the Church authorities, in Catholic countries on the continent of Europe. The forms of prayer and of worship contained in the Missal and the Breviary, as well as the doctrinal definitions of the Council of Trent, were according to them, almost entirely unexceptionable, or, at least, susceptible of a sense in accordance with their own views; but the interpretation of that worship, and of those doctrinal definitions, and the system of religion embodying or based upon them in Roman Catholic countries, they professed to view with a holy horror, as strongly savoring of superstition, and even of idolatry. They were almost ready to receive the law; they objected to the commentary put upon it by the practice of the Church.

Of all the Puseyite leaders, perhaps the most active and efficient in laboring to establish this distinction between Catholicity and "popery," is the Rev. William Palmer, of Worcester College, Oxford. His letters to Dr. Wiseman on the "Errors of Romanism," have been hailed by Anglicans on both sides of the Atlantic, as a triumphant refutation of the Roman Catholic system. We are not disposed to deny to Mr. Palmer the

credit of some learning, and of considerable ingenuity; we consider him no vulgar or common-place declaimer, but we cannot subscribe to the opinion that he is a very able controversialist, much less a sound or conclusive reasoner. We have already had occasion to show that he is not a correct or safe historian;[1] we shall now proceed to assign our reasons for believing that he is not a good theologian nor a sound logician. We hope to prove that his learning is much more apparent than real, and that his arguments are much more plausible than solid. All that we ask is an attentive and patient hearing; and we request it with the more confidence, as to accomplish our task it will not be necessary to go into any very lengthy investigation or any very tedious details. Mr. Palmer's learning as well as his arguments lie on the surface; and it will not be necessary to penetrate beyond the surface to establish the shallowness of the one, and the sophistry of the other. Strip his learning of all that it has borrowed from our most common-place theological, historical, and liturgical writers, and it will be meagre indeed;[2] strip his reasoning of its false assumptions and glaring sophistry, and it will appear weak and powerless, almost beyond expression.

The immediate occasion which induced the publication of the work under consideration, was the appearance of a letter of Dr. Wiseman to Prof. Newman of Oxford, in answer to certain charges preferred by the latter gentleman against the Catholic Church.[3] For some reason or other, Prof. Newman declined to answer this letter, and Mr. Palmer volunteered his services to answer it for him. He did not, however, confine himself to a mere answer, but he boldly charged the Catholic Church with encouraging and sanctioning idolatry among its members; and with derogating from, and practically denying the atonement of Christ, by its doctrines of satisfactions and indulgences.

To establish the former charge, to which we must confine our attention for the present, he alleged a number of passages from modern standard Catholic writers, and from received Catholic prayer-books; which, according to the interpretation he put upon them, teach that divine honors are given among Catholics to the saints, and especially to the Blessed Virgin. To this train of reasoning Dr. Wiseman replied in his "Remarks," by producing an array of passages from the ancient Greek and Latin fathers containing expressions of reverence for the saints, much stronger and "more offensive" than those to which Mr. Palmer had objected in Catholics of the present day. Mr. Palmer was seriously embarrassed; for he, too, professed an unbounded reverence for the doctrines taught by the ancient fathers, and for the usages of ancient Catholicity.

How did he extricate himself from the dilemma? He became desperate, and recklessly charged Dr. Wiseman with alleging, as genuine

1 In the Review of his Compendious Church History

2 See, for specifications under this head, and for proofs of Mr. Palmer's barefaced plagiarism, "The Character of Mr. Palmer as a Controversialist," p. 62, note, *et alibi passim.*

3 It is almost unnecessary to state, that since this was written Dr. Newman has become a fervent Catholic.

testimonies of the fathers, passages from spurious or heretical works! The accusation was as grave as it was unfounded. It was promptly met, and triumphantly answered by the writer, the title of whose work stands second on our list, at the beginning of this article. He entered into a learned and detailed examination of all the specifications made by Mr. Palmer in his fifth letter to Dr. Wiseman; and we think that no sober or impartial man can read attentively this able and searching critique, without being astonished at the utter recklessness of Mr. Palmer, and without repeating to himself the old adage: "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

We must be satisfied, for the present, with this general reference to the valuable little work which sets forth the character of Mr. Palmer as a controversialist; it is already before the American public, and it may speak for itself. To analyze its contents, and to enter fully into the merits of the literary and critical controversy between Mr. Palmer and Dr. Wiseman on patristic learning, would lead us much too far, and would greatly abridge, or wholly preclude, the line of investigation we propose to adopt.

Besides, we are content to waive this powerful argument from antiquity, and to confine ourselves to the examination of Mr. Palmer's reasoning, on its own intrinsic merits. The point at issue between us is just this: he maintains that the Roman Catholic Church of the present day, openly sanctions and practises idolatry; we boldly deny the charge, and pronounce his reasoning in support of it mere sophistry. He prefers, we indignantly repel, the Charge of Idolatry.[1]

After having adverted to the prejudices prevalent among Protestants against the Catholic Church, Mr. Palmer thus states the object he proposed to himself in writing these Letters to Dr. Wiseman:

"It will be my endeavor, in the following pages, to show that public opinion is not so grossly mistaken in these matters as you would fain have us imagine, and that, while it would be undoubtedly most unjust to attribute superstitious and idolatrous notions or practices to those individuals of your communion who disclaim them for themselves, the stain adheres most deeply to the community at large, and that the Roman is, emphatically, a *corrupt* Church."[2]

Now, we are perfectly willing to abide by his own test, and we say to him in the language of the Gospel: "Out of thy own mouth I judge thee, thou wicked servant."[3] He admits that it were "most unjust to attribute superstitious and idolatrous notions or practices to those of our communion who disclaim them *for themselves*." Well, we venture to assert that there is not in the wide world *a single Catholic*, male or female, gentle or simple, learned or unlearned, who does not expressly disclaim *for himself or herself* all superstitious and idolatrous notions and practices whatever; and we defy Mr. Palmer, or any one else, to prove the

1 Mr. Palmer endeavors to prove the Charge of Idolatry chiefly in Letters I, V, and VIII.
2 Letter I, p. 10. 3 St. Luke, xix, 22

contrary. To prove it, however, mere declamation and vague assertion will not do; we must have certain and well authenticated *facts*.

A long residence in Italy, and a tolerably extensive acquaintance with the religious feelings and usages of the Italians, enables us to say, with unhesitating certainty, that no Catholic in that beautiful country ever dreamed of being an idolater; and that, if Mr. Palmer were to go there and prefer his charge, the veriest old woman of them all would laugh at him for his simplicity, and would pronounce him either a slanderer or a madman. We have had occasion to see this very experiment tried on an old Italian beggar-woman, and it resulted precisely as we have stated. If it be then an undoubted *fact*, that Catholics universally disclaim *for themselves* all practices of idolatry, Mr. Palmer, in preferring the charge against them, has proved himself guilty of the most grievous injustice, even according to his own showing.

But we are prepared to prove, that his specifications do not establish the grave and insulting accusation. They consist, as we have already intimated, of forms of invocation and prayer found in our prayer-books, in more or less extensive use amongst us, and of passages extracted from the writings of some of our standard authors. These he has torn from their connection, and wrested from their legitimate meaning, by a system of unnatural, exaggerated, and false interpretation. He has made them speak a language totally at variance with the intent and belief of those who employed them, thus thrusting down the throats of Catholics, in spite of all their protestations to the contrary, the odious charge of superstition and idolatry. This line of argument is unjust and unfair, on its very face. If there was, or could be any doubt as to the true meaning of those prayers or practices of piety, surely the interpretation put upon them by those persons among whom they are received and employed, should have some weight in settling their real signification. Any other canon of interpretation is delusive, unjust, and sophistical in the highest degree. What, for instance, would be thought of a system of interpretation which would put upon the thirty-nine articles, the homilies, and the liturgy of the Anglican church, a meaning directly at variance with that generally received among Anglicans? What would be thought of the reasoning employed by a political charlatan, to prove by isolated and garbled extracts from the proceedings of congress, and from the records of our courts and state legislatures, that the American people, as a body, are opposed to the great principles of her government embodied in our noble constitution? What, in fine, would be thought of a fanatic, who, by culling a text here, and another there, should endeavor to prove from the Bible a system of belief openly opposed to certain great principles which, as all Christians agree, are found in the Bible? Yet this course, iniquitous and absurd as it manifestly is, is precisely that adopted by Mr. Palmer to establish the Charge of Idolatry against the Catholic Church. And it is a sad thought, that a line of argument, which would be rejected with indignation in any other connection, should be deemed good enough,

and even conclusive, against the oldest, the most numerous, and the most learned body of Christians in the world!

We can not, in one brief article, attempt to go into a minute and detailed examination of all the specifications made by our accuser, to establish against us the Charge of Idolatry. Nor do we deem it at all necessary to do so. We shall be content with offering three general remarks on them all; and, if we are not greatly mistaken, these will cover the whole ground of the controversy, and prove Mr. Palmer's entire argument to be little better than a shallow sophism from beginning to end. We lay down, then, and will undertake to prove the three following propositions:

I. The true meaning of the passages objected by Mr. Palmer is clearly settled by our recognized formularies, and by the *universally* received doctrine and worship of our Church; there can be no reasonable doubt, or even cavil about this; and this being once proved, the Charge of Idolatry falls of itself to the ground.

II. The objected passages are generally either fully explained by the context, or they fully explain themselves.

III. In answering arguments alleged in support of Catholic doctrines, and in explaining passages from the fathers, Mr. Palmer himself adopts the very line of interpretation, which he so much objects to in Catholics.

We hope to prove all these positions in succession.

I. Mr. Palmer admits more than once, that our recognized formularies do not sanction idolatry. Thus he says: "Their formularies do not (I believe) teach or enjoin idolatry, and yet idolatry is taught and practised; that is, Romanism is more corrupt than its own formularies."[1] He should have said, that our formularies not only "do not teach or enjoin idolatry," but that they expressly, and unequivocally, and repeatedly condemn it, and protest against it; and that if, notwithstanding all this, idolatry is "taught and practised" in the Church, it is in direct opposition both to the spirit and to the letter of the formularies themselves.

Take, for instance, the following explicit declarations on the subject, made by the Council of Trent:[2]

"The Holy Synod enjoins upon all bishops and others having the office and charge of teaching others, that, according to the usage of the Catholic and apostolic Church, received from the primitive times of the Christian religion, and according to the consent of the holy fathers, and the decrees of sacred councils, they should, in the first place, diligently instruct the faithful concerning the intercession and invocation of saints, the honor of relics, and the legitimate use of images, teaching them that the saints, reigning together with Christ, offer up their prayers to God for men, that it is good and useful suppliantly to invoke them, and to fly to their prayers, aid, and assistance, in order *to obtain favor from God through his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord*, WHO IS OUR ONLY REDEEMER AND SAVIOUR. . . (Let them also teach) that the images of Christ, of the Virgin Mother of God, and of the other saints, are to be kept and retained, especially in the churches,

1 Letter V, p. 4. See also Letter I, p. 30, and p. 12.

2 Sessio xxv. Decretum de Invocatione, Veneratione, et Reliquiis Sanctorum, et Sacris Imaginibus

and that to them due honor and veneration are to be paid; *not that any virtue or divinity is to be believed to be inherent in them, or that any thing is to be asked of them, or that confidence is to be placed in images*, as was done of old by the gentiles, who reposed their hope in idols, but because *the honor which is shown them is referred to the prototypes which they represent;* so that through the images which we kiss, and before which we uncover the head and kneel down, *we adore Christ, and venerate the saints whom they represent. . . But let all superstition in the invocation of saints, and in the veneration and sacred use of relics and images, be entirely abolished.* . . Finally, let so great diligence and care be exhibited by the bishops concerning these things, that nothing inordinate, nothing preposterously or tumultuously ordered, nothing profane, nothing immodest, should appear, since 'holiness becometh the house of God.' That these things may be the more faithfully observed, the Holy Synod decrees, that it shall not be lawful for any one to set up, or cause to be set up, in any place or church, no matter what exemption it may plead, any unusual image, unless it shall have been approved of by the bishop; *and that no new miracles are to be admitted, and no new relics to be received,* except with the recognition and approval of the bishop."

If this be not an explicit and solemn disclaimer of all superstition and idolatry, by the highest tribunal of our Church, we know not what would be considered as such. And to charge a Church with superstition and idolatry, which thus solemnly disclaims both, and takes every possible precaution to preclude both, is, we apprehend, atrociously unjust; however much it may suit the purposes of a mere isolated handful of men, who would, forsooth, claim to be "the church Catholic," while they are actively engaged in slandering *the* Catholic Church.

But this is not yet all. The Missal and the Breviary are the standard and official organs of Catholic worship; and the Missal and the Breviary have not only not a shadow of superstition and idolatry, but they expressly and repeatedly exclude both. Mr. Palmer has, in fact, presented not one objectionable passage from either of them; as he would certainly have done, had he been of the opinion that ingenuity could have tortured their meaning into the expression of any idolatrous sentiment. The prayers contained in both these liturgical works, even those in which the Blessed Virgin and the saints are commemorated and invoked, are, without a single exception, addressed *directly* to God, and ask blessings *directly* from God, through the virtues and intercession of his saints; and they all explicitly recognize the one mediatorship of Christ, by terminating with the well known words, "Through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour," or words of similar import.

And yet, with all this continual and unequivocal protest against every species of superstition and idolatry; with all these daily and hourly recognitions of Christ's sole mediatorship of salvation; with all these solemn declarations of our general councils and recognized formularies of worship staring him in the face, Mr. Palmer could still find it in his heart to charge idolatry on the Catholic Church! O shame! Well may we administer to him and to his admirers the implied rebuke which the energetic and saintly St. Jerome administered to Vigilantius, who preferred the same

charge against the Church, and on precisely the same grounds, fifteen hundred years ago: "*Idolatras appellas hujuscemodi homines?* Do you dare call such men as these idolaters?"

In fact, the arguments of Mr. Palmer are as old and as threadbare, as is the accusation itself, which they are intended to sustain. Both had been alleged, and *better* alleged, and refuted, too, at least a thousand times already! "Romanism" has had much more redoubtable opponents than even Mr. Palmer; they have all disappeared; but "Romanism" still bravely stands its ground, and still proudly maintains its high position. And it will stand, should the world last so long, for thousands of years after Mr. Palmer and his admirers shall have descended to the tomb, and been entirely forgotten.

The whole force of Mr. Palmer's objections rests on a total misapprehension and misrepresentation of the nature, and of the whole end and aim of the Catholic doctrine in regard to the honor and invocation of saints. Why are the saints honored? Why are they invoked? It is simply and only because they are the favorites of Christ and the friends of God.

They are not honored on account of any inherent qualities or merits which they possess independently of God, or of Christ Jesus, *their* Redeemer; all that they have, they have received from God through Jesus Christ; they are but bright mirrors from which are reflected the attributes of the Deity; they have, they claim, they receive veneration for no other privilege than this. Every religious honor that is paid to them, then, is paid solely on account of supernatural gifts imparted to them by God, and consequently every such honor *necessarily* redounds to the glory of God. God is honored in his servants, and every act of veneration to the saints is based on, and is elicited by, the claim of the Deity to supreme adoration from all His creatures. This is the true Catholic doctrine, as clearly developed in all our official definitions of faith, and as universally understood among us. Where is the idolatry that lurks beneath it? It not only does not enjoin, but, in its very nature and essence, it positively excludes all idolatry.

Again, why are the saints invoked? Have they, of themselves, and independently of the merits of Christ, any power to assist us in obtaining spiritual succor or salvation? Assuredly not. No Catholic ever dreamed that they had. The one mediatorship of Christ is a cardinal principle of Catholic faith and practice. It reaches everywhere, and its influence is felt throughout the whole of Catholic theology. It is the sun of the Catholic system; the great source of light and heat. Without it, the Christian world would be in a more hopeless and gloomy condition than would be the material universe, were the sun stricken from our system; there would be no life; all would be gloom, and dreariness, and coldness, and desolation. The saints were themselves saved by the atoning merits and blood of Christ; they can aid in saving others only by and through the same great atonement. This is precisely the reason why all our public liturgical formularies of invocation addressed to the saints, terminate with the clause "Through Jesus Christ," &c.

Such being plainly our doctrine and authorized practice, every act of invocation of the saints is a solemn recognition of the one mediatorship of Christ; and it not only does not contain one element of idolatry or of superstition, but it positively and *necessarily* excludes both. And Mr. Palmer's effort to extract idolatry out of such a doctrine, is about as wise and conclusive as would be the effort to prove that mankind do not believe the sun to be the great source of light and heat, from the fact that they sometimes make use of artificial means to produce them!

Let us apply these undoubted principles to a few of Mr. Palmer's specifications, alleged to prove the idolatry of the Roman Catholic Church. To show that we are in the habit of paying to the Virgin honors due to God alone, he produces the following passage from the encyclical letter of the late venerable Pontiff:

"We address this letter to you, on this most joyful day, when we solemnize the festival of the triumphant assumption of the holy Virgin into heaven, that she whom we have acknowledged as our patroness and deliverer amongst the greatest calamities, may propitiously assist us while we write, and by her *celestial inspiration* may guide us to such councils as may be most salutary to the Christian Church."[1]

One must be very keen-sighted, indeed, to discover aught of idolatry in this passage. In different parts of the encyclical letter, the Pontiff distinctly recognizes the great mystery of the atonement, and that of the one mediatorship of Christ, and we are quite sure that he must have been greatly astonished, if he ever chanced to hear that a cunning seer of Oxford was able so far to penetrate into his most hidden thoughts as to discover in them a lurking propensity to idolatry, of which he was wholly unconscious. It was natural enough for the holy Pontiff to allude to the great festival on which his letter was dated, and to feel *inspired* by a theme so lofty as the triumphant glory of Mary in heaven. Could not the Virgin aid and assist him, by her prayers to her divine Son? Could she not obtain for him from that Son a heavenly inspiration? To prefer the charge of idolatry in such a case, manifests about as much wisdom in interpretation, as would be shown by a cynic who should charge one of our Fourth-of-July orators with downright idolatry, merely because, kindling with the fervor of his theme, he happened to say that he was *inspired* by the virtues and patriotism of Washington!

Nor does our stern censor exhibit greater discretion, when he tortures the following invocation of the guardian angel into idolatry: "Angel of God, who art my guardian, enlighten me, who am committed to thee, with heavenly piety; guard, direct, and govern me."[2]

We apprehend, that if one man may "enlighten, guard, direct, and govern" another, those "ministering spirits, who are sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation,"[3] may surely discharge similar offices towards us. Else what is the proper office of those guardian angels, so often spoken of in the inspired volume? Do

1 Letter I, p. 15. 2 Ibid. p. 22. 3 Hebrews, i, 14.

they not communicate with, and act upon our spirits, imparting to them enlightenment and holy influence? Or are we to believe it idolatry to assert, that God sometimes acts through secondary causes? Mr. Palmer must have been sadly at a loss for evidence, when he alleged this beautiful prayer as an instance of Catholic idolatry.

He seems to have been similarly straitened, when he objected to the appropriate and touching prayer of Cardinal Bona to the angels, and especially to St. Michael, "the prince of the celestial army."[1] Surely Michael, who fought with the dragon and conquered him, has not lost any of his power, but he can still triumph over Lucifer, whenever the latter dares assail the people of God. Like his first, his last victory will redound to the glory of God, from whom all his strength is derived; and there is, and there can be no idolatry in the case. In both triumphs his motto is contained in his name itself: "Who is like unto God?"

II. But we go a step farther, and maintain that the most "offensive" passages alleged by Mr. Palmer, as instances of "Romish" idolatry, either clearly explain themselves, or are sufficiently explained by the connection in which they are found, so as not only not to sanction, but expressly to exclude the least shadow of idolatry. Take, for example, the prayer to the Virgin, upon which he insists so strongly:

"We fly to thy protection, holy Mother of God, despise not our prayers in our necessities, but deliver us at all times from all evils (*dangers?*), glorious and blessed Virgin."[2]

This prayer, he himself tells us, is placed at the conclusion of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, at every petition of which there occurs the significant *pray for us;* which explicitly sets forth the manner in which she is expected to *protect* us in our necessities, and to *deliver* us from danger. In the Litany itself, the distinction between prayer to God and prayer to the Virgin, is openly made and clearly marked. When God is addressed, the petition is *Have mercy on us;* when the Virgin is addressed, it is *Pray for us.* Was it ingenuous or fair in Mr. Palmer to conceal this obvious and palpable *fact,* of which he must have been fully cognizant?

Nor is he more candid in adducing as idolatrous a prayer of Cardinal Bona to the Virgin, the most objectionable part of which is contained in the following passage, according to his translation:

"Behold I fall down before thee, most gracious Virgin; I fall down and worship in thee thy Son, and I implore thy suffrages (prayers) to obtain that my sins may be blotted out, to reconcile the heart of thy Son to my heart, that He may possess me, and make me a man according to His heart."[3]

This prayer speaks for itself, and whatever a Protestant may think of it, he can not certainly charge it with being idolatrous. The supreme adoration is evidently paid, not to Mary, but to her Son who dwells in the heart of Mary; and He, and not she, is evidenly the end and object of the prayer. Mary is merely asked *to obtain, by her prayers* to her Son,

1 Letter I. p. 23. 2 Ibid. p. 16. 3 Ibid. p. 17

the remission of the petitioner's sins, and the perfect union of his heart with that of Christ. Where is the idolatry in all this?

We are next treated to a specimen of gross idolatry, in the shape of an incident recorded in the life of St. Alphonsus Liguori, who, while preaching "on his favorite subject, *the intercession and patronage of Mary*," had his countenance irradiated with a heavenly light, and was honored by a vision of the Virgin herself; who appeared to him and to the immense crowd then assembled in the church of Foggia, in the guise of a girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age, with her beautiful face all beaming with heavenly grace and light.[1] Mr. Palmer may laugh at this miracle, but it will be much more difficult for him to disprove it, in the face of the sworn testimony of the thousands who witnessed it. Be it, however, as it may, the occurrence furnishes not the slightest evidence of idolatry; nay, it expressly excludes all idolatry; for the passage opens with the declaration that St. Liguori was preaching on the *intercession and patronage* of the Virgin. The meaning of these terms cannot be mistaken; it was apparent to every one of his hearers; and there could have been no danger whatever that any of them would be led to commit idolatry. How would it sound to say, *the intercession and patronage of God?* Has Mr. Palmer ever read the voluminous writings of St. Liguori on this very subject, which he treats in all its details? If he has, then he must *know*, that the saint was not guilty of idolatry at this or at any other time. If he has not read them, any farther than a few isolated pages here and there, then he surely has no right to pronounce any opinion on the subject.

Mr. Palmer is greatly scandalized at the devotion of another among our modern saints to the Blessed Virgin. He can not for his life understand, how the seraphic St. Francis di Girolamo should have entertained so tender a reverence for the pure and spotless Mother of his God. Should he think proper to extend his reading in hagiology, he will ascertain that this was not a trait of character peculiar to St. Francis, but that all the most fervent and eminent saints of God, from St. John the Evangelist down to those of our own day, were remarkable for this same tenderly reverent feeling towards the Virgin. Taking this wider view of the subject, he may perhaps be prepared to understand the sentiment ascribed to St. Francis di Girolamo, that "a person can hardly be saved who feels *no* devotion to the Virgin Mother of God." For how can such a person love and worship the Son, while he treats the Mother with open coolness or contempt? Will Christ receive graciously the homage of one who thus openly spurns the Mother that bore Him, to whom He was "subject" while on earth, and whom He remembered so tenderly while expiring on the cross? No; we heartily subscribe to the opinion of St. Francis di Girolamo; and we concur with Mr. Palmer in believing that the passage in the saint's life, which records this and similar sentiments,

1 Ibid. pp. 18, 19.

"speaks for itself."[1] He is entirely welcome to all the argument, which even *his* ingenuity can extract from such declarations.

In his desperate effort to fasten the charge of idolatry upon the Catholic Church, Mr. Palmer once more takes up the late Pope's encyclical letter, from which he extracts the following glaringly idolatrous passage:

"We will also *earnestly beseech* with humble prayers from (*of?*) the prince of the apostles, Peter, and from (*of?*) his co-apostle, Paul, *that you may stand as a wall*, that no other foundation may be laid but that which has been laid. Relying on this delightful hope, we trust that the Author and Finisher of our faith, Jesus Christ, will at length console us in all our tribulations."[2]

We have retained Mr. Palmer's italics in this extract, as they present a very curious, though a tolerably fair specimen of his method of reasoning. We apprehend, that the phrases italicised are meant for those which contain the idolatrous sentiment; but, for the life of us, we cannot understand how there could be aught of idolatry in the Pontiff's praying to the blessed Peter and Paul, that they might obtain from the "Author and Finisher of our faith, Jesus Christ," the grace to enable the bishops, their successors in the ministry, "to stand as a wall," sharing in their own invincible firmness and constancy in the faith. He is so far from even hinting that divine honors are to be paid to SS. Peter and Paul, that he expressly states the precise contrary, in language as explicit as he could possibly have employed. Does he not refer to the passage from St. Paul: "that no other foundation is to be laid but that which is laid, Christ Jesus?" Does he not look for consolation from Him who is "the Author and Finisher of our faith?" Does he not exult over the "delightful hope," that his brother bishops will continue steadfast in asserting this *only* foundation of their faith? Verily, our Oxford divine was unfortunate in his selection of an "offensive" passage, in the present instance; his usual acuteness seems to have wholly abandoned him; he exibits a strong propensity to reason by contraries, and to allege passages which not only explain themselves, but prove by the precise reverse of what he intended!

We are almost tired of exposing the transparent sophistry, and the disingenuous special pleading of our accuser; but we must yet refer to one more objected passage, which he places at the close of his fifth letter,[3] as a sort of climax to his argument on "Romish" idolatry. The very rehearsal of the passage seems to have frozen his soul with horror; he breaks off suddenly, and can not find courage to offer any comments on a "scene so awful." Surely now, if ever, he has found out an undeniable specimen of genuine idolatry: men will shudder on reading it; and no ingenuity can defend, or even palliate its atrocity. And yet, what will be your surprise, gentle reader, on discovering that this is no instance of idolatry after all; that it is not so strong even as many other passages which he had alleged with less flourish of trumpets; and that it fully and

1 Ibid. p. 20. 2 Ibid. p. 21. 3 Page 50.

explicitly explains itself! It is taken from the writings of St. Liguori, and contains advices to the priest who attends persons in their last agony. Here is the concluding portion of the passage, with Mr. Palmer's significant and *very sensible* italics:

"When the sick man is near expiring, the (following) acts should be recited *without pausing, and in a loud voice* (by the priest): Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. My God, help me; permit me to come and love thee for ever. My Jesus, my love, I love thee. I repent. I wish that I had never offended thee! *O Mary, my hope*, help me, pray for me to Jesus. My Jesus, for thy passion, save me. I love thee. *Mary, my mother*, in this hour help me. *St. Joseph*, help me. *Archangel Michael*, defend me. *Guardian angel*, guard me. *Saint N.* (here let the principal patron of the sick man be named), commend me to Jesus Christ. *Saints of God*, intercede for me. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. Jesus *and Mary*, I give my heart and my soul to you."

If there be any idolatry in all this, we confess we cannot discover wherein it lies. We cannot even see on what ground Mr. Palmer objects to it; for we are under the impression that he is not entirely opposed to a moderate invocation of the saints. The ejaculations given above expressly exclude everything that savors of idolatry: they ask Jesus to *save us*, and Mary and the saints to *pray for us*. In the name of all that is reasonable, how can this be tortured into idolatry? We commend the discretion of Mr. Palmer in offering no comments on this passage, and "in leaving his readers to their own reflections." Discretion has been deemed the better portion of valor by every boasting pugilist, from the memorable days of Jack Falstaff down to our own more degenerate times!

In interpreting Catholic prayers to the Virgin and the saints, Mr. Palmer has fallen into many grievous errors. Not only has he shown no regard whatever to the well known and universally promulgated doctrines of the Catholic Church on the subject, but he has paid no attention to the devotional feelings, and made no allowance for the the tender and thrilling emotions, which often give rise to and accompany the recital of those prayers. Of course, we could not have expected of him, as an Englishman and a Protestant, any great warmth of religious temperament, nor any great amount of sympathy with those who feel more deeply on religious subjects than himself: but we had reason to expect that he should, at least, have kept this circumstance steadily in view, while laboring to get at the real meaning of prayers uttered under its influence. But sorely has he disappointed us in this so reasonable a hope. He has interpreted the warm, ardent, and poetic prayer of the enthusiastic Italian, by the same canon which he would have employed to explain that of the cold, phlegmatic, and unimpressible Englishman. Is this fair? Is no allowance to be made for the poetry of religious feeling; for the enthusiasm which fills the soul to overflowing, and gushes forth in speech animated and kindling with its own ardent fervor? Is it fair or reasonable to interpret such a prayer with the same rigor, as if the worshiper had coolly weighed beforehand every word that he used, and been careful to employ

no term that was not strictly sober and correct, and in full accordance with the letter of his creed? Is it to be supposed that Catholics mean to make, whenever they pray, a full and detailed theological profession of their faith? Is it to be thought that they, on all occasions, take precautions against the captious cavils of cynics, or that they pray as if they believed themselves under the constant espionage of envenomed critics, ready to catch up every incautious word they may utter, to tear it from its connection, and to extract from it, with a sneer of triumph, something like a plausible proof of idolatry? If Mr. Palmer looks for all this in Catholic worshipers, he expects more than we would wish to find in them, and more than is compatible with human nature itself. Give us warm devotional feeling, even if it sometimes appear to become exaggerated, rather than that cold, caviling piety, which seems always uneasy and trembling, lest it should be transported too far, and be led to say or do too much. Give us rather the religion of the heart, than that of the head. Give us too much, rather than too little piety. Let our religious thermometer be rather at boiling heat, than stand freezing below zero. Give us even an exaggerated reverence for the saints and for the blessed Mother of God, rather than no reverence at all. The land which produces luxuriantly and superabundantly, is a good and rich soil; but that which produces nothing but thorns and thistles, is barren, and "nigh to a curse."

One great proof to our minds, that Protestantism is not the religion of Christ, and that it has not the spirit of Christ, is the notorious fact, that Protestants have no love, no tender feeling of reverence for the saints or for the blessed Mother of Christ. Protestantism will not only not aid in fulfilling the prediction of the inspired Virgin, "That henceforth all generations should call her *blessed*," but they are in the habit of sneering at those who alone fulfill it! They have not a particle of that deep and filial reverence, which the beloved disciple of Jesus ever cherished towards the blessed Mother of his dear Lord, who had been given to him, and, in his person, to all the cherished friends of Jesus, as a tender and loving Mother.

Which, we would ask, exhibits itself the true Church of Christ; the one that tenderly loves and reverences His mother, or the one that treats her with coolness and contempt, and can scarcely hear her name even pronounced, without an involuntary shudder of horror? We put this question to all Protestants, and especially to the admirers of Mr. Palmer. And, to enable them the more readily to answer it, we commend to their serious reflection the following beautiful passage from the pen of the distinguished champion of Catholicity, against whom Mr. Palmer wrote his letters:

"It has often struck us, that many who, in latter times, have not scrupled to use the coldest and even disrespectful language respecting *her*, would shrink from the idea of acting similarly towards her, had they lived in her day, and had her near. When, particularly, we have heard the indignation of fancied zeal break from female lips, against any respect being paid, or devotion expressed towards her who is the peerless glory, the matchless jewel of her sex, we have been led to think how differently the heart that gave the tongue such utterance would have felt, had its

compassion been claimed by the venerable matron, whose bereavement of the best of sons had been caused for its sake. Many who can speak unkindly of her in heaven, would have melted with compassion over her on earth; would have kissed with deep reverential awe the hand that had lifted from the ground, and received into the maternal embrace, the same sacred body, just born, and just dead — the infant and the corpse: and would have deemed it a privilege inestimable, if granted them, to listen, low upon the ground, to her many tales of joy and of sorrow — glowing in her delight, and softening in her griefs, and exulting in her triumphs. That some holy souls partook of such happiness, there can be no doubt. During the years that she survived her Son, she conversed with His and her friends, an object surely of affectionate regard and deep veneration. And of what would she discourse so willingly, or so well, as of Him of whom her breast was ever full? Or how could they express their love better than by making Him their theme? How easily does the imagination depict the scene of some faithful follower, like Luke, anxious to have accurate knowledge of all things from the beginning, making inquiries concerning the earlier period of our Lord's life; and then listening to the marvelous history most sweetly told — how fair and reverent the archangel came, and how her heart fluttered when she heard his salutation, and her soul overflowed with consciousness of unheard of grace as she accepted his errand: how wonderfully Elizabeth greeted her; and how their infants mysteriously rejoiced in mutual recognition; how that cold December night was warmed and brightened by the first appearance of her God-like Child, and her breast was enraptured with heavenly delights as He thrice drew forth His first early nourishment; how holy Simeon proclaimed His dignity, and showed Him honor in the temple; and how her three days' tears were dried up, when she found her lost Son sitting, mild and radiant with celestial wisdom, amidst the old men of the law. What looks, what emotions accompany the recital? With what breathless respect is it drunk in by the future evangelist? Or we may fancy John, more privileged to tread upon that tenderer ground, on which both have walked together — the path of the cross — on some sad anniversary, dwelling with her on each afflicting event, recalling faithfully every sacred word, till she voluntarily felt, over again, the sword of grief which had pierced her soul. And then would he not change the theme, and pass over to the bright Sunday morning, which saw Him rise from the grave to comfort the sharers of His sufferings, and how He mounted before them all to His proper seat at the Father's right hand, and thence sent down His Holy Spirit on them? And who would now restrain her thoughts from following Him in spirit thither, and casting up a wistful glance towards the resting-place for which she longed, in which she saw Him, her Sovereign Love, prepared to receive and crown her, when the fullness of her time shall be complete, and the perfection of her patience manifested?" [1]

We do not deny the possibility of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the saints being carried too far, in some particular instance; but we maintain that such excesses, while they presuppose a sound religious feeling, are wholly unauthorized by the Catholic Church, which is surely not to be held responsible for the mistakes or the exaggerated piety of individuals. We do not deny that some abuses may exist, but we maintain that they do not justify the charge of idolatry or superstition against the

1 Dublin Review — Art. Minor Rites and Offices.

Church, and that those "who strain at such gnats of abuses (taking them at the very worst), and justify themselves for swallowing the camel of schism, — aye, and with a good haunch of heresy on it," act, to say the least, very unwisely. Such persons might have been scandalized in Christ himself because of the weakness and imperfections of His early disciples, and they might have abandoned Him altogether, in consequence of the treachery of Judas! This bitter caviling spirit is as unchristian and pharisaic, as it is unreasonable and absurd.

III. Such, however, is precisely the spirit which guided Mr. Palmer in preparing his Letters against Dr. Wiseman, on the "Errors of Romanism." We will now proceed to prove, that this champion laureate of Anglicanism is as inconsistent, as we have already shown him to be illogical. To answer the arguments of Dr. Wiseman in support of Catholic doctrines and usages, and to explain away the strong passages alleged by him from the holy Scriptures and the fathers, he employs the *very same* method of interpretation, which he so strongly reprehends in Catholics in explaining the meaning of their own prayers to the Virgin and the saints! Who would have believed the redoubtable clerical knight of Oxford capable of this paltry manœuvering and of this disingenuous double dealing? Yet such is undoubtedly the fact, as we now proceed to show by a few specifications.

Mr. Palmer had strongly objected to addressing God and the saints in the same form of prayer, and he had unhesitatingly pronounced this practice idolatrous. To meet the objection, Dr. Wiseman alleged the remarkable passage from the Old Testament, in which the following words occur: "And all the congregation blessed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads and *worshiped the Lord and the king*,"[1] (David). This was a case precisely in point. Had the congregation been Catholic, or had the writer who recorded the incident, been a Catholic, Mr. Palmer would have greedily seized on the words of the passage as a first rate specimen of "Romish" idolatry. The Catholic would have answered: "You do us injustice; we did not mean to render the same honor to the king as to the Lord." "It matters not," the Oxfordite would have answered; "what right had you to employ the same act of worship for both?" And yet, would you believe it, gentle reader, Mr. Palmer, to explain away the difficulty presented by this text, refers to the context, and, in a word, resorts to the very species of interpretation which he will not suffer Catholics to adopt in explaining their own *present* meaning, and in defending themselves from the odious charge of idolatry![2] What are we to think of the logic and consistency of such a controversialist?

He falls into the same glaring inconsistency, in attempting to explain away the following strong passage from St. Justin Martyr: "Him (God) and his Son who came from him, and taught us those things, and *the army of good angels who follow and resemble him*, and the spirit of prophecy,

1 Paralipomenon or Chronicles xxix, 20, 21. 2 Letter V, pp 20, 21.

we venerate and adore."[1] True, he suggests another, and we think a very unwarrantable translation of the passage; but the burden of his answer is, "the angels are not *really* joined 'under the same form of expression' with God; for, as the Benedictine editors remark, the word *venerate* refers to the angels, and *adore* (προσχυνῶμεν) to God." That is, he, following the Bendictine editors, felt that such *must* have been St. Justin's meaning,—though this is not clearly implied in the context,—because the philosopher martyr proved himself in his other writings to be entirely averse to every species of idolatry. What a pity that he did not think of this canon of interpretation, while he was so fiercely expounding the idolatrous language of Pope Gregory XVI., and of St. Liguori! We venture to say that no modern Pope, nor saint, nor Catholic divine, has ever employed language half so strong or so "offensive" as that of St. Justin; and that if he had been a *modern* instead of an *ancient* "Romish" saint, Mr. Palmer would scarcely have let him off so easily.

Again: Dr. Wiseman had alleged the following passage from St. Basil's homily on the forty martyrs: "These are they who, having obtained a place amongst us (their relics were deposited in the church of Cæsarea), like *continual towers*, *afford security* from the incursions of the enemies." Mr. Palmer expounds it:

"That is, their memory and *example* was calculated to encourage Christians against the assaults of heresies and evil spirits."[2]

We suppose the father meant something more than this; at any rate the Oxford divine softens down his literal meaning to suit his own views, and in doing so unwittingly applies the very mode of explanation which he will not allow Catholics to use in much more obvious cases.

In a similar way he responds to almost every passage adduced by Dr. Wiseman from the fathers. If an epitaph, placed on the tomb of a martyr, solicits his *prayers* or his *intercession* for his friends yet on earth, it is a mere *poetical* fiction, not designed to mean any thing; or a pious exaggeration of tender friendship![3] If such ancient writers as Gaudentius, Venantius, St. Leo, St. Chrysostom, and St. Maximus, frequently employ the terms *patronage* and *protection*, in reference to the prayers of the saints for their earthly petitioners,[4] they must have meant to convey no reprehensible idea; but if modern Catholics dare use the same expressions in precisely the same connection, they are clearly guilty of superstition and idolatry! If St. Gregory of Nyssa assures us "that a person, by saying, '*holy Ephrem, help* (assist) *me*,' escaped from a dangerous position,"[5] Mr. Palmer tells us, that "such an expression does not interfere with the divine attributes;"[6] but if a Catholic of modern times dare employ such language, or if a Catholic writer dare record such a miracle, we would probably never hear the end of it! If St. Gregory Nazianzen employs strong language on the invocation of saints, "it is plainly rhetorical;"[7] and if St. John Chrysostom, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Basil, and St.

1 St. Justin M. Apologia I. p. 11, ed. Thirlby, apud Palmer, Letter V. p 22.
2 Letter V. p. 26. 3 Ibid. 4 Ibid. p. 27. 5 Palmer ib. 6 Ibid. 7 Ibid. p. 28.

Ambrose, all strongly advocate the honor and invocation of saints,[1] it all proves nothing; for they did not intend, like modern "Romanists," to give divine honors to any but God, and they clearly laid down the distinction (which "Romanists," now-a-days, as clearly do) between the veneration to be paid to saints, and the adoration to be rendered to God alone! Such is the logic, such the consistency, such the fairness, such the justice of Mr. Palmer!

We might comment on many more instances of a similar kind; but these will suffice for our present purpose, and we must hasten on. From what we have thus far said, our readers will be able to form an opinion on Mr. Palmer's merits as a logician; from what we will now proceed briefly to show, they may judge of his candor and honesty in stating facts and in quoting authorities. We might produce many instances of his utter recklessness in these respects; many are produced by the author of "his character as a controversialist;" but we must be content with two to which that writer does not refer.

The first of these is a glaring, though we do not say, a willful mistranslation of a passage of Origen.[2] The error consists in substituting in the translation *angels* for *demons*, in order to wrest the words of the author into a meaning opposed to the veneration of angels. If he read Origen in the original, he must have perceived that he draws a broad distinction between good angels, whose office is the guardianship of mankind, and bad angels or demons, such as the pagans worshiped. His pagan opponent — Celsus — advocated this latter species of worship, and Origen argues against it with force and severity. According to Mr. Palmer's translation, his argument would have neither point nor meaning. What are we to think of a man who thus glaringly perverts the meaning of the plainest language?

The other instance consists in a very disingenuous reference to Bellarmine, to prove

"That people may, according to the doctrine of Alexander de Hales, Thomas Aquinas, Cajetan, Buonaventura, Marsilius, Almayn, Carthusianus, Capreolus, Vasquez, and a host of our most approved writers, pay the worship of *latria* or *divine honor* to the images of Christ."[3]

Now, what will be thought of his accuracy, when on turning to Bellarmine we find no mention whatever of *Vasquez;* and what of his candor when we find that Bellarmine explains this very opinion in such a way as to exclude all shadow of idolatry,[4] and that moreover he refutes it at considerable length in two successive chapters![5] Why did he conceal these important circumstances? Is this manner of quotation either fair

1 Palmer, p. 28.

2 Contra Celsum, lib. viii, 26. The original of the passage referred to is: Απατε τη την του Κελσου συμβουλην λεγοντος προσευκτεον ειναι ΔΑΙΜΟΣΙ, which he translates: "Away with the advice of Celsus, saying that we should pray to *angels*." (Lett. V, p. 42.) We apprehend that Celsus never could have given such advice. See Dublin Review, vol. xvi, pp. 344, 345.

3 Letter I, p. 23. His reference to Bellarmine is—De Imag. II. 20.

4 C. xxiii, where he proves that the advocates of this opinion mean by the worship of *latria* paid to the images of Christ, a worship *improprie dictum et per accidens*. Vol. ii, p 409. Edit. Venetiis, 1721, in 6 vols folio.

5 Ch. xxii and xxiv.

or honest? Is it right to leave on the mind of the reader the impression, that the author quoted says precisely the contrary of what he does really say? Is not the *suppressio veri* almost as dishonest a device, as the *suggestio falsi?*

We have yet one more remark to offer concerning Mr. Palmer's polemical tactics, as displayed in these "Letters on Romanism" He often makes a very strange use of his index and second-hand learning; in fact, he sometimes wastes it entirely. Thus he devotes no less than *fifteen* closely printed pages of his fifth Letter[1] to a mass of testimony from the ancient fathers, all showing, according to his opinion, that modern Romanism is idolatrous! And what, think you, is the drift of nearly all those passages? Almost all of them go to prove, what no one denies, that divine honors are to be given to God alone, and not to any creature! Every modern "Romanist" in the world admits this; it is explicitly stated in all our catechisms and prayer books; and it was surely a work of supererogation in Mr. Palmer to attempt to prove it by so great an array of learning. He might as well have undertaken to accumulate passages from the fathers proving the divinity of Christ, with a view to show that Roman Catholics of the present day are guilty of idolatry!

But does Mr. Palmer deny — can he deny — that, during the first ages of the Church, the honor and invocation of saints and martyrs were almost universal; and that the holiest men of that period adopted the practice, without ever once dreaming that it was idolatrous? Does he not himself admit that, as early at least as the fourth century, this practice was not unusual with the "pious fathers;" and that "the same affection, the same veneration, with which the spirits of the saints and martyrs were regarded by the *early* Christians, attended their earthly remains?"[2] And with what show of reason can he blame modern Catholics for imitating examples so illustrious and so hallowed? Can he, in a word, refute the evidence accumulated by an able writer in a late number of the Dublin Review, who conclusively proves the following positions on the subject: "That for a long time prior to the council of Chalcedon, (A. D. 451) Christians believed that it was lawful,

"1. To invoke the saints, not only asking their prayers, but in the direct manner which in modern Catholics is considered idolatrous.

"2. To have confidence in their patronage and protection.

"3. To make pilgrimages to their tombs, and to expect both temporal and eternal blessings in consequence.

"4. To believe that miracles were wrought by their relics.

"5. To show their veneration for their relics by external actions, as prostrations, &c.

"6. To address the Blessed Virgin in particular as the greatest of all saints; in other words, to give her the worship of hyper-dulia.

"And finally, that these things were then as *universally* and as *frequently* practised as in our own times."[3]

1 Pp. 29-44. 2 Compendious Ecclesiastical History, p. 68 seq. New York, 1841.

3 Dublin Review, vol. xvi, pp. 343, 344. We refer our readers to the mass of patristic learning thrown together in the article of which the above extract is a summary. Those who will read the paper must be convinced that every one of the above positions has been triumphantly sustained.

If these facts be true, and they cannot be refuted, one of two things must be said; either that the Church of Christ was generally infected with idolatry from the very earliest period, or that the Catholic Church of the present day is not idolatrous in her faith or in her worship: — there is no alternative. Mr. Palmer may take which horn of the dilemma he chooses; but one or the other he must take. His ready learning will not here serve him; nor will it do again to prefer the refuted charge, that Dr. Wiseman had quoted from spurious works.

In conclusion, we would entreat Protestants, should these pages ever fall under the eye of any such, seriously to reflect for a moment on the sublime beauty of the Catholic doctrine concerning the honor and invocation of saints, and on the many signal advantages resulting from it to the Christian community.

To begin with the latter; how useful is it to keep continually before our eyes the virtues, the heroic struggles, and the glorious victories of the saints and martyrs of God! How the thought stimulates us to resist temptation, and to imitate examples so bright! And then how cheering to us, in our dreary earthly pilgrimage, to cast our eyes heavenward, and to catch a glimpse of that immortal glory which has already crowned the trials and sufferings of the saints; who were once pilgrims, like ourselves, encompassed with infirmity, but who are now shining, like the stars, in the glorious firmament of God! How the splendid vista encourages us to imitate their virtues on earth, that we may share their crowns in heaven! How powerfully and how eloquently it appeals to the noblest feelings of our nature! How strongly it attracts us to heaven! How it consoles us amidst all our tribulations! How many additional motives does it not give us "to praise God in his saints," and to love that heavenly Father, who, in crowning His servants, crowns only His own mercies! And, how strongly, and with what dramatic effect, does not the Catholic Church call forth all these noble feelings, by her perpetual round of festivals and anniversaries! Is there, in the cold and dreary land of Protestantism, any thing half so stimulating or ennobling, — any thing at all calculated to elicit such feelings, or to prompt to such noble emulation of saintly virtue? Protestantism has, alas! virtually abolished, if it has not wholly stricken from the Apostles' Creed, the beautiful article which professes to believe in the "communion of saints!"

The communion of saints! how sublime the idea it unfolds! How it annihilates time, annihilates distance, and causes the hearts of all the friends of Christ and favorites of heaven to beat in unision of hallowed feeling! How it reaches, like a golden chain, from earth to heaven, and binds both together in indissoluble love and unity! How it makes us, poor exiles on earth, already "fellow-citizens of the saints, and the domestics of God!"[1] How it makes the strong succor the weak, the rich succor the poor, those who abound in merits succor those who are needy, and those who are in glory succor those who are in tribulation!

[1] Ephesians, ii, 19.

How beautifully it carries out the scriptural ideas, that "God is love," that "love is the fulfillment of the law," and that "charity never faileth!" How it lifts us up from this dull earth, and binds us all together, by binding us strongly to God! How, in fine, it irradiates the earth with the smiles of heaven, — with those of the saints, of the angels, of the pure and spotless Mother of God, of God himself! "*Fingant quid tale hæretici!*—Let heretics produce any thing like this."[1]

Can there be aught of idolatry in a doctrine, which thus plainly elevates human nature, adorns and ennobles Christianity, gives us new and more expansive views of the divine goodness, and redounds to the honor and glory of God himself? Can there be idolatry in a doctrine, which thus plainly leads us to God, the bestower "of every good gift" whether in heaven or earth, and causes us to fall down reverently at the footstool of His heavenly throne? Can He be offended with the honors which we pay to his own servants and favorites, for His sake, and precisely because they are His servants and favorites? Will the Son be jealous of the honor paid to His blessed Mother, and paid to her only because she is His Mother? Can He who was obedient to her, and who refused her nothing on earth, refuse her any thing in heaven? Can He be unmindful of her sufferings on earth for the love of Him, and of the sword of grief which transpierced her soul on His account? No, no. The Catholic doctrine is as reasonable and scriptural, as it is ennobling and sublime.

We here dismiss Mr. Palmer for the present, reserving to ourselves the privilege of examining, on some future occasion, his objections to the Catholic doctrine of satisfaction, with its adjuncts — indulgences and purgatory.

1 Tertullian.

XXIII. THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF SATISFACTION.*

FAITH AND WORKS.

Harmony of Catholic doctrines—Their scope and influence—The great Physician—His religion medicinal—The Doctrine of Satisfaction intimately connected with that of the Atonement—Standing at the foot of the cross—The center of the religious system—Source of light and heat—The Atonement sufficient—And made for all—Our co-operation necessary for its application to us—Denying ourselves, and entering into the sacrificial spirit of Christ—Scriptural proofs—Practice of the saints—Motive for corporal austerities—The cross ever-present to the Christian mind—The sacrifice of the altar and that of the cross—Protestant view of the Atonement—Faith and works—Halting half way—The more *comfortable* and the *safer* way—Caustic passage of Tertullian—Two roads to heaven—Palmer's view—His arguments superficial and captious—Temporal punishment for sin already forgiven—Scriptural examples—Palmer's explanation of them refuted—His paltry quibbling—Charge of absurdity answered—Reasons for the temporal penalty remaining—Palmer grows pathetic—Troubling the peace of consciences—Unearthly character of the doctrine—The blessings it has produced.

Perhaps the most beautiful feature in the Catholic religion, and, at the same time, one of the most striking evidences of its divine origin, is the wonderful harmony which pervades its entire system of faith, worship, and morals. One doctrine naturally leads to another, and this again to a third; and the whole series of principles thus forms one unbroken chain of truth, which reaches from earth to heaven, and binds man strongly to his God. Remove but one link, and you break the connection, and destroy the integrity and usefulness of the chain itself. Add but one link to it, and you uselessly cumber its divine simplicity, and greatly diminish its heavenly beauty, if you do not even wholly mar its lofty purpose.

Whoever has studied well the philosophy of the Catholic system, and sounded its inmost depths, must have been forcibly struck by the intimate connection of its various parts, and the singular adaptation of the whole to the great purposes of the Christian religion: the purification and regeneration of fallen human nature, the restoration in the human soul of the partially defaced image of God, and the leading of man back to his Creator. To these sublime ends every thing in Catholicity directly tends. Its doctrines enlighten the understanding, dispelling its clouds, and unfolding to it both the origin and the remedy of sin. Its moral principles guide the will and control the emotions of the heart; while its sacraments are the divinely appointed channels of grace, through which flow, in a

*Letters to N. Wiseman, D. D., on the Errors of Romanism, &c. By the Rev. William Palmer, M. A., of Worcester College, Oxford. Baltimore: Joseph Robinson, 1843. Letters II. III, and IV. On the foundation of the doctrine of Satisfaction Indulgences, &c. and on Satisfaction or Penances.

perennial stream, the abundant waters of life eternal, "for the healing of the nations." In this wonderful economy of grace, no want of humanity is left unprovided for, no ill is without its proper remedy.

Man, created originally to the image and likeness of his God, and constituted in a state of innocence and sanctification, became, by his fall, a victim of cruel wounds and of deeply seated hereditary infirmities, both of soul and body. Christ came to restore him to the high estate from which he had fallen, and to heal his multiplied, aggravated, and inveterate spiritual maladies. For this purpose He established His religion, which was thus essentially *medicinal*, both in its character and in its object. It presented a balm for every disease, a panacea for every malady. The blessed Saviour accordingly represents himself as a heavenly physician, divinely sent to heal the sick: "They that are in health need not a physician, but they that are sick."[1]

The Catholic religion possesses, in a remarkable degree, these distinctive characteristics of primitive Christianity. All its institutions are eminently *healing* in their nature and influence. They are founded on so deep a knowledge of human nature; they manifest so clear an insight into the hidden labyrinths of the human heart; they are so unearthly in their nature, so clearly supernatural in their means of action, so far remote from the senses, and so completely at war with the darling passions of fallen man: and, withal, they harmonize together so admirably in all their parts, that man could not, by possibility, have devised such a system; — it is clearly the work of God. In viewing the sublime character and the beautiful blending together of the various parts composing it, we are forced to exclaim with the royal psalmist: "The judgments of the Lord are true, *justified in themselves*.[2] This heavenly system flatters not the pride of man, it panders to no passion of corrupt human nature: — it declares war against all that is perverse, and bows down "every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God."[3]

A striking illustration of this divine harmony and admirable adaptation of the Catholic system to human needs, is presented in its DOCTRINE OF SATISFACTION. This doctrine, besides being the basis of many other Catholic tenets and observances, flows itself directly from the great and cardinal principle of the ATONEMENT. It is but a carrying out, an application, and a perpetual embodiment of this great mystery of redemption; it is but a constant preaching of "Christ and of Him crucified." It is the *spirit* of the great sacrifice of Calvary still lingering upon earth, in the bosom of Christ's cherished disciples; — a spirit, however, not inert or disembodied, but vigorous and displaying itself by constant external acts of heroic self-denial and mortification. The CROSS, the CROSS of Jesus! — How many saving truths, how many soul-stirring remembrances, how many thrilling associations, cluster around the cross!

To take an enlarged and adequate view of Christianity, we must stand at the foot of the cross, with the blessed Mother of the Crucified, and look

1 St. Matthew ix, 12. 2 Psalms xviii, 10. 3 Corinth. x, 5.

abroad from the lofty eminence of Calvary. A new and brilliant prospect will then open before us, and a new light will burst upon our eyes. Then will we be able to view the Christian system in all its length and breadth, in all the wondrous harmony of its parts, and in all its divine adaptation to the wants of man.

Then will we see and *feel*, that the atonement is truly the great center of the Christian system, even as the sun is the center of the universe; that all the other doctrines of Christianity revolve around this central point, even as the planets revolve around the sun; and that, as in the material, so also in the spiritual world, the sun of the system is the living source of light and heat and life. Blot the material sun from the heavens, and how dark and cheerless and lifeless this world of ours would become! All the laws of nature would be arrested in their course; the heavens would no longer send down their dews and rains, the brooks and rivers would cease to flow, vegetation would wither and die, animal life would become extinct, and nature would return to its original chaos. So also, strike out the atonement from the Christian system, and human nature would again become, what it was before the coming of Christ, a dreary, dark, and frightful waste: the dews and rains of divine mercy would cease to distil from the heavens, the streams of grace would be dried up, no fragrant flowers and no luscious fruits of virtue would adorn and enrich the garden of the soul, all spiritual life would be extinguished, and man would descend from his lofty pre-eminence to a level with the mere animal creation.

But with the blessed doctrine of the atonement, all is light, and warmth and life. Men no longer sit "in the region of the shadow of death," but they bask in the genial sunshine of heaven. Earth is no longer severed from heaven, but the two have become one; extremes have met; justice and mercy have embraced. By the saving influence of the atonement, man has been reconciled to his God, and "the hand-writing of the decree which was against him has been taken out of the way and fastened to the cross."[1] By the precious blood, which flowed from the wounds of Jesus Christ crucified, has salvation been purchased for all; and "through Him God has reconciled all things unto Himself, making peace through the blood of His cross, both as to the things that are on earth, and the things that are in heaven."[2] For we "have not been redeemed with corruptible gold and silver; . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled."[3]

The pages of the New Testament are filled with similar passages, all proving that the blood of Christ, shed on the cross, is the great and only source and fountain-head of redemption, and of the lights, graces, and aids by which salvation can be obtained. "Nor is there salvation in any other. For there is no other name under heaven given to men, whereby we must be saved."[4] No prayer will be heard which is not uttered in the name of the Crucified; no grace can be obtained which is not asked

1 Colossians ii, 14. 2 Colloss. i, 20. 3 1 Ep. S. Peter i, 18, 19. 4 Acts iv, 12.

for through the blood of the cross. Every grace which ever was, or ever will be bestowed upon mankind, from the date of the fall to the end of the world, was or will be bestowed solely in consequence of the blood of the cross, either to be shed or actually shed. There is nothing more certain than this: the whole scheme of salvation, whether in its germ under the old law, or in its full development under the new, rests upon this great cardinal truth. Thus the atonement operated both retrospectively and prospectively; and in point of time, as well as in vital importance, it is the great center of the spiritual world.

The atonement was amply *sufficient* for all the wants of fallen human nature. In the prophetic language of the psalmist, it contained "an abundant redemption."[1] It fully atoned not only for original sin, but also for all the actual sins of all mankind. Even one drop of the great Man-God's precious blood, would have superabundantly sufficed to expiate the sins of ten thousand worlds; because it was of infinite value and acceptance with God. The one great sacrifice of the cross "obtained an eternal redemption," and "exhausted the sins of many."[2] It fully paid the price of ransom for the sins of all the descendants of Adam. None were excepted from its influence; for "there is no exception of persons with God." All who had sinned in Adam, and had thereby incurred death, were ransomed in Christ.[3] The arms of the blessed Jesus extended on the cross embraced all mankind without exception: His heart loved all, and his heart's blood was bounteously poured out for all. And the system of belief, which would limit the atonement to a select few, is as unscriptural as it is narrow and unworthy of God.

By the atonement ample means were thus provided for the salvation of every child of Adam. Whoever therefore is not saved, perishes solely through his own fault. God has fully and superabundantly done His part, and He may still address to the world the plaint formerly uttered against the house of Israel: "What is there that I ought to do more to my vineyard that I have not done to it? Was it that I looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it hath brought forth wild grapes?"[4]

But man is *free*, either to use or to neglect these means of salvation; God offers no violence to his free will; he is still "placed in the hands of his counsel,"[5] and may choose either fire or water; — either the fire of the divine indignation, or the cooling streams of heavenly grace. God will compel none into heaven; He will bestow the crown of immortality only on those who have fought valiantly for it, and triumphed over sin through Jesus Christ.

As St. Augustine has somewhere remarked, God, who created us without our consent or aid, will not save us without our co-operation. The abundant merits of the redemption will be applied to us, only on condition that we, on our part, do all that God requires of us, as preliminaries to the application; He Himself freely aiding and assisting us by His

1 Psalm cxxix, 7. 2 Hebrews ix, 12 and 28 3 See Romans, ch. v.
4 Isaiah v, 4. 5 Ecclesiasticus xv, 14.

holy grace, both in beginning and perfecting the good work. Of ourselves we can, indeed, do nothing towards our salvation; but without our free co-operation the grace of God will certainly not save us. Salvation is thus the result of two agencies combined: the weakness of man, strengthened and rendered efficient by the grace of God. The same inspired apostle who said, "We are not sufficient to think any thing of ourselves, as of ourselves," [1] also said, "I can do *all things* in Him who strengtheneth me." [2]

With the blessed Saviour himself, the Catholic Church has ever taught, that the merits of the atonement are applied only to those who strive earnestly, with the grace of God, to imitate Christ, in His spirit, in His life, in His death. In the name of her divine Head and Spouse, she has ever addressed His words to all her children, as setting forth the essential conditions of discipleship: "If any man will come after Me, let him *deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me.*" [3] With the inspired Paul, she has ever taught that, to be sharers in the redemption, we must "be nailed to the cross with Christ; and live, now not we, but Christ in us." [4] She tells us that "they who are Christ's *have crucified their flesh*, with the vices and concupiscences." [5] She tells us daily that, like St. Paul, we must "chastise our bodies, and bring them into subjection," [6] and must "*fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ in our flesh.*" [7] She tells us, that we must "*do penance in sackcloth and ashes,*" [8] as the Saviour said Tyre and Sidon would have done, had the works been performed in them that were done in Corozain and Bethsaida. She tells us, what John told the Jews on the banks of the Jordan: "Bring forth, therefore, *fruit worthy of penance;*" [9] and what Christ said, speaking of John: "The kingdom of heaven *suffereth violence and the violent bear it away.*" [10] She tells us, that those only are foreknown by God and predestinated to life eternal, who "*are made comformable to the image of His Son;*" [11] and that we must "*suffer* with Christ, if we would *reign* with Him." [12]

The whole New Testament abounds with such declarations, all going to show that we cannot expect to share in the merits of the redemption, unless we do violence to ourselves, deny ourselves, mortify our members, imitate the example of Christ, and catch His sacrificial and expiatory spirit. He was innocence itself, and yet was He made the victim of sin; we are guilty, we contributed to nail Him to the cross; — we *deserve* to suffer. "The disciple is not above the master;" and, as St. Bernard well remarks, "it is not becoming that, under a head crowned with thorns, the members should be over delicate." No, no. Those deceive themselves, to their own eternal ruin, who think that they may be saved while reclining on a bed of roses, when Jesus entered into His glory by lying on the hard bed of the cross. Those fatally deceive them-

1 2 Corinth. iii, 4.
2 Philippians iv, 13.
3 St. Matth. xvi, 24.
4 Gallatians, ii. 19, 20.
5 Gallatians, v, 24.
6 1 Corinthians, ix, 27
7 Collossians i, 24.
8 St. Matth. xi, 21, and Luke x, 13.
9 St. Matthew iii, 8.
10 Id. xi, 12.
11 Romans, viii, 29.
12 2 Timothy, ii, 12.

selves, who think that they may reach heaven by treading the path of "primrose dalliance," while Jesus walked in a path bestrewed with thorns and marked by His own blood; and while He exclaimed: "How narrow is the gate, and straight is the way, which leadeth to life; and few there are who find it!"[1]

All the saints of God, from the days of St. John the Baptist down to the present time, — to say nothing of those who lived under the old law, — have acted on these principles, and have walked in this narrow and thorny path; and, in doing so, they did but imitate the great SAINT OF SAINTS, Jesus Christ himself, "the Author and Finisher of our faith." This doctrine it was, which peopled the deserts with holy men of God; who fled from the soft blandishments of the world and of the flesh, to crucify themselves in solitude. This doctrine it was, which raised up whole armies of virgins and of holy celibataries; who, denying themselves and "crucifying their flesh with its vices and concupiscences," preserved to the end of life the lily of purity, and now are privileged in heaven to be the special favorites of the Lamb, and "to follow Him whithersoever He goeth."[2] This doctrine it was, which made the martyrs smile on death, and even sigh for its approach; that their blood might be mingled with that of the great expiatory sacrifice, and that they might die for Christ and with Christ. This doctrine, in fine, was the basis of the severe penitential discipline, which generally obtained among the ancient Christians, and which, though mitigated in rigor, still exists in the Catholic Church of the present day.

Are we better than were the saints? Are we purer than was St. Paul? Can we expect to gain heaven by any easier way than that pressed and hallowed by the footsteps of ALL the special friends of God and of Christ, in all ages past? Have we fewer or less grievous sins to expiate than they had? Have we less need of penitential works? Have we less reason "to work out our salvation with fear and trembling,"[3] and "by good works to make sure our vocation and election?"[4] We deceive ourselves, if we think so. Had there been an easier way to heaven than that we have indicated above, Christ and His apostles would certainly have pointed it out to us, by word or example, or by both.

In voluntarily entering upon, and cheerfully pursuing the painful way of the cross, the saints sought, not only to be conformable to the *outward* example of Jesus Christ, but to enter into His *spirit*, and to offer themselves up as victims and holocausts of sin with Him. They presented "their members as instruments of *justice* to God;"[5] and they were ready to die with Christ in expiation of their own sins, and of those of their brethren. Their sufferings and penitential works, they knew and felt, had no intrinsic efficacy whatever — apart from the merits of Christ — towards obtaining the remission of sin or an increase of sanctity; but united with the sufferings, and hallowed by the spirit, of the Redeemer,

1 St. Matth. vii, 14. 2 Apocalypse xiv, 4. 3 Philip. ii, 14.
4 2 Peter i. 10. 5 Romans, vi, 13.

they were rendered acceptable to heaven, and became powerful aids to salvation. The sacrifice of the disciple was acceptable, *only* when united with the sacrifice of the Master. The Father loved those only, who were conformable to the image of His well-beloved Son.

This spirit of sacrifice, springing thus from the great sacrifice of the cross, is the source of those austerities, voluntary macerations, penances, fasting, bodily inflictions, and other satisfactions, which have ever been dear to the fervent members of the Catholic Church. The cross thus pervades the whole Catholic system, and hallows its every observance. Sin nailed Jesus Christ to the cross; and the penance of a whole lifetime should not be deemed too much atonement for a single transgression. The Catholic is exhorted to preserve always an humble and penitential spirit, to be ever lowly in mind, and to tremble at the very shadow of sin, to cherish a constant spirit of compunction, and, in a word, to live and die with Christ on the cross. Penance is represented to him as the only safeguard of virtue, and the only sure means of salvation: "Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish."[1]

This holy compunction is daily nourished and strengthened by the great sacrifice of the new law; itself but a continuation and application of the one mediatorial sacrifice of Calvary. In the Mass, the same Victim of expiation, who freely bled on the cross for the sins of all mankind, is daily offered up, in an unbloody manner, on the altar; and thus "the death of the Lord *is shown forth*, until He come."[2] The cardinal idea of the sacrifice is thus kept fresh in the minds of the faithful; and the one great sacrifice of the cross is no longer a mere matter of history — a mere fact that is past — but it is continually reproduced, and made present again, as a living and breathing reality. Far from impairing the value and efficacy of the great sacrifice offered up on the cross, the clean oblation of our altars leads the mind back continually to that bloody expiation; and brings the Catholic daily and hourly to the summit of Calvary, where his devotion receives a new impulse, and his soul kindles with a new fervor. The sacrifice of the Mass is an exhaustless fountain of mercy, containing the living waters which spring up unto everlasting life; at which the devoted hero of the cross may be constantly refreshed, and be prepared to make new sacrifices for the love of Christ crucified. Those who can not see all this, have never studied the Catholic doctrine in its length, breadth, and depth.

Thus everything in the Catholic system is necessarily referred to the great doctrine of the atonement made once on the cross, as to its center and principle. This principle imparts health and vigor and life to all the doctrines and observances of Catholicity; and these, in their turn, recognize and set it off. The Christian life, as developed in the Catholic Church, is but an embodiment of the great atoning sacrifice,—of its spirit as well as of its outward form. The Catholic is told to keep his eye continually on Mount Calvary, where his loving Saviour was crucified:—

1 Luke, xiii, 3.

2 1 Corinth. xi, 26.

"To look, and make (his life) like the pattern that was shown him in the mount."[1] He is told that he cannot hope for the pardon of his sins, nor for everlasting life, unless he enter fully into the propitiatory and sacrificial spirit of Christ, and be prepared to be crucified with Him in atonement for sin; for that the merits of the atonement will be applied to him on no other condition. To be saved, he must have not only faith, but works.

Such is an imperfect outline of the doctrine of the atonement, considered as the basis of the Catholic Doctrine of Satisfaction. We think no impartial person can examine it thoroughly, without pronouncing it, not only conformable to Scripture, but, also, entirely consistent with itself, and an admirable carrying out of the great scheme of man's redemption.

The Protestant takes a different view altogether of the atonement. He agrees with the Catholic in admitting its entire sufficiency and efficacy, for the reconciliation of the sinner, and for the salvation of men; but he differs from the Catholic, in regard to the manner in which its efficacy and merits are to be *applied* to the soul. The starting point of the Protestant, is the great principle broached by Luther and his co-reformers—*that man is justified by faith* ALONE *without works.* The merits of the atonement "are apprehended by faith;" and if the sinner have only faith, he need fear nothing; he will be justified in this life, and saved in the next. Let him only believe firmly that Christ has died for him, and that his sins are pardoned by Christ; and, from a sinner, he suddenly becomes a saint! No works of penance or satisfaction are at all requisite; no fasting, no bodily inflictions, no mortification; — faith *alone* will suffice for everything. Christ has undergone all the suffering; we need suffer nothing: He has fully expiated our sins; nothing expiatory remains for us to do. Nay, it would be a derogation from the all-sufficient atonement of Christ, were we to deem any thing but mere faith at all necessary for our justification. In a word, according to this system, Christ has done *every thing* in the way of satisfaction; He has left nothing for us to do, except to believe!

Luther carried out this comfortable doctrine to its fullest extent; he even rejected good works as useless, if not positively sinful. With him, faith was every thing, works nothing. He even boldly corrupted the Word of God, in order to make it speak a language conformable to his favorite theory;[2] and he wholly rejected the Epistle of St. James, as "an epistle of straw, and unworthy an apostle," because it contains the following passages[3] clearly condemnatory of his error: —

"What shall it profit, my brethren, if a man say he hath faith, but hath not works? Shall faith be able to save him?"

"Even so faith, if it have not works, *is dead in itself.*"

1 Exodus xxv. 40.

2 In the text of St. Paul (Rom. iii, 28): "For we account a man justified by faith," &c., Luther added *alone;* and when challenged on the subject he answered: Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas! So I will, so I command, let my will stand for a reason!"

3 Ch. ii, vv, 14, 17, 19, 26.

"The devils also believe and tremble."

"For as the body without the spirit is dead, so also faith without works is dead," &c.

Modern Protestants, indeed, appear to have mitigated somewhat this original doctrine of the reformation; but they retain the doctrine itself, and it still exercises a powerful influence over their entire system. They still maintain that we are justified by faith alone; though most of them require works as a sequel to faith, or as the necessary fruits of justification. They all, however, concur in rejecting the obligation of works of penance and satisfaction; and in this they are but consistent with their great principle of justification by faith alone. Luther was certainly more consistent than they: for he did not halt half way, but boldly carried out the principle to its fullest extent; while they appear to exclude only the class of works which is most painful to human nature.

It must be admitted, that the Protestant is a very convenient and comfortable doctrine, which has made the path to heaven quite smooth and easy! If it be only *safe*, it is certainly a decided improvement on the good old Catholic method of mortification and penance. It has widened and smoothed the once narrow and rugged way of salvation; and a Christian may now go to heaven on a comfortable turnpike, if not on a rail-road. Verily, ours is an age of improvement! We have greatly improved on the example of St. Paul, of St. John the Baptist, and of Christ Himself! These, and all the saints of the olden time, led a hard and mortified life; but our modern preachers of the Gospel have changed all this!

We are doing our separated brethren no injustice. We are merely endeavoring to paint, in a forcible manner, the obvious tendency of their system, which many of them, we are happy to believe, do not fully carry out in practice. But is it not fashionable among Protestants to sneer at celibacy, at fasting, at penitential austerities, at corporal inflictions and macerations? Are not all these practices often represented, as a useless and foolish and even impious self-torment? Are not Catholics often likened to the Brahmin devotee of India, or to the fanatical worshipers of Juggernaut? Are not our saints ridiculed for having worn haircloths, used the discipline, practised chastity, renounced the world with all its dangerous blandishments, and retired into the wilderness, in imitation of Elias, of St. John the Baptist, and of Christ Himself?

Whence this caviling and bitterly sneering spirit, if not from the very principle to which we allude? What does Protestantism enjoin or recommend, that is particularly painful to the senses? Does it not constantly flatter the pride of the human mind, by setting forth the glorious privilege of private judgment, in opposition to the authority of the Church? Does it not place the married above the unmarried life, in direct opposition to St. Paul?[1] Does it often breathe a syllable about mental prayer, about entire abstraction from the world, about mortification of our carnal appetites, about love of solitude? Has it *one* institution

[1] See 1 Corinth. ch. vii. Read the whole chapter.

embodying these lofty principles? Has it produced one saint, who reduced them to practice? If it has done any of these things, we apprehend the rest of the world has not known the fact.

In viewing the easy and comfortable doctrine of salvation, devised and practised by our dissentient brethren, we are forcibly reminded of a withering passage from the pen of Tertullian; who rebuked, with a biting sarcasm peculiarly his own, the softness of some among his cotemporaries, more than sixteen hundred years ago, in the following language:

"Is it proper for us to supplicate for pardon of our sins, while clad in scarlet and purple? I allow you a brooch for adjusting your hair, powders for whitening your teeth, and an instrument of iron or brass for trimming your nails; I allow you to paint your lips and cheeks, that they may shine forth with fictitious lustre; I entreat you to seek out more refreshing baths, and to cool yourselves in more shady gardens or maritime retreats; add to your expenses, seek out the fattest ox and feast on its dainty flesh, drain old wine to the dregs;—and if any one ask you, why you bestow so many comforts on your soul? Tell him, I have sinned against God, and am in danger of perishing eternally!!"[1]

There are, then, two different ways to heaven: the one ancient, the other modern; the one strewn with thorns, the other with roses; the one offering us pardon and heaven, on condition of doing penance and practising good works in conjunction with faith, the other bidding us be of good cheer,—for that faith alone will save us. Which of these ways is the better and the *safer?* Which is more conformable to the passages of the inspired volume referred to above, and which more in accordance with the example set us by Jesus Christ, and by *all* the saints both of the old and of the new law? We think no one can be at a loss for an answer, and that every sensible man and sincere Christian would be disposed to respond, as Melancthon is said to have done to his dying mother, who asked his advice as to the religion she should then embrace: "The Protestant way is the more *convenient*, the Catholic is the SAFER."

We do not mean to imply, that all Catholics practise penitential austerities, and that all Protestants entirely neglect them. We are speaking of principles, not of men; of the nature and obvious tendency of the systems taught respectively by the Catholic and Protestant communions in regard to justification, not of the lives of those who profess to be governed by them. The Catholic may fall far short of his principles in daily practice, while the Protestant may go far beyond his:—and we have not a doubt that such is often the case in regard to both.

If we have dwelt thus long on general principles, it is because we deemed them of essential importance to the matter in hand;—a refutation of the specious quibbles of Mr. Palmer in regard to the Catholic Doctrine of Satisfaction.

1 "Num ergo in Coccino et Tyriis pro delictis supplicare nos condecet? Cedo acum crinibus distinguendis, et pulverem dentibus elimandis, et bisulcum aliquid ferri vel æris unguibus repastinandis; siquid ficti nitoris, siquid coacti ruboris, in labia aut genas urgeat: præterea exquirite balneas lætiores, hortulani maritimive recessus; adjicito ad sumptum, conquirito alti ium enormem saginam, defæcato senectutem vini; cum quis interrogarit, cur animæ largiaris, deliqui, dicito, in Deum, et periclitor in æternum perire." Tertullianus, Lib. de Pœnitentia.

He does not go back to first principles at all; and though he devotes three lengthy letters to an examination of the Catholic doctrine on this and other kindred points, yet he does not say any thing in relation to the real basis upon which these Catholic principles and practices rest. We deemed it absolutely necessary to supply this deficiency. The foundation of the Catholic Doctrine of Satisfaction, as well as that of the derivative or cognate doctrines of indulgences and purgatory, lies much deeper than the single principle which Mr. Palmer labors so strenuously to refute, viz: that after the *guilt* of mortal sin, and the *eternal* punishment due to it, have been remitted by God, there sometimes[1] or often remains a *temporal* punishment due to the divine justice; which temporal punishment will be exacted either in this life, or in the next in purgatory, unless it be remitted in view of the penitential works of the pardoned sinner, whether enjoined upon him or spontaneously undertaken, or of an indulgence granted by the Church in the name of Christ, or of both conjoined. This principle, indeed, is the immediate and proximate basis of the doctrine; but the cross of Jesus, and the obligation of imitating the example of Jesus crucified, and of entering into the spirit of His great atonement, constitute the more remote and deeper foundation of this and of all other Catholic doctrines. This, we trust, we have already shown, and Mr. Palmer has not even attempted to shake one of the great principles, we have above laid down and endeavored to demonstrate.

His attempt to disprove the principle just referred to, as the immediate basis of the doctrine of satisfaction, is one of the feeblest arguments we have ever chanced to read. It is as weak as it is pretending. It contains not one new idea, it presents not one new objection. A much stronger argument against the Catholic doctrine might have been produced, by merely translating Bellarmine's objections without his replies. An intelligent Scotch gentleman once informed us that this trick, on a larger scale, was actually tried some years ago in Edinburg; and that the translation of all Bellarmine's objections against Catholic doctrines, without his answers, was deemed the strongest book against "popery" which had ever appeared![2]

We venture the assertion, that there is not *one* objection against the doctrine of satisfaction in all the three Letters of Mr. Palmer, which had not been already alleged — and *better* alleged — and refuted too, by Bellarmine, nearly two hundred and fifty years ago! And we go even farther, and say that there is scarcely one of our most commonplace theologians who has not taken up and answered those identical arguments. So much for the learning and originality of Mr. Palmer, the boasted "no

1 The Catholic doctrine, strictly speaking, only requires us to believe that *a portion* at least of the temporal punishment due to sin *sometimes* remains after the sin itself has been remitted; though our theologians usually employ the term *often* or *generally* instead of *sometimes*. Si quis dixerit *totam* pœnam simul cum culpa remitti *semper* a Deo, satisfactionemque pœnitentium non esse aliam quam fidem, qua apprehendunt Christum pro eis satisfecisse; anathema sit. (Canon xii, Sessio xiv. Concil. Trid.) The wording, however, of the fifteenth canon seems to justify the manner of speaking adopted by Catholic divines.

2 The work was entitled *Bellarminus Orthodoxus*.

popery" champion of Oxford, the very impersonation of Anglican learning. Strip him of his borrowed plumage, and he would be bare indeed; take away his second-hand learning, and his works would become the mere shadow of their former selves. There is scarcely a tyro in Catholic theology, who could not make out a much stronger case against "popery," and refute it, too.

We are confident that we are doing the Oxford divine no injustice. We have surveyed the whole ground he has gone over, and we speak advisedly on the subject. Our narrow limits will not allow us to take up and answer, one by one, the objections he offers against the Catholic principle, that a portion of *temporal* punishment sometimes or often remains due to the divine justice, after the guilt and the *eternal* punishment of grievous sin have been remitted by God. But his principal and most specious arguments may be ranged under three heads, which we propose briefly to state, and to answer in succession.

1. The first class of objections consists of an attempt to refute the scriptural arguments, alleged by our divines in support of the Catholic principle.[1]

The holy Scriptures abound with examples of a temporal punishment exacted by God, even from His most favored servants, *after* their sins had been already divinely declared to be forgiven. The whole human race is, in fact, a striking example of this feature in the divine economy. Sickness, all the ills of life, and death itself,—what are they but the wages of that fatal sin, by which our first parents disobeyed the command of God in the garden of paradise? And yet there seems to be no doubt that this first sin was pardoned, in view of the long and rigorous penance of our proto-parents. Thus a vast accumulation of *temporal* punishments has been for centuries, and is yet, exacted by God, for a sin pardoned thousands of years ago. And no matter how perfect or holy may be the descendant of Adam; no matter how thoroughly he may have been purified in the blood of the Lamb, yet is he still subject to sickness, to numberless infirmities, to death. So unbending is this law of the divine justice, that even the great Saint of Saints, the immaculate Son of God, was not exempt from its influence, when He vouchsafed to clothe Himself with man's nature, and to become man's Sponsor to His Father! Jesus suffered, Jesus died, in the midst of agony unspeakable, in consequence of the fall of Adam, and of the accumulated guilt of his tainted descendants. And though He expiated the fault by His death on the cross, yet is the temporal penalty still sternly exacted *to this very day*, and it will be exacted to the end of time.

This one great leading fact would suffice of itself to establish the Catholic principle. How does Mr. Palmer answer this argument? He meets it with the paltry quibble, that these temporal punishments are the award of *original* and not of *actual* sin, and that, therefore, they prove nothing![2] But is not the principle clearly the same in regard to both species of sin?

1 Letter ii, p. 14, seqq. 2 Ibid. pp. 18, 19.

Does Mr. Palmer even attempt to show that there is no parallelism, so far as the present argument is concerned? He does not. He seems to think that assertion may be substituted for sound argument, in the warfare against Rome. Was not Adam's sin an *actual* sin? And was not he punished with temporal penalties, even after this actual sin had been pardoned? Mr. Palmer admits this;[1] but he very acutely observes, that God was under a promise to punish Adam temporally, and that "consequently (!) the punishment of Adam proves nothing!" O tempora! He really ought to write a book on logic! Does it weaken the argument, that the temporal punishment thus awarded to Adam and Eve, was extended to all their posterity to the end of time, Christ Himself not excepted?

But we have many special examples of this same principle, recorded on the pages of the inspired volume; in addition to the numerous scriptural passages alleged in the first part of this paper, which likewise clearly establish its truth.

Thus, Moses and Aaron distrusted the word of God at "the waters of contradiction," and though their sin was, no doubt, pardoned, yet did God sternly exact the heavy *temporal* penalty of their dying in sight of the promised land, without being allowed to enter it. And He assigned, as a reason for this punishment, the sin of incredulity they had committed at "the waters of contradiction;"[2] thereby clearly intimating that His *justice* required the penalty.

So, also, when the Israelites worshiped the golden calf in the wilderness, the wrath of God was enkindled against them, and He threatened to destroy them all; but at the prayer of Moses, "the Lord was appeased;" yet did His justice still exact a grievous *temporal* punishment, and "there were slain that day about three and twenty thousand men."[3]

Again, when the people of Israel murmured against God in the desert, His anger was on the point of consuming them all, but Moses earnestly interposed in their behalf, and the Lord said, "I have *forgiven* according to thy word;" yet He immediately added the stern claim of His *justice* to an awful *temporal* chastisement for their crime; "But yet all the men that have seen My majesty, and the signs that I have done in Egypt, and in the wilderness, and have tempted Me now ten times, and have not obeyed My voice, *shall not see the land* for which I swore to their fathers; .... in the wilderness shall your carcasses lie; your children shall wander in the wilderness forty years, ... until the carcasses of their fathers be consumed in the desert."[4]

Who more holy or favored of God than David, the man "after God's own heart?" David sinned grievously; he repented sincerely, and the inspired prophet, Nathan, declared to him, "The Lord hath also *taken away* thy sin;" and yet this same divine messenger immediately added: "Nevertheless, because thou hast given occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme, *for this thing* the child that is born to thee shall surely die."[5]

1 Ibid. p 19, note. 2 Numbers xx, 12 and 24. 3 Exodus xxxii, 10, 14, 28.
4 Numbers xiv, 20, 22, 23, 32, 33. 5 2 Kings (or Samuel) xii, 9, 13, 14.

And this severe temporal punishment, as well as a long train of other afflictions, was rigorously exacted of the royal penitent, though his sin had already been pardoned. David bowed down under the scourging hand of God, and patiently submitted to the penalties which he knew and felt his sins deserved, though he had the positive assurance that they were already forgiven.

What clearer proofs of the Catholic doctrine could any one reasonably ask? Do not all these instances clearly establish the precise principle we are contending for? If not, we would wish to know, what evidence would be required to prove our position?

And how does Mr. Palmer answer all these facts and arguments? His answer is a simple repetition of what had been advanced and refuted a thousand times already! He gravely tells us, that there is no parallelism between the circumstances of the people of God under the old, and the people of God under the new law. He says:

"A temporal penalty of some sort was necessary, when God *visibly* interfered in the affairs of men. But now that His guidance is entirely spiritual and invisible, temporal penalties are no longer necessary in the same way."[1]

This means, that under the old law such punishments were necessary for example and for warning to others, especially when the offender was a person of high standing and influence, and the offense was public and scandalous. But this is taking a very narrow and erroneous view of the subject; it is assigning, as the only motive of the divine conduct, a reason either not warranted by the facts at all, or plainly secondary and accidental to the real merits of the case. Whoever will examine the scriptural facts above alleged, must see that the temporal punishment was awarded for the *offense itself*, and with the clearly expressed intimation that the *justice* of God required its infliction; and all this after the sin itself had been pardoned. To say that it was awarded merely as a warning to others, or for the correction of the offender, is an assertion wholly gratuitous, and without a shadow of proof in the facts themselves. If we be permitted thus to explain away the plainest passages of Scripture, in order to make them bend to a preconceived theory, what certainty is there any longer in scriptural interpretation?

Mr. Palmer himself does not appear to rely much on this means of escaping from the difficulty; for we find him resorting to a new species of chicanery, in order to parry the force of the argument drawn from God's conduct towards the Israelites, related in chapter xiv, of Numbers, and in chapter xxxii, of Exodus, referred to above. He gravely assures us that when God declared to Moses, "I have pardoned (*forgiven* in the Catholic version), according to thy word," He did not imply the forgiveness of the *sin* committed, and the *justification* of those who had committed it, but merely "a remission of the immediate destruction by pestilence, and the disinheritance which God had threatened."[2] Likewise, when the sacred

1 Letter ii, p. 15.

2 Ibid. pp. 16, 17.

writer informs us that "God was appeased," the expression only means, that "He had commuted the sentence of utter destruction which He had pronounced against that people for their idolatry, into chastisements of a different character, at the prayer and intercession of Moses!"[1]

We are willing to let these ingenious interpretations pass for what they are worth. They forcibly remind us of certain learned biblical exegesists in Germany, who have lately, by similar arts, frittered away the very substance of revelation; and we think Mr. Palmer might put in some claims to a connection with the school which they have founded. But we must hasten on to the second class of objections raised by him against the Catholic doctrine of satisfaction.

2. He enters into a course of what he, no doubt, deemed stringent reasoning, to prove that the Catholic doctrine is absurd, inconsistent with itself, and subversive of man's salvation.[2] He cannot conceive how God can remit the sin itself, and the eternal punishment due to it, and still reserve to Himself the right of exacting a temporal penalty from the hands of the pardoned sinner. *He* cannot understand it, therefore it is absurd! *He* cannot fathom the counsels of God, therefore they are wholly unfathomable, if not absurd! This is reasoning backwards. It is precisely the process adopted by the Socinian to impugn the Trinity, and by the deist to disprove revelation.

Will Mr. Palmer explain how God could still leave *him* subject to disease, to concupiscence, and to death, notwithstanding the full pardon of all his sins, and of all the eternal punishments due to them,— which we trust has been extended to him,— and notwithstanding that the sin of Adam and Eve, which provoked all those temporal penalties, was also long since remitted by God? If he will explain this, and all the other facts of a precisely similar character alleged above, then may we undertake to explain to him how God may still reserve a temporal penalty, after the pardon of sin. The ways of God are not to be judged by our imperfect and low human standard; they are to be appreciated by the facts and principles, which He has vouchsafed to reveal to us. And if there be any certainty in the Scriptures, the principle of divine action contended for by Catholics is, as we have seen, therein clearly set forth.

Mr. Palmer winds up his reasoning under this head, with the following remarkable passage:

"So that, according to your doctrine, the justified and pardoned believer is still subject to God's wrath! The adopted, beloved, and sanctified child is still subject to God's vengeance! God loves and hates, saves and destroys, at the same moment; and the same beings are at once reckoned with the elect and the reprobate, with angels and with devils! Can it be possible for absurdity, contradiction, and impiety to go beyond this! And yet this is the necessary, the inevitable consequence to which your doctrine leads."[3]

Nonsense! The Catholic doctrine teaches no such absurdities, and leads to no such consequences; they exist only in Mr. Palmer's heated

1 Ibid. 2 Letter ii, pp. 21, et seqq. 3 Ibid. p. 23.

brain. Those whose sins God has forgiven, are not any longer, according to the Catholic doctrine, reckoned with "reprobates and devils;" they are not "hated or destroyed" by God. The justice of God may, indeed, still have some comparatively slight claims on them for past transgressions not yet fully atoned for, but He loves them, and has already washed them in the blood of His well-beloved Son. If He chastise them still, it is as a most tender parent chastises a well-beloved child. His apostle tells us, "whom the Lord loveth He chastiseth, and He scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."[1] Does this prove that His favorite children are, at the same time, "loved and hated, saved and destroyed?" In short, Mr. Palmer's argument applies, with equal force, to all the scriptural facts on the subject which we have already furnished: and if there be any absurdity in the case, he has to settle the difficulty with the inspired record of revelation itself.

Though we can not pretend to fathom the counsels of God, and though it is not at all necessary to inquire into any thing farther than the *facts*, when it is question of divine agency, yet may we assign some plausible reasons, based on revelation, for the occasional or frequent reservation of a temporal penalty after the pardon of the sin itself. God's mercies are, indeed, above all His works, and the atonement of Christ is superabundant; but is it proper that a grievous sinner, who has long outraged God by his iniquities, and long trampled on the blood of the Lamb, by which he was once washed from all defilement in baptism, should be *immediately* reinstated, not only in the divine favor, but also in all the privileges of a cherished child of God?[2] Should he not be required to do something to indicate the depth of his sorrow, and to atone somewhat, by and through the merits of Jesus Christ, for his former iniquities? Should he not chastise his body with St. Paul, crucify his flesh, make his members instruments of divine justice, as he had prostituted them to sin?[3] Should he not do as much for God, as he had done against God, and punish himself at least as much as he had unlawfully gratified his flesh?

There is a voice in the human bosom, which proclaims the fitness and the justice of this course; and he who thinks he shall escape "the wrath to come," without "bringing forth fruit worthy of penance," deceives himself fatally. Does not the wise man tell us: "Be not without fear about sin forgiven?"[4] How can the sinner expect to share in the atonement of Christ, without entering into the atoning spirit of Christ, and without being willing to suffer and to die with Christ? He was innocent, the sinner is guilty; shall the innocent suffer all, and the guilty nothing? No! cold and dreary Protestantism! Thou pratest much about the atonement, and thou sneerest bitterly at others, but thou understandest not what the atonement is! Thou hast not one particle of the noble heroism inspired by the atonement!

1 Hebrews xii, 6.

2 See St. Paul's testimony, Hebrews vi, 4 seq.—an obscure, but terrible passage.

3 See Romans vi.

4 Ecclesiasticus v, 5.

There have been, and there are still, no doubt, many instances in which God has remitted, or remits the whole temporal punishment along with the guilt of sin: moved thereto by His own abounding mercy, and by the superior fervor of the penitent. The prodigal son, the thief on the cross, Magdalene, and others are instances of this kind. But can all expect a like favor? As well might all the sick among Christians claim to be suddenly healed, as were those in the time of our Saviour; and all the dead, to be suddenly resuscitated, like Lazarus!

In the curative process, after the malady has been entirely healed, the effects of it are often sensibly felt during a longer or shorter convalescence; so also, in the process of spiritual healing, there may often remain some effects or remnants of the disease, after the malady itself has been removed by forgiveness. The same Lord is the God of nature as well as of grace, and he frequently adopts similar modes of procedure in both. We do not, however, allege this as a reason or argument, but merely as an illustration.

3. We have room for but a word or two in relation to the third class of objections, raised by Mr. Palmer against the Catholic doctrine of satisfaction. He opines that it should be rejected, because it tends to trouble our peace of conscience, and to torment us with doubt and perplexity! Here are his words:

"And when is this fear to be removed? When is the sinner to be at peace with God? When is he to look with joy and love to God as a reconciled and loving Father? NEVER IN THIS LIFE. . . . And is this the *peace* and *consolation* which you offer to burdened consciences? Are these the blessings which are to flow on those who go to you to heal their wounds, and sooth their afflictions?" &c.[1]

Well, this is all pathetic enough. Much do we regret, if it were only for Mr. Palmer's sake, that the way to heaven is not wider and smoother than Christ declared it to be, both by word and example. This doctrine of satisfaction is surely not agreeable to flesh and blood; but we are told that "flesh and blood can not possess the kingdom of God."[2] We would humbly suggest, that it is barely possible to "offer *too much* peace and consolation to burdened consciences;" and that there are those who say "peace, when there is no peace." Is it not more likely that an humble and fervent Christian, who strives to imitate Christ in his sufferings, and to become with Him a victim of sin, will enjoy a real and solid peace and consolation, than the one who is willing to suffer nothing for his sins, or, at least, nothing more than he can possibly help? The yoke of Christ is indeed sweet, and His burden light; but it is still a *yoke* and a *burden*, and the yoke is sweet and the burden light, only to those who bear them willingly and with love, for the sake of Christ, and in union with Christ. His grace sweetens and lightens, what would otherwise be bitter and intolerably burdensome.

In defending and reducing to practice the doctrine of satisfaction, the Catholic Church proves herself to be the true spouse of Christ, deeply

1 Letter iii, p. 8

2 1 Cor. xv, 50.

sympathising with Him in His sufferings, and entering into the spirit of His great atonement. "Flesh and blood hath not revealed this doctrine to her, but the Father who is in heaven."[1] It is plainly unearthly, and of heavenly origin; man could not possibly have devised it; it is clearly from God.

With how many blessings has not this doctrine strewn the earth! How many splendid temples, how many magnificent hospitals for the sick, how many asylums for the afflicted of every class, has it not erected! Visit the noble institutions of the middle ages, still existing all over Europe; ask the history of their foundation; and some old record will inform you that they were reared, in many cases, by opulent penitents—*ad expianda peccata*,—for the expiation of sins committed in their past life![2] Let innovators produce monuments like these!

1 Matth. xvi, 17. 2 See "Ages of Faith," by Digby, vol. ii.

XXIV. THE CONFESSIONAL.*

TACTICS OF ITS ENEMIES.

Strong presumptive evidence of Catholicity—The proud position of the Church—Phases of the warfare against her—Appeal to passion against truth—Luther's tactics—Those of other reformers similar—Protestant and infidel arguments against Catholicity compared—The vilest of all the modes of attack—Closing the Church against ladies—Books teeming with obscenity—A burning shame for Christian ministers—Sympathy with infidels—Who was Michelet?—An amusing incident—Translator of Michelet—A horrid picture of woman—Mohamedanism revived—Methodist Camp-meeting—A "female Jesuit"—"Incarnation of Satan"—Transcendentalism—A rare consolation!—"French bulls"—Inconsistency and contradiction—Michelet as an historian and logician—His premises false—And his reasoning illogical—Blindness of bigotry—The serpent in paradise—A portrait—"The end justifies the means"—Great honor to the Church—The beams and the mote—The confessional considered by the light of experience—A palpable absurdity—A gross libel upon the sex—Course adopted by the Protestant preachers—Extracts from our theologians—Parallel cases—"Whipping hypocrisy"—Whence all the clamor against the Confessional?"—Did the priests introduce it?—What motive could they have had?—Was it possible to make the change—The question of innovation tested—History appealed to—Prescription—Our Saviour and the Pharisees.

One of the strongest and most striking evidences of Catholicity is found in the fact, that its enemies cannot attack it with any plausibility or semblance of success, without grievously misrepresenting its doctrines, and appealing against them to the worst passions of the human bosom.

The Catholic religion always maintains her lofty position, as the handmaid of heaven, and the divinely constituted witness of the truth: she flatters not the passions of men, in order to win their homage; she would not compromise one particle of the truth committed to her in deposit, though by the sacrifice she should gain the whole world; she is prepared to fulfill her high mission for the glory of God and the salvation of men, though she should, in the discharge thereof, be nailed to the cross with her divine Founder and Spouse. She changes not, though all else is changing around her. Her institutions may displease the world, and become unfashionable; still she fondly clings to them; she will not suffer one of them to be impaired or destroyed: her mission is not to please, but to save men. She will not "stoop to conquer," will not descend into the arena of the world, will not wield the weapons of carnal warfare, will not enter into alliance with flesh and blood. She will not stain the laurels of

* "*Du Pretre, de la Femme, de la Famille.*"

Spiritual Direction, and Auricular Confession; their History, Theory, and Consequences: being a translation of "Du Pretre, de la Femme, de la Famille." By M. Michelet, Assistant Professor in the Faculty of Letters, &c. Philadelphia: James M. Campbell. 1845. Pp. 224, 12mo.

victory, won during eighteen centuries of glorious strife with the world, the flesh, and the devil, by any such unhallowed means: and hence it is that the world hates her. It hated her divine Founder before her, and for the self-same reason.

She will not, because she can not, change; and her adversaries cry out that she is not adapted to the spirit of the age, which is eminently a spirit of progress and of change in every thing,—from simple machinery up to the higher departments of philosophy and religion. She proclaims to the world, as the revelation of God, many doctrines unfathomable to reason and humbling to human pride; and the world cries out, absurdity and nonsense! She enforces the divine obligation of many things painful to human nature; and men cry out that she is the enslaver of the world, and that her principles are incompatible with human liberty. Still she heeds not all this clamor, but firmly, yet mildly, pursues her divine pilgrimage of mercy and charity, without turning either to the right or to the left, to please men.

It has ever been so. The tactics of the evil one, in his assaults against the truth, have not varied in the lapse of long centuries. From the time that he dared tempt Jesus Christ Himself in the wilderness, down to the very latest campaign he has made against His Church, the spirit of his warfare, as well as its chief appliances, has not changed. He tempted Christ by an impious and most unblushing appeal to the human passions of sense, of avarice, and of pride; and he tempts the disciples of Christ by the self-same weapons of the flesh. To the disciples as to the Master, he says: "All these things will I give you, if, falling down, you will adore me;" but the disciples answer, as did the Master: "Begone, Satan; for it is written, the Lord thy God thou shalt adore, and Him only shalt thou serve."[1]

We might easily illustrate all this, by a reference to the different phases of the warfare against Catholicity in ages past. We might prove that, how different soever were the favorite modes of attack at different periods, they all, nevertheless, possessed this trait in common;—they appealed to passion against truth. The older heretics did this; the modern dissenters still do the same. The ancient heretics succeeded partially and for a time; they seduced many from the truth by their maddening appeal to a corrupt nature: but they finally disappeared from the arena, together with their victims; and the truth still stood forth triumphant, waving its unsullied banner of victory over a conquered world. The modern innovators have but renewed the same phases of unhallowed warfare,—of apparent victory, and of final but certain and overwhelming defeat. It has ever been so; it must ever be so. He who could not deceive, had foretold that the world should hate His disciples, but that the gates of hell SHOULD NOT PREVAIL AGAINST HIS CHURCH, BUILT UPON A ROCK.

At the dawn of the reformation, Luther appealed to the political feelings and prejudices of the Germans against the primacy of the Pope. He

[1] St. Matthew iv, 9, 10.

stirred up the slumbering embers of old feuds between the Popes and the emperors, blew on them with the warm breath of his indignant invective, and enkindled a fire in the bosom of Germany, which threatened to destroy the venerable edifice of Catholicity. He cried out at the top of his stentorian lungs, that the Germans had been groaning for centuries in the bondage of a worse than Babylonian captivity, and that the day of their emancipation was at hand. Those whom he could not lure to his standard by the impassioned cry of LIBERTY, he wooed by the softer, but yet more insinuating appeals which he made to their avarice or to their sensuality. To the princes he offered, as a bait, the plunder of the immense church property, accumulated during ages of faith and piety; to bishops, priests, and monks he held out the additional inducements of a handsome wife and a comfortable establishment; to all he offered freedom from many painful restraints on the passions, imposed by the ancient religion. Fasting, daily prayer, singing or reciting the divine office, celibacy, penance and mortification, were to be done away with; and Christians were henceforth to get to heaven by treading the primrose path of dalliance with human nature, with the light of only one single principle, — that of faith *alone*, — beaming upon them for their guidance. The painful restraint of Church authority was to be discarded, and each one was to live as he listed, with his Bible for his guide, and his own private judgment as the only key to its meaning. With the employment of such means, no wonder that he gained proselytes; but the whole scheme was manifestly a down-hill reformation.

The very same system of tactics was adopted at Geneva, in northern Europe, in Switzerland, in France, and in England; and with precisely the same results. Everywhere the same maddening appeal was made to the worst passions of the multitude; every where people were lured to the standard of revolt against the Church by carnal arguments, eloquently stimulating flesh and blood to war against the Pope. All this is strikingly true of England. The bluff old tyrant, Henry VIII., broke with the Pope, that he might secure a young wife in lieu of a most virtuous one, stricken in years, of whom he had grown tired; he brought his people over to his cause by a series of acts of high-handed tyranny which would have disgraced a Nero, and by a course of sacrilegious spoliation of altars and churches which would have disgraced Antiochus and Nebuchadonosor. But the master stroke of his policy, and of that of his successors, was the adroit and persevering appeal constantly made to the passions of the multitude. Open English history for the last three hundred years, and you will read evidences of this truth on almost every one of its sullied pages.

The self-same spirit pervades that phase of the warfare against Catholicity, which consists in holding up its dogmas to execration as absurd and opposed to human reason, and its worship as a senseless mummery. The mystery of the adorable Eucharist cannot be comprehended, therefore it is absurd; the sacrifice of the Mass, based thereon, cannot be comprehended, therefore it is idolatrous; the ceremonies of Catholic worship cannot be

understood or appreciated, therefore they are downright mummery! With what other weapons does the Unitarian attack the mysteries of the incarnation, the atonement, and the trinity? And with what other does the deist assail all mysteries and all supernatural revelation? Do not the opponents of Catholicity, like the opponents of Christianity, stand forth self-condemned of "blaspheming whatsoever things they know not?"[1] Are they not convicted, by their mad course of opposition to Catholicity, of an implied consent to the destruction of Christianity itself? Do they not, like the infidels, "despise dominion, and blaspheme majesty?"[2] Let them look to it, and to the awful denunciation pronounced by the inspired Jude against those who do these things.

But by far the most vile mode of attack, which was ever adopted by the enemies of Catholicity, consists in an unblushing appeal to that low animal passion, unfortunately inherent in our nature, which leads to crimes that St. Paul would not have to be even so much as named among Christians. This may be pronounced the latest, it is certainly the most disgraceful, phase in the warfare against Rome. Reverend "no-popery" champions, boasted ministers of the God of holiness and purity, make no scruple whatever of treating with the most disgusting detail, both in the pulpit and through the press, certain matters which a pure-minded Christian should blush even to think about. Such Reverend ministers as the Sparries, the Brownlees, and the Breckenridges, think nothing of giving circulation to obscene matter, which would cover with disgrace the most ordinary citizen, who lays no claim to any peculiar sanctity, but simply stands forth clad in the panoply of an honest and a *decent* man. They even sometimes go so far, in their mad zeal against Rome, as to desecrate the temple of God itself with obscenity, by preaching therein sermons not fit for ears polite, and with doors accordingly closed against *the ladies!* What is not fit for ladies' ears, is fit for preachers of the gospel, and quite good enough for the temple of the living God!

How blind is bigotry! How odious and detestable is hypocrisy! Can we wonder that our beloved country is so much overspread with immorality and infidelity, when such men as these pass as the accredited ministers of God's word, and the organs and leaders of His people? When they continue to do their dirty work, with scarcely a rebuke from the representatives of popular sentiment? The inspired apostle draws a graphic portrait of such men, when he characterizes them as "raging waves of the sea, *foaming out their own confusion*, wandering stars; to whom the storm of darkness is reserved forever:" and, when he points the finger of withering denunciation at them, and says, "these are they WHO SEPARATE THEMSELVES, sensual men, having not the spirit."[3]

Nothing can be too bad for these men, provided it be only directed against the Catholic Church. Their morbid appetite for scandal rejects no food, no matter how loathsome. The most obscene narrative of the most obscene and abandoned wretch, like Maria Monk, or of the most drivelling

1 St. Jude, v. 10. 2 Ib. v. 8. 3 St. Jude, vv. 13, 19.

apostate, like Smith, Hogan, Giustiniani, and Ciocci, is precisely what most pleases their palate. They stop not to inquire what is the character of the writer or narrator, or what are his or her claims to be received as an accredited witness; provided the story militate against the Pope and the Catholic religion, it is enough. The book is published and circulated with zeal; it is bought up and read with avidity by a certain class of the people stricken with the "no-popery" mania; and it has already done its deadly work, before its refutation can be made public. The refutation, did we say? The refutation cannot generally be made *public;* that is, it cannot reach those who have been infected with the poison; the preachers and their agents will see to that; they are so fond of *not* keeping their people in ignorance, that they and their organs seldom, if ever, publish the refutation, how triumphant soever it may be! Their followers are thus allowed to read only on one side; poisonous error and calumny have already sped with the velocity of lightning to the remotest ends of the union, on the wings of an untiring press; and when the truth comes "slowly limping after it," these ministers of *truth* take special care to check or prevent its progress! How many, think you, of those hundreds of thousands who swallowed with avidity the poison of Maria Monk's obscene impostures,—known by all to be impostures,—were allowed to receive the antidote? How many, think you, of the Protestant *religious* press published a contradiction of that wicked book? And what vast multitudes are there not even now of the ignorant haters of the Pope,—of pious old ladies of both sexes,—who still devoutly believe every syllable written in that infamous book? Of course, these people are never priest-ridden!

We speak advisedly, and we know what we say. Is it not a burning shame that such things should be done in a Christian land, in the light of the nineteenth century, and by Christian ministers? And, when this course is still persisted in, in spite of all our just denunciation of its uncbristian spirit and glaring injustice; when, as fast as one book of obscene horrors can be disposed of, the teeming press is in labor with another; when many heads start into existence, in place of the one which we have stricken off from this hydra of an impure bigotry; and when even Reverend preachers are the active instruments in causing all this mischief, and in pouring over this virgin hemisphere all this foul torrent of impurity, could we, we ask, have employed softer language in rebuking a spirit so unclean? We know that in doing so, we have with us the most enlightened and pure-minded of the Protestant community itself; and we feel convinced that this disgraceful method of warfare has already recoiled, and will still recoil, with terrible effect, on the heads of those same mountebanks, who are now the active leaders of the crusade against Catholicity in this country. The American people will not consent to be forever duped; there is a point beyond which even their forbearance will not go. The reaction must come, and the retribution it will bring with it, will be a fearful one for those who now seem to bask in popular favor.

We have been led into this train of reflection by perusing the work of Michelet, the title of which is given above. A more thoroughly wicked or a worse publication we have never chanced to read; and we verily believe that if Satan himself could appear upon earth, clad in bodily form, armed with the appliances of pen, ink, and paper, he could not have written a worse book; though he certainly would have composed one marked with much more ability, — blended with at least equal hatred of Rome and Catholicity. He would not have blundered nor ranted half so much, but he would have written a more logical and a more effective work; and our word for it, the Reverend leaders of the anti-catholic crusade in this country would have republished it, duly translated, if necessary, into English; after such a fashion, too, as to make it lose nothing of its malignity by the translation! When they are ready to fraternize with such unblushing infidels as Michelet, is it too much to believe that they would extend the right hand of fellowship to the evil one himself, were he *visibly* to step forth as a knighted "no-popery" champion? We think not, and we believe that our readers will agree with us, when we shall have told them who this Michelet is, and what is the character of his book.

Who, then, is Michelet? He is a French transcendentalist, a pantheist, and a downright infidel; a man who is even at no pains to conceal his infidelity. He is a disciple of Voltaire and Rousseau; with the bitterly scoffing spirit of both, but without the talent of either. He has somewhat of the impetuosity, the incoherency, and the extravagance of Rousseau; but he has little of his impetuous eloquence: while he has not a particle of the genius or of the polished and effective satire of that incarnation of demonism — Voltaire. He hates religion with a satanical hatred; his hatred is blind, mad; but there is little method in his madness. He strikes about him with the malignity of a serpent, but also with its blindness. When he writes against the Catholic religion, he means to write against Christianity; when he pours out his venom against *priests*, he means the ministers of all denominations.

He writes against priests, just as Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and Tom Paine wrote against them. And when the translator coolly undertakes to tell us that he meant only "French priests,"[1] and that he attacked only the Catholic religion as taught and practised in France, he takes a very narrow and most erroneous view of the scope contemplated by his author. He falls into about the same delusion into which some very cordial haters of the papacy fell, a few years ago, in the West.

The incident we allude to is both amusing and characteristic. Some years ago, a paper was announced as about to be published in New York under the captious title, "Priestcraft Unmasked." A number of elders of the Presbyterian church and other Protestants of our acquaintance, thinking from its title that it would be a first rate "no-popery" paper, subscribed for it with avidity, and paid their subscription in advance.

1 In his preface, which is a curious specimen of disingenuous special pleading.

But what was their surprise and chagrin on finding that the paper turned out to be a downright infidel concern, gotten up in the true Tom Paine style, and intended chiefly to unmask Presbyterian "priestcraft!" They found out their error when it was too late to remedy it; and their acquaintances laughed heartily at their expense.

We know not who the translator of Michelet is, nor do we much care; though he should not have been ashamed to append his name, that the world might know to whom we are indebted for the appearance amongst us of this charming work in an English dress. He does not, at any rate, appear to have been much conversant with the French, and he was often sadly puzzled to get at the meaning of his author, as we may have occasion to show in the sequel. But whoever he may be, if he be a Christian at all, he should blush to have aided in palming such a work on a Christian community. He must have known and *felt* that Michelet was an infidel, whose work could do nothing but harm. That he had, at least, some misgivings on the subject, appears from his preface, in which he is compelled to give us, what we take to be an apology for the French infidels:

"The book written by a Frenchman, for Frenchmen, in language and thought is most thoroughly and remarkably *French*. The reader may be startled at the freedom with which the author approaches subjects and themes which we are accustomed to speak of only with the deepest reverence. We do not doubt *his* reverence; but the strange forms of expression which he uses to express equally strange turns of thought, sometimes grate more than a little harshly on our ears. The reader is to bear the history of the book in mind at all times, and nearly upon every page."

A little farther on, speaking of the French infidels, he thus shows his sympathy for them:

"Their minds revolted at the character of priestly traditions, the empty quibbles with which priests smothered the truth, the sophistry with which they belied it, and the carnal affections which led to their materialism. In a word, *the brilliant French infidels could not be idolaters*. In discarding what was manifestly monstrous, they threw all away; *and even this was not done entirely of their own impulse*. They retreated but a little way at first; *they were driven to extremes by anathemas*. . . . . If we see, then, an *occasional indifference to Christianity* in Michelet, we know to what to impute it,"[1] &c.

Again, who is Michelet? A man who is forever prating about the dignity of human nature, yet understands not in what its true dignity consists; a man who would fain persuade others that our nature is sound and amply competent of itself for its own guidance, and yet, when it suits his purpose, paints man as a beast and woman as a demon! His theory would seem to be, that, without religion, man and woman can live uprightly and properly, and become the ornament and support of the

1 Preface, pp. 5, 6. In his History of France, b. i, ch. 3. and b. iv, ch. 4, Michelet makes a hero of Pelagius, the heresiarch of the fifth century, and what, think you, is the chief title of Pelagius to our author's praise? Hear him: "Pelagius, by denying original sin, RENDERED REDEMPTION USELESS, and ANNULLED CHRISTIANITY!"

family and of society; but that, with religion, the very fountains of their otherwise stainless nature are polluted, and they become pestilent members of the social circle, and totally unfit to sustain the family relation! With all his cant about the elevation and progress of man, he really places a lower estimate upon the nature of man and of woman, than the disciple of Mohammed himself. It will not do to say, that he confines his view to *Frenchmen* and *French women*, as the translator would seek to persuade his readers;[1] he speaks of man and of woman in general. It might have been, perhaps, a better explanation of his theory in regard to human nature, to have said that he judged of others by himself. What are we to think, for instance, of his portrait of woman, in the following passage?

"Woman, the part of the world eminently worldly, surrenders her family and her fire-side — her most precious possessions. Eve still betrays Adam; the woman betrays man, her husband, her son! Thus each sells her deity. Rome sells Christianity, woman her domestic religion.

"The feeble souls of women, *incurably spoiled* by the great corruption of the sixteenth century (!), *full of passions and of fear, and of bad desires crossed by remorse*, eagerly seized this means of sinning with a quiet conscience, and of expiation without amendment, amelioration, or return towards God. They were happy to receive at the confessional a political order, or the direction of an intrigue as works of penance. They carried into this singular mode of expiation the same guilty passions which they were laboring to expiate, and to atone for remaining in sin, were often guilty of crime. The female mind, inconstant in all things else, was in this sustained by the manly firmness of the mysterious hand concealed behind her."[2]

He seems to be fully impressed with the thoroughly Mohammedan notion, that man and woman cannot be brought together, even in the holiest relation, whether of society or of religion, without being carried away by sinful thoughts. His principal reasoning — if reasoning it may be called — against the confessional, is based upon this corrupt view. It pervades his entire work, and upon almost every page manifests itself in passages, which it may suit the purposes of our Reverend slanderers to reproduce, and to spread out before the community for the perusal of the young and innocent, but which are much too gross for our pages. Upon those whose minds and hearts are already thoroughly rotten, like his own, such impassioned tirades may produce a strong and dangerous impression; the pure-minded will turn from their perusal with disgust unutterable.

1 Preface.

2 Pages 41-2. In another passage, Michelet pretty clearly advocates the execrable doctrine of universal concubinage! He defends it on the ground, that matrimony imposes a slavish restraint on the freedom of love! He does not, indeed, come out openly, but his principles seem to lead this way. He says that the only generous and proper love is, "to love *in liberty, free to love or not.*" (P. 200.) He adds, that the lover should furnish the beloved with "arms even against himself. This is love, and this is faith. It is the belief that, *sooner or later*, the EMANCIPATED being must return to the most worthy." (P. 201.) That is, according to this beautiful theory, love should be wholly untrammeled, and should be bestowed, and will be bestowed, whenever the unfortunate victim of it shall be *emancipated*, on the most worthy; that is, according to Michelet, "on him who would be *freely loved*." (Ibid.) Have not the preachers consulted well for the morality of the country, when they gave circulation to this infamous book?

What loathing, for instance, is not produced in the upright soul by reading the following passage, in which he illustrates the "excitement" awakened in the confessional, by the following flattering allusion to religious meetings in our own country!

"And why should not this excitement happen in such an interview? *It is enough for persons of different sexes to pray together in the same room, to induce intoxication and burn the brain.* This happens in the assemblies of excited Protestants in the United States and elsewhere. Read the witty and judicious trifle of Swift's 'Fragment on the Mechanical Operations of the Spirit,' especially towards the close of it." [1]

And yet this man, forsooth, meant to speak only of *French* women, of *French* priests, and of the Catholic religion in France! Similar in spirit is the following passage, which still farther illustrates his theory of human nature:

"The confessor of a young woman can boldly define himself to be envious of the husband, and his secret enemy. If there is one who is an exception to this (and I wish I could believe it), *he is a hero, a saint, a martyr, a man above a man.*" [2]

The following elegant extract proves that what we have said above, concerning the low estimate he places on woman, is not at all exaggerated:

"There is a great difference between the hardness of a man and the cruelty of a woman. What is, in your opinion, the most faithful incarnation of the devil in this world? This inquisitor, or that Jesuit? No; it is a female Jesuit; a great lady converted, who believes herself born to rule; who, among this flock of trembling females (in a convent), assumes the part of a Bonaparte, and who, more absolute than the most absolute tyrants, uses the fury of illy conquered passions in tormenting the unfortunate, defenseless ones. Far from being opposed here to the confessor, my wishes are for him. Priest, monk, Jesuit, behold me on his side. I pray him to interfere, if he can. He is still in this hell (of the convent) into which the law does not penetrate; the only person who can say a word in the cause of humanity. . . . . I know very well that this interference will create the strongest, the most dangerous attachment. The heart of the poor creature is given in advance to him who will defend her." [3]

We humbly suggest that the world has witnessed far more "faithful incarnations of the devil" than the "female Jesuit" of Michelet. The French revolution, brought about and consummated in blood by precisely such men as Michelet, startled the world with a hideous array of many much "more faithful incarnations." Danton, Marat, Robespierre, Barêre, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and many more such worthies might well claim relationship, if not consanguinity, with the foul fiend himself. And if Michelet, and his worthy compeers, Quinet, Sue, and others of the same stamp, have not already proved their claims to the same high honor; if they have not yet made France run again with blood and stand paralysed again with horror, it is surely not from any want of the will to accomplish this result. The fearful lessons of the French revolution are wholly lost on such men; they would recklessly remove the only barrier to such

1 P. 137 *note.* 2 P. 141. 3 P. 159.

another awful catastrophe — of fierce human passions rioting in blood and terror; and they seem prepared to look the consequences that may ensue calmly in the face. Alas for human nature, when unchecked by the influence of a heavenly religion!

Again we ask, who is Michelet, that he should be entitled to credit on religious subjects? He is not only a pantheist, or outright deist, but he is also an obscure and grandiloquent transcendentalist; a man who often involves his meaning in such obscurity as to be wholly unintelligible, in or out of France; a man who walks shrouded in mystery, and who retreats, when pressed, from the clear light of truth behind a cloud of unmeaning words. Out of many illustrations of this, we select, almost at random, the following passage, which the reader may understand, if he can. The author is speaking of the spiritual death induced in the soul, according to the teaching of Molinos and the Quietists:

"Poor, naked, ugly, and dirty, she loses the taste for everything — the understanding, the memory, the will. At last, beyond the loss of the will, she loses a *something indescribable*, 'which is her favorite,' and which would take the place of ALL, (the idea that she is a child of God.) This is properly the death to which she must arrive. No person, neither director nor any one else, can offer solace here. She must die; she must be put into the earth, that the crowd may walk above her, that she may grow putrid, rot, and suffer the odor and fetor of a corpse, until, the rottenness becoming dust and ashes, there scarcely subsists any thing which can recall the fact that the soul ever existed."[1]

If this is not all sheer nonsense, we really know not what it is. The translator, who appears to be a bold man, and not easily discouraged, is himself sorely puzzled to understand the meaning of that wonderful ALL. He says in a note:

"Very much like nonsense; and if the reader does not understand it in English, he may be very sure that there are abundance of people who do not comprehend it in the original."

Rare consolation this, truly! By the way, we have a word to say to to this same translator; who, we suppose, is a Reverend preacher. We are probably indebted to him for the beautiful fancy titles that head each page of the book; titles which are vastly tasty, pointed, and appropriate, and which afford a sort of key to the author's meaning, where it is vague and obscure, supplying the reader with many valuable hints and ideas, which he would scarcely have derived from the mere perusal of the book itself. The trickery is transparent; and if Michelet was bad enough in the original, we may be assured that he has lost nothing of his malignity in his English dress. If the author blundered much, it may, perhaps, be some consolation to him to learn that his translator has blundered still more. He translates the French word *monde — the world*, instead of — *the people*, thus: "It was placed in the sacristy of the monastery, where, at nine in the evening, *the world having retired*,"[2] &c. Whither, we would ask, did the world go, when it "retired" from the monastery? Again,

1 P. 32. 2 P. 61.

he speaks of "elevating a tottering Babel *two stages*," whereas we suppose that Michelet only said *two stories!* The city of Meaux, Bousset's well known episcopal see, he very wittily translates "*the Meaux*" in several places.[1] Finally, are we indebted to him or to his author for the following exquisite — shall we call it *French bull:* "several of these *ladies* are eminent business *men!*"[2]

But Michelet is not only an obscure transcendentalist and clumsy blunderer; he is not only a vulgar infidel and a base reviler of woman; but he is likewise a downright falsifier of the plainest facts. His work is made up of transparent sophistry, animated by a heartless malignity, and founded upon glaring perversion of the truth on almost every page. We cannot furnish even a catalogue of his falsehoods; they would fill a volume. We must confine ourselves to a few, as specimens. Here are two sweeping untruths in one single passage:

"Rome surrendered Christianity — in the principle which lies at the foundation of it — *salvation by Christ.* Placed in the position to choose between that doctrine and its opposite, she had not the courage to decide. (How then did she *decide* to make the surrender referred to?) After Christianity, the Jesuits *surrendered morality*,"[3] &c.

Is not morality a part of Christianity? If so, it does not appear what Rome had left to the Jesuits to *surrender.* So absurd and so self-contradictory is error; and yet this nonsense passes current among us for sound philosophy and acute reasoning!

In another place, Michelet utters the following falsehood, which every one at all conversant with such matters knows to be a falsehood:

"First, through the controversial works of the Jesuit Bellarmine, they (the Jesuits) stated and defended the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope *as a matter of faith.*"[4]

His self-contradictions and open absurdities are, perhaps, more numerous than even his falsehoods. They run through his entire book, which is, in fact, little more than a mere tissue of them. Thus, he reasons throughout on the assumption that priests, being celibataries, are much more exposed to temptation than other men; yet, when he comes to paint the celibatary in all the horror of his condition, he represents him as a man who leads "a dry and mutilated life," who has the fountains of his natural sympathies dried up, and who has a heart withered, hard, and unsusceptible. And how does he escape from the manifest self-contradiction? By the pitiful evasion, that "the *heart* may be dry and *sense* very eager!"[5]

Again, we ask, who is Michelet? He is a man of a heated brain, who palms off on the world his own disordered fancies and foul suspicions, as sound reasoning against celibacy and the confessional; a mere incoherent declaimer, who thinks that other people are as bad as himself, and who paints the priests as wicked men, merely because he hates them with a fiendish hatred; a man who defiles every thing that he touches, and will-

1 P. 83, &c. 2 P. 156. 3 P. 41. 4 P. 61. The italics are his.
5 P 216, *note.* Appendix.

fully and wickedly perverts the meaning of the clearest things; a man, in fine, who will convince those who are already convinced, and will hurt those who wish to be hurt.

But does he not quote authorities, does he not reason on them? Certainly. Satan himself was an adept at quoting Scripture, as well as a subtle reasoner; yet Satan is the "father of lies." Michelet quotes different authors, but does he furnish chapter and verse? He cites authors, but what authors? Writers of both sexes, who were renegades, apostates, or infidels, and as little reliable as himself. He refers, with commendation, to Sue's Wandering Jew, the truth of which he confirms:[1] he quotes Llorente, the apostate priest and the traitor, for one of the foulest and most infamous aspersions on Catholic morality that we have ever read.[2] *He* quotes authorities, forsooth! He takes the easy method of quoting whole books at a time, and of quoting them sometimes from memory alone. And yet he is an historian and a reasoner!

Such a logician would have been likely to reach erroneous conclusions, even had he started out with correct premises; but the premises of Michelet are, in general, wholly false and untenable, as little to be relied on as his facts and authorities. The burden of his reasoning against the moral tendency of the Confessional consists in the wholly groundless assumption that, even at the present day, the principles of Quietism are those by which the confessor is regulated. And how does he defend this palpable untruth? He defends it, by showing that the Spanish Monk Molinos, and a few other obscure casuists once taught this dangerous and impure doctrine.[3] But does he not himself admit, that Molinos and his principles were publicly and solemnly condemned by the Catholic Church?[4] Does he not admit, that he was condemned for the very reasons that he himself assigns against his doctrine? Does he not admit, that this doctrine has been dead and buried for centuries? That so soon as its impure tendency was discovered, it was rejected with horror and loathing by the Church? Yes, he well knows all this; and yet he would hold the Church and the Confessional responsible for the principles of Molinos, some of the most disgusting of which he parades in his book, and gloats over with manifest delight. How blind is malignity!

And yet, gentle reader, this impure wretch, whose whole book teems with foul obscenity, treats his readers to the following curious specimen of hypocritical prudery in his preface:

"The work presented a grave difficulty, that of speaking with decency on a subject which our adversaries have treated with incredible grossness. 'To the pure all things are pure;' I know the maxim, but I have often preferred to let my opponents escape, when I had them in my power, rather than follow them into the marsh and mire!!"[5]

Risum teneatis? The man who indited this passage would fain per-

1 P. 156, *note*. 2 Pp. 178-9, *note*.

3 The distinctive and worst feature in Quietism, was the assertion that the soul might attain to so great a degree of quietude in God as to be incapable of sin, no matter what was done in the body.

4 P. 105. 5 P. xiii.

suade his readers, that the greatest and best men of the Catholic Church during the last three centuries were little better than wicked and impure hypocrites, whose whole lives were given up to libertinism, and whose whole study was to cloak it over with ingenious expedients and sophistry, that deceived every one but the acute and *pure-minded* M. Michelet; that the holy friendship of St. Francis de Sales and St. Frances de Chantal was nothing but a well sustained amour; that Fenelon's spiritual direction of Madam de Guyon and Madam de Maisonfort, and Bossuet's advices to Madam Cornuan, were prompted and guided by the same impure motive; and that this feature is apparent from the published correspondence of all those eminent and saintly personages! This foul-mouthed slander of men, whose names will be radiant with brightness and glory for centuries after his own shall have been forgotton, or remembered only with execration, runs through many long chapters of his book.

He picks up a sentence here, and another there; he poisons their meaning by causing the words to pass through the alembic of his own impure mind; he strings them together to suit the theory devised by his own foul suspicions; and he thus succeeds in extracting impurity out of things the most pure, darkness out of light. Like a serpent crawling through a beautiful flower garden, and infecting the fragrant atmosphere with its pestilent breath, he succeeds in extracting nothing but poison from the sweetest and loveliest flowers. He leaves the slime of his poisonous fangs on every thing he has touched, while his hissing excites no other feelings than those of unspeakable disgust. He has not even the fascination of the serpent about him; there is "no speculation" in his dull, glaring, lustreless eye. Every one feels that the foul creature should be cast out, and be permitted to crawl only among kindred reptiles.

Such precisely was the feeling lately awakened in the French chambers, when the very book we are now examining was made a matter of complaint by certain members, who expressed their astonishment in the face of all France, that a public professor in the *College de France* should be allowed to depart from his appropriate sphere, and to prostitute his professorship to purposes so utterly vile.[1] A member friendly to Michelet was appointed to examine and report on the merits of the book, especially in reference to the professorship held by the author; and he reported that, having perused the work with attention, notwithstanding the unspeakable disgust which every page of it awakened in his bosom, he was of opinion that its author merited an indignant rebuke. There was no opposition in the chambers; the same feeling of loathing seemed to pervade all minds; and even the most unblushing infidel of them all dared not offer an apology for the author.[2]

1 Michelet and Quinet, two professors in the College de France, both of whom had glaringly perverted their respective professorships of history and the literature of southern Europe into envenomed assaults on Christianity, were lately compelled, by the French government, to confine themselves to their appropriate spheres of instruction

2 We have derived these facts chiefly from a distinguished individual, who was in Paris at the time.

Such, then, is Michelet: the transcendentalist, the pantheist, the deist, the falsifier of the clearest facts, the open perverter of history, the foul slanderer of the great and good, the hot-headed, incoherent, raving hater of the priesthood, of Catholicity, of Christianity; the man who would, if he dared, avow the sentiment attributed to Diderot, a wish that "the last of kings should be strangled with the bowels of the last of priests;" and who would, if he had the power, re-enact in France the bloody horrors of the French revolution. And yet this man's pestilent book is re-produced in this country by Reverend preachers of the gospel of peace, charity, and truth, and commended by them to the perusal of the public! It is republished as a capital work against the errors of "popery," and as one likely to produce a powerful impression! It is well for these men to charge the Catholic Church with teaching and acting on the maxim: "The end justifies the means." They will truly have an awful account to give at the bar of God. Let them look to it in time.

Is it not after all a great honor to the Catholic Church, that her holy institutions can be attacked only by such men and by such means as these? If Catholicity could be assailed by fair means, why resort to foul? If the Confessional be so immoral in its tendency, why cannot this be shown without employing base slander and transparent falsehood? If the Catholic priesthood be so very wicked, why not prove it by other evidence than low and unworthy suspicion? Are the Protestant clergy, even in this country, so very immaculate themselves, that they can afford to throw stones at their neighbors? Is there no beam in their own eyes, that they should be so very solicitous about extracting the mote from those of their brethren? Let them take heed to themselves before the great day of account, when "the hidden things of darkness shall be made manifest, and the counsels of hearts shall be revealed."

If the Confessional be so very immoral and impure, why was not the discovery made centuries ago? How has this institution been sustained for so many ages? How did it happen that the whole Christian world, for the first fifteen centuries, revered it as an institution of God, and resorted to it as a divinely appointed means of obtaining the remission of sins, through an application made therein of the blood of Christ? How has it happened that both sexes and all classes, that men, women, and children, that Popes, bishops, priests, and laymen, that emperors and empresses, kings and queens, princes and princesses, have so long, so perseveringly, and so universally practised Confession. How has it happened, that husbands and fathers have been so long slumbering, when their nearest and dearest interests were assailed, when the very fountains of their domestic bliss were poisoned? How has it happened, that they not only looked calmly on, while their most warmly cherished affections and hopes were thus blighted, but even aided by their counsel and example in the continuance of the horrible violation?

And is it come to this, that, in the nineteenth century, in the boasted age of enlightenment and gallantry to the sex, men should be found

wearing the garb of ministers of God, who give utterance to the implied aspersion, that during the first fifteen hundred years *all* the females, and during the last three centuries, *two thirds* of the females of Christendom, were and are immoral and corrupt? That this corruption has pervaded all classes from the princess to the peasant girl, and that the only means to guard against it is to abolish Confession altogether?

Gracious God! upon what times have we fallen! When what is self-styled pure and evangelical religion can be sustained only by such foul imputations on the great body of Christians; when the country is inundated with filth, in order to create and keep up this impression; when Reverend preachers lend their name and influence to such pollution; can we wonder at the wide-spread infidelity and corruption of morals so apparent in the rising generation? Can we marvel that, from the official statement of the American Almanac, *more than half of our adult population over twenty-one years of age belongs to no religion whatever?* If Christianity, in its oldest form, and as taught and practised by two-thirds of the Christian world even at the present enlightened day, in nations too the most polished and civilized, has produced, and still produces such fruits, can we wonder that men turn from it with disgust, and throw themselves into the swelling ranks of infidelity? Can we be surprised at this result, when the works of such infidels as Michelet are circulated, *by authority*, among our population, as excellent and highly useful productions?

Tell us not, that the corrupting influences of the Confessional have been conclusively established by published extracts from our own accredited theologians, Dens, Liguori, and others. Such "no-popery" champions as Sparry, the driveling apostate Smith, and many more of the same stamp, have indeed flooded our land with such publications, teeming with obscenity, *said* to be translated from our own authors; and Sparry, for acting as traveling pedler of such books, was arrested by the civil authorities in Pennsylvania. Our enemies are heartily welcome to all the laurels they have won in this campaign. They proved their own groveling impurity of mind and heart; they did not, because they could not, sully the lily-white purity of Catholicity. Their false and garbled extracts showed only their own dishonesty and baseness.

By precisely the same process of collecting and publishing in a body disjointed fragments, according to a pre-conceived theory, one might prove that the studies of law and of medicine are immoral in their tendency, and should be wholly abolished; and that even the sacred and inspired Scriptures of God teem with impurity, and are corrupting in their influence! Do not those men know, that there are in the studies of medicine and law, many very plain details on certain delicate subjects, which should not be spread out for general reading, but which, in the connection in which they stand, are highly useful, if not indispensably necessary? Do they not know that those works are strictly professional, and as such not at all blame-worthy? And why will they not have the

candor and honesty, to make the same allowance in regard to Catholic theological works,— written in Latin, withdrawn by this circumstance and by their very nature from the popular gaze, and strictly *professional* in their character and tendency? Or is it proper to enter into those details *in English*,—a language accessible to all,— for the purpose of unfolding *human* laws, and treating the ills of the body, and not proper to do the same in *Latin*,—a language hidden from the multitude,— for the much higher and nobler purpose of developing the *divine* law, and unfolding the necessary remedies for the maladies of the soul?

Do not the holy Scriptures themselves furnish us with a precedent for this? Are there not many chapters in the Bible which a pure-minded female would not venture to read aloud in company? And is the Bible corrupt for this? What would be thought of another Sparry or Smith, who should be at the pains of collecting together and publishing in one volume, with a running commentary, all those Scriptural extracts, for the purpose of establishing the immorality of the Bible? And what are we to think of the men who have republished and who circulate with zealous commendation the thoroughly infamous book of Michelet, in which the foul infidel more than intimates that the Canticle of Canticles, or Song of Solomon, is little more than a mere love song breathing, in "burning language," the sentiments of a carnal affection; and who tries to prove that the great Bossuet was a carnal-minded and corrupt man, because in his correspondence with Madam Cornuan, he employs and comments upon the language of that Canticle?[1] Out upon such pretended delicacy, and real hypocrisy! One feels almost tempted to exclaim with Shakspeare:

"Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy."

The real secret of all this clamor against the Confessional is found in the simple fact, that Confession is very hard to flesh and blood, and exceedingly humbling to human pride. It is very painful, to feel compelled to reveal our wickedness to a fellow-creature as sinful as ourselves. But this very feature of Confession is, perhaps, the strongest proof of its divine origin. Christianity in its very nature wars against flesh and blood, and inculcates self-denial and humility. The practice of Confession is highly calculated to keep alive this feeling. How is it possible that man would and could ever have introduced a doctrine so very painful? How is it possible that mankind could have been persuaded to adopt a practice so very humbling, unless they firmly believed that Christ himself had enjoined it as a command, and as an essential condition for obtaining pardon of sin? Whoever knows anything of human nature, knows that, however easy it may be to introduce changes for the worse,

1 Page 96, seq. In a long note, the author furnishes us with extracts from Bossuet's correspondence, in which the expressions he (Michelet) reprobates most, are precisely those of the divine Spouse of the Canticles! Where *spiritual* love alone is indicated, accompanied by *spiritual* union with the divine Spouse, he can understand nothing but mere carnal love! He attempts to prove that Bossuet, the great adversary of even the most mitigated form of Quietism, was in reality a Quietist himself, merely because he wrote this commentary on the Canticle of Canticles! The beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus he perverts in the same vile way. (Page 112, seqq.) These are pretty fair specimens of his mind and heart, and of his *reasoning*.

it is utterly impossible to persuade men to change for the better, without a clear divine warrant and sanction. We venture to say, that all the preachers of all the jarring sects in Christendom together would not be able, by joint combination and effort, to introduce any such change, or to persuade even a dozen of their respective flocks to resort to Confession.

But again: if the priests introduced Confession, why did they not take the prudent precaution to exempt themselves from its obligation? Why do priests, bishops, and Popes still hold themselves divinely bound to practise this humbling observance? What possible motive could have induced them to enjoin Confession for the first time? Was it, that they might impose on themselves a new burden, much more painful than any other in the whole ministry,—a burden which weighs down their energies, engrosses so much of their time, taxes so heavily their patience, and withal presents not one worldly inducement to continue its laborious ministrations? Do men usually act, not only without an adequate motive, but even against all motives of self-interest?

Finally, if the priests introduced Confession, *when* did they do it; *under what circumstances; how* did they succeed in persuading mankind to adopt the observance; *who* first taught the doctrine; *who* opposed its introduction? These questions have been often asked; they have never been answered. History says nothing whatever on all those important circumstances; and yet they would have been carefully recorded, had any innovation of the kind been attempted. All Christendom would have cried out against a change so painful to nature; and history would have re-echoed the voice of the indignant protest, which would have gone forth. Such was invariably the case in regard to attempted innovations of much less practical importance.

We have now done with Michelet and his loathsome book. We have devoted to it more space than it deserved; but we have done it, because the work has appeared in this country under Protestant auspices, as an element in the bitter and most unscrupulous warfare now waged against Catholicity in this *free* republic. We have employed strong language, but not half so strong as the book and the author merited. If the preachers who lead the anti-Catholic crusade will be caught in such company, if they will use means so thoroughly vile to promote their objects, can they complain that they should be denounced in strong language? For the great body of the people, misled by their artifices, we have no words of harshness; we have but tears of compassion to drop over their cruel condition in having such leaders. The meek and humble Saviour strongly and severely rebuked the ancient Pharisees, out of compassion for the victims of their hypocrisy; we have but sought to aim at the imitation of His example.

PART III.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Reviews, Essays, and Lectures.

PART III—MISCELLANEOUS.

XXV. CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES.*

ARTICLE I. ENGLAND AND FRANCE — HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

Influence of Catholicity and Protestantism on material interests—Current theory—The argument wholly inconclusive—And the facts assumed, but not proved—England's prosperity—How explained—Rise and decline of Catholic powers—Why God permits the wicked to prosper—Masses of England's population—Catholic Ireland—England and France compared—In which is the bulk of the people more comfortable?—Laing's argument—French and English honesty and politeness—Holland and Belgium compared—Belgian railroads—Charity in Catholic and Protestant countries—Condition of the poor—Relative prosperity of the Catholic and Protestant population of Prussia—The serf system—How long it lingered in Protestant countries—Who have been the best friends and champions of the poor and oppressed?

We have heard it asserted, over and over again, that Protestant countries are much more free, more enlightened, more industrious, more enterprising, more prosperous, more moral, and more happy, than those which have remained faithful to the Catholic religion; and it has become fashionable to assume, that this alleged superiority is fairly ascribable to the self-styled reformation. This great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, say its friends, emancipated the human mind from a degrading thraldom, and thereby gave a new impulse to human activity, the results of which are seen in the social ameliorations above indicated. While Catholic countries have remained stationary under the influence of a stationary religious system, Protestant countries, under the influence of one, the leading feature of which is progress, have advanced, and have shot immeasurably ahead of their neighbors.

Such is the current theory, which we propose briefly to examine in the present paper. The theory evidently consists of two parts: one, the assumption of the fact, that Protestant countries are superior to those which are Catholic; and the other, the inference, that the superiority in question is to be ascribed to the influence of the Protestant reformation. We propose to investigate each of these positions, in order to ascertain how far the assumed fact is to be relied on, and how far the inference

**Notes of a Traveler on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and other parts of Europe, during the present century.* By Samuel Laing, Esq., author of "A Journal of a Residence in Norway" and "A Tour in Sweden." From the second London edition. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1846. 1 vol. 8 vo

drawn from it is sound or logical. The subject opens before us a vast and most interesting field of investigation, which Mr. Laing has surveyed with great keen-sightedness and ability, making his observations with patience and accuracy, stating his facts with boldness and precision, and drawing his conclusions with his usual acuteness and candor.[1]

Should any be disposed to question his authority, we beg to remind them, that he is a Scotchman, a Protestant, and, for aught we know, a Presbyterian; that he manifests his dislike of the Catholic Church throughout his work; and that he does not deal in declamation or mere assertion, but in sober facts and stringent arguments. Does it detract from his authority that he is candid? Should he be spurned, because he has the courage to state facts, and to publish truths new and unpalatable to his co-religionists? Should not every sensible man be rather inclined to view him with favor from the circumstance that he has had the independence to break the trammels of sect, and to fling to the winds the stale misrepresentations of centuries? Surely, one would think so. And we hail the recent appearance of this and of similar works among us, under Protestant auspices, as an omen of a better spirit and of better times; of a disposition to allow at least *a portion* of the truth to be told, in regard to those who profess that venerable religion, which was hallowed by the lives and deaths of thousands and millions eminent for their sanctity, for long centuries before the jarring discord of Protestantism broke on the world. We have been but too long the mere slaves of English prejudice, especially in religion; it is high time to assert our independence. The day is gone by, when the rusty lamp of English bigotry shall exercise over us the same despotic influence as did the lamp of Aladdin over its slaves: we should break our bonds, and be free. Such men precisely as Samuel Laing will act as the pioneers of this new revolution, destined to be more important in its results than was that which secured our political independence.

We shall confine our remarks, as Mr. Laing does, to the more conspicuous countries of Europe; and we shall endeavor to be as succinct as the nature of the subject will allow.

And, in the first place, suppose that we admit all that is asserted; would it thence follow that Protestantism is true or divine, and Catholicity false? Did Christ ever assign, as a distinctive characteristic of His religion, that it should be the best calculated to promote human comfort, and to insure temporal prosperity, whether to individuals or to nations? Were these merely temporal considerations among the primary, or even secondary objects He had in view in establishing His holy religion? If so, then why did He not originate some at least of the great inventions of which our moderns boast so much, as having changed the very face of society? Why did He not deliver lectures on commerce, navigation, manufactures, and

1 The Edinburg Review assigns to Mr. Laing a very high position among those recent travelers who have added to our stock of information in regard to foreign countries.

political economy? Why did He not assume the state and pomp of a great king, or at least the garb of a great political philosopher, to renovate the social condition, by remodeling society itself, through His superior authority and wisdom? We do not read that He did any thing of all this; or that, in fact, He either directly or indirectly alluded in His discourses to any of those great improvements which distinguish modern from ancient society.

We read, on the contrary, that He spoke continually in praise of poverty, of humility, of self-denial, of separation from the world in heart and affection, of leaving all things for His name's sake, of selling all things, and giving the proceeds to the poor, and of then taking up our cross and following Him, that we might have a reward in a better world. The poor, the miserable, the diseased, and the forsaken, were His favorites, and those who abounded in riches and reveled in luxury were the objects of His aversion. In a word, He taught, both by word and by example, an utter contempt for the things most prized in this world, and a constant aspiration after those of the world to come; and this is a distinctive feature of His holy religion. Therefore, if we even admit that Protestant countries are, in a worldly point of view, more prosperous than Catholic countries, and that this prosperity is owing to the Protestant religion, it would not thence follow that Protestantism is the religion of Christ, and that Catholicity is not. On the contrary, the presumption would be, that a religion, which thus tends primarily to promote mere worldly comforts, is of the earth, earthly; that it is not at least that sublime and supernatural system taught by Jesus Christ, and intended to raise mankind above this world. Thus the whole reasoning of Protestants upon the alleged superiority of Protestant countries is based upon false principles, and falls to the ground of itself; or, if it prove any thing, clearly leads to the inference, that Protestantism, in its ends, objects, and very nature, is a different thing altogether from original Christianity.

In thus attempting to show the utter inconclusiveness of a popular argument against Catholicity and in favor of Protestantism, we do not mean to imply, that the temporal prosperity of a nation or of an individual is incompatible with the profession and practice of true Christianity; far from it. A people may be wealthy, and yet be composed of true Christians; but they will not necessarily be true Christians because they are wealthy, nor wealthy because they are true Christians. The two things are not incompatible, yet they are not necessarily associated together. On the contrary, from the very genius and nature of Christianity, we would be naturally led to infer, that they are oftener found apart than united. And this is all that the argument calls for. So much for the soundness of the principles, which lie at the foundation of this whole argument against Catholicity.

We will now proceed to examine the two positions of modern Protestant writers, stated at the commencement of this paper; and we will begin with the one which ascribes the alleged superiority of Protestant over Catholic countries to the influence of the Protestant religion.

I. Assuming the fact as established, is the mode of accounting for it either satisfactory or logical? Is the superiority in question necessarily the result of a difference in religion? May it not be accounted for on other principles; such as, a difference of character in different masses of population, a difference of climate, of social habits, of agricultural or commercial facilities, of government? We think it may, and that such is the only rational or consistent theory by which we can satisfactorily account for the difference, if a difference really exist to be accounted for; which, as we trust to show in the sequel, is more than doubtful. And we shall be fully borne out in this by the unexceptionable authority and conclusive reasoning of Mr. Laing himself, as we shall see. If people are prosperous, wealthy, and happy, merely because they are Protestants, then all Protestant nations should be prosperous, wealthy, and happy; which is very far from being the case. If we except England, the Protestant countries of Europe have really little to boast of, in any of these respects, over their Catholic neighbors.

If commercial activity, and manufacturing industry and skill, be prominent elements of social prosperity and national wealth, then we freely admit, that England stands forth proudly pre-eminent above all other European nations, whether Protestant or Catholic. She is, confessedly, the most commercial and enterprising nation in the world. Her commerce covers the ocean, and, like a mighty collossus, bestrides the earth. Her manufactures seek and find a market in the new and in the old world, in the islands of the Pacific and in those of the Indian ocean, in Australasia and in China. But is all this successful commercial and manufacturing enterprise a necessary result of her Protestantism? Can it not be explained on other principles altogether? Her insular position, the natural activity of her people, their all-absorbing love of wealth, the colonial policy and grasping ambition of her government, her unscrupulousness as to the means so the end be secured, and many other considerations of a similar character, may account for the fact, much more satisfactorily than her profession of the Protestant religion.

To listen to the declamation of some English writers on the vast commercial superiority of their country, one would almost imagine that no other nation, especially that no Catholic nation, had ever won laurels in this field of human activity, and that all the glory and all the triumphs were reserved to England, under the quickening influence of the Protestant reformation. Is such really the fact? Who gave the first impulse to this species of enterprise? Who were the first pioneers of modern maritime discovery, and thereby laid the foundations of modern commerce? Who discovered a new world, and opened a new and boundless field to commercial adventure? The Catholic Columbus, sent out, in 1492, by the Catholic sovereigns of Catholic Spain. Who first doubled the Cape of Good Hope? The Catholic Vasco de Gama, sent out, in 1497, by Catholic Portugal. Who first discovered the East Indies and Brazil? The Catholic mariner, Pedro Alvarez Cabral, likewise in the service of

Portugal?[1] Who first discovered that powerful modern agent, steam, and applied it to navigation? The Catholic Spaniard, Blasco de Garay, who, in 1543, made the first successful experiment of the kind in the harbor of Barcelona, in presence of the Emperor, Charles V, and of all his court.[2] And, long before any of these triumphs of modern times in the field of discovery and enterprise, who first awakened Europe to a sense of the utility and importance of exploring the resources of remote lands? What Catholic pioneers were they, who, in the good old Catholic times, centuries before the reformation had dawned on the world, first stirred up a noble emulation in the minds of men by their glowing accounts of distant countries, and stimulated them to enter at once upon the brilliant path of discovery? The Catholic navigators and travelers, the Venitian brothers, Nicholas and Maffeo Polo, in the thirteenth century,[3] and the Catholic Mandeville, in the fourteenth.[4] Who contributed, more perhaps than any other body of men, to the stock of geographical and statistical knowledge, and thereby increased so much the resources of modern commerce? The Catholic missionaries, in different centuries, who traversed the most distant countries on their errand of divine mercy, and who freely communicated to the world the knowledge they had gleaned in their extensive travels. And these noble harbingers of civilization, be it ever remembered, were the special agents of the Catholic Church, and were generally, if not always, sent out by the Roman Pontiffs. If these things are so, Protestant England should not surely boast of having done everything in this department of human knowledge and activity.

It is a fact, notorious to all who have but glanced at the pages of history, that, centuries before England had attained to her present commercial pre-eminence, the Catholic republics of Venice, Genoa, Florence, and Pisa, in Italy, and the Catholic towns which composed the Hanseatic League of the middle ages, in Germany, were the great commercial carriers of the world, and occupied the high position which England now occupies. It is another fact equally notorious, that the Catholic kingdoms of Spain and Portugal were far in advance of England, in commercial activity and successful maritime enterprise, during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and the greater part of the seventeenth century; and that, during a portion of the same period, and for a century later, Catholic France was able to contend with her, and often with brilliant success, for maritime pre-eminence. It is only within the last century that England has been able fully to establish her claim to be mistress of the high seas, and the arbitress of commerce. It is, then, as clear as the light of day, that England does not owe her present superiority to the influence of the Protestant religion, but to other circumstances altogether.

1 For these and several other facts of similar import, see Irving's "Columbus," vol. ii, p. 76, seqq — Edit. New York, 1831

2 For an account of this experiment, see "A Year in Spain." vol i, p. 47. - Edit. New York, 1830.

3 Their different voyages were made between the years 1255 and 1295, when they returned loaded with riches. See Irving's Columbus, ii. 290, seqq.— Edit. *supra.*

4 Between 1332 and 1372, when he died at Leige, in France. Ibid. p. 303, seqq

And what are these circumstances? Has England any reason to boast of them? Or rather, has she not reason to blush and to hide her face with shame, as often as they are recalled to her remembrance? Who were the first pioneers of English commerce, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? What was their character, and what their standing in veridical history? How do they compare with the early Catholic navigators, in honor, elevation of views, and common honesty? If there is any truth in history, as set forth even by such of our own Protestant writers as Irving, Bancroft, and Prescott, the early Catholic navigators were, in general, men of high bearing and chivalrous character, who would not stoop to do a mean thing; while the early English navigators, such as Gosnold, Gilbert, and Weymouth, and, we may add, Raleigh, Drake, and Hawkins, were unscrupulous, bold, bad men, as dishonest as they were enterprising; little better, in fact, than accomplished buccaniers and pirates. Yes, *pirates;* they deserve no softer name; for they made it a rule to seize upon the property and possessions of the Spaniards, Portuguese, and French, whenever opportunity offered, and in time of profound peace as well as of war. And what is more remarkable, the English government, instead of punishing them for their robberies on the high seas, or their unprincipled aggressions on the often defenseless colonies of its Catholic neighbors, winked at their excesses, and even rewarded them for their boldness and success. If Protestantism inclined England to adopt this line of policy, and if Protestantism formed the character of her early navigators, then is Protestantism fully welcome to all the glory of having laid the foundation of England's commercial greatness in modern times. Perhaps, the secret of her success may be, that, as a nation, she was emancipated by the reformation from the harassing thraldom of a conscience; and her Catholic neighbors, not having been vouchsafed the same amount of light or freedom, still went on in the old fashioned way of doing what is right, and committing consequences to God. We do not assert this as a fact; we merely offer it as a theory,—as plausible at least, and as well founded, as that which ascribes England's modern greatness to her Protestantism.

But if Catholicity be true, and Protestantism false, how and why could God's providence permit that the Catholic countries above named should decline, and that Protestant England should attain to so unexampled a prosperity? We might answer this question — which has often puzzled the simple-minded inquirer — by asking another of a similar import: why does God often permit wicked men to accumulate wealth and roll in luxury, while the virtuous are often poor, miserable, and on the verge of starvation? Why are Jews generally wealthy, and Christians often poor and destitute? Is it because the wicked are more the favorites of heaven than the good? Or is it for a precisely contrary reason;—that according to the views of God, who takes in eternity along with time, riches are usually a curse, and poverty a blessing. Is it because the virtuous, who seek after eternal blessings and disparage those of time, are reserved for a

higher recompense than this world can bestow; and the wicked, who seek only this world, and have to expect no ulterior reward, are often remunerated for their merely human virtues with merely human and temporal blessings? Is it that the awful saying of our Blessed Lord, in reference to the proud Pharisees who sought only human praise — THEY HAVE RECEIVED THEIR REWARD — is verified in their regard? Has England received her reward in this world, and is she to look for nothing beyond it? Are her grasping ambition, and her quenchless desire to accumulate wealth and to extend her power by all means, whether lawful or not, really deserving of any higher reward? The day of judgment will reveal this, and many other awful things, in regard both to individuals and to nations. Till then, other nations less favored may hold up their heads, and bide their time, with bosoms filled with hope.

II. But let us look a little more closely into this boasted commercial greatness of England, and see how it affects the masses of the English population, how far it promotes their worldly happiness, and how their social condition compares with that of their Catholic neighbors on the continent of Europe. This will naturally bring us to the examination of the second question proposed above: whether it be really a fact that England and other Protestant nations are so much in advance of Catholic countries in social condition and in the comforts of every day life.

Is it, then, true, that superior commercial activity and greater skill in manufactures are the means best calculated to promote the *general* happiness of a people? Do they enrich the masses, or do they not rather enrich the few at the expense of the many? Look at England, and what do you see? A land of the boldest social contrasts: overgrown fortunes in the few, and squalid misery in the many; splendid palaces, and miserable hovels; men and women rolling in brilliant equipages, and haggard multitudes crying aloud for bread to prevent starvation, at their very carriage windows; speculators amassing enormous wealth in the manufacturing districts, and a mass of wretched operatives worked almost to death, and nearly starving in the midst of their hard labor to sustain life;[1] immense profits realized by avaricious capitalists, while the price of labor is cut

1 That great poet and humorist, the late Thomas Hood, has admirably hit off the condition of the laboring poor in England, in his "Song of the Shirt." We will insert three stanzas of this whimsical, but feeling little poem, in which the poor, hard-worked female operative is represented as holding a sad soliloquy with herself on her hard condition. The case may apply as well to laborers of the other sex, if not even better.

"But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone;
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own: —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,—
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work, work, work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw —
A crust of bread — and rags.
That shattered roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

"O! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour,
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the work that costs a meal!"

down to the very starving point: in a word, active industry and bold enterprise everywhere, and yet a laboring population often badly clothed, badly fed, and badly housed, and very far from being either well instructed or moral.[1]

For the truth of this picture, we appeal with confidence to the official reports recently presented to the British parliament, setting forth the condition of the operatives in the manufacturing districts and in the collieries. The philosophic observer will not fail to trace this sad poverty and misery of the laboring population of England to that insatiate spirit of avarice — so common in highly commercial communities — which abstracts money from the pockets of the many to put it into those of the few, who have already more than they can usefully dispose of. Nor can it be denied, that the Protestant principle of private judgment in religious matters, a principle that sets up each man for himself, and, as it were, isolates him from the society in which he lives, has tended greatly to foster a selfish spirit in the rich, to feed their avarice, and to render them insensible to the hardships and plaints of poverty. While England was Catholic, charity was a golden coin which freely circulated everywhere; since she has become Protestant, it is seldom heard of, except at public dinners, or in fashionable subscription lists. Those who do such high-sounding charities "have their reward!"

The impoverished and miserable condition of Catholic Ireland is sometimes pointed to, as an instance of the improvidence which Catholicity generates in those who profess its principles; while the superior wealth and thriftiness of the Irish and English Protestant population of the island are proudly set forth, as the natural results of Protestantism. Shame on those who seriously allege this as an argument! What, but English tyranny and Protestant rapacity, brought about this difference in the condition of the Catholic and Protestant Irish? What, but the most heartless avarice and the most grinding oppression, originally caused, and has since perpetuated the miseries of Catholic Ireland? Is it fair or generous first to rob a man of his land and rifle his pockets, and then taunt him with his poverty and degradation? Yet this is precisely what is done by those who strive to make such capital out of the sufferings of poor Ireland. At least three-fourths of the landed estate in Ireland are in the hands of Protestants, who constitute scarcely an eighth of the population; and, in most instances, this property was wrested from the original Catholic proprietors by the most lawless and high-handed violence — by confiscation backed by military force. Protestantism has surely no reason to be proud of its ascendency of wealth and influence in Ireland; and the Irish Catholics have much greater reason to boast of their poverty, induced as it was by their firm attachment to the ancient faith, than have Irish Protestants to vaunt their ill-gotten wealth. Protestant political economists should never even breathe the name of Ireland, lest it should choke their utterance.

1 We will treat this subject in detail in a subsequent article.

England and France may offer a fairer example of the relative social conditions of two neighboring masses of population, the one Protestant and the other Catholic. Mr. Laing has instituted the comparison between them, and we are willing to abide by his candid judgment in the matter. Considering that he is a British subject, with strong prejudices against both the religion and the policy of France, his authority is surely unexceptionable. We will endeavor to exhibit, in a very condensed form, the results of his observations and reasoning in regard to the social features of each country.

The chief point of difference between England and France is connected with the laws of inheritance. In England there exists an hereditary aristocracy who hold, by regular descent from the father to the *eldest* son, much the largest portion of the landed property. The law provides for this entailment of vast landed estates by the most rigid enactments. A titled landlord is not allowed to divide or diminish his property in lands; he can only use the fruits of them during his life-time, when they descend entire to the oldest son. The natural result of this feature in English social economy is, that the land is in the hands of the few, and that the vast body of the English agricultural population consists of mere tenants, wholly dependent on the great landlords. In France the case is widely different. The law of primogeniture was abolished in 1789; and the effect of the abolition has been, to destroy the hereditary aristocracy with vast entailed estates, and to make at least one-half of the entire population landed proprietors, thereby giving them a direct interest in the soil, and stimulating them to increased industry. According to the statistical returns lately published by M. Dupin, "the amount of arable land at present in France is little more than it was in 1789, but the population is increased by about eight millions; and in consequence of the division of property by the law of succession, one-half of the whole population are proprietors, and, counting their families, two-thirds of the whole are engaged in the direct cultivation of the soil."[1]

The result of this sub-division of property has been — as Mr. Laing clearly proves against Arthur Young and the Edinburg reviewers — greatly to improve the social condition of the French population, to add to their comforts, and to develop to a much greater extent the resources of the soil. Instead of vast estates but half cultivated, France is now cut up into smaller properties, to which the principles of garden culture have been applied.

The beneficial changes brought about in little more than half a a century, during which the experiment has been tried, present a very satisfactory proof that the abolition of entailment in estates has been of vast utility to the mass of the people, and afford likewise an earnest of still greater improvement in the social condition of France. Nay, more; Mr. Laing proves that the condition of the French people is better and more *comfortable* than that of the English in similar circumstances. We

1 Quoted by Laing; p 74.

will extract a portion of his testimony and reasoning on this curious subject:

"What is the condition of their (the French) laboring class at present, compared to that of our own? The only means of comparison is to take one class of men, whose condition is in all countries the same relatively to that of the common laborer, the military — and to compare the condition of the common laborer in each country, with that of the common soldier. Now in England, since 1816, no bounty, or even trifling bounty, is required to obtain recruits for the army; and none but men of the best description as to age, health, and stature, are received. The inference to be made is, that the condition of our common soldier is so much better than, or so equal to, the condition of our common laborer, that little or no inducement of bounty is required to make able-bodied men enlist in sufficient numbers. But the condition of our soldier has not been altered for the better since the peace, since 1816. It is the condition of our laboring class that has altered for the worse. In England, as in France, the soldier is fed, paid, lodged, and clothed, precisely as he was five and twenty years ago. But in France, although the term of service is only for six years, so far are the laboring class from such a condition as to enlist without the inducement of bounty, that from 1800 to 2000 francs, or £80 sterling, are usually offered for a recruit, to serve as a substitute for one who is drawn by ballot for the army. Clubs and assurance companies are established all over France, for providing substitutes for the members who may happen to be drawn for the service. The inference to be made is, that here the condition of the common laborer is too good to be exchanged for that of the common soldier, without the inducement of a premium; his labor too valuable to be given for the mere living and pay of the soldier, although the soldier's pay and living are as good, in proportion to the habits of the people and price of provisions, as in England. How ludicrous, as one sits on the deck of a fine steam-vessel going down the Saone, or the Rhone, or the Seine, passing every half hour other steam-vessels, and every five or six miles under iron suspension bridges, and past canals, short factory railroads even, and new built factories — how laughable now to read the lugubrious predictions of Arthur Young half a century ago, of Birbeck a quarter of a century ago, of the Edinburg Review some twenty years ago, about the inevitable consequences of the French law of succession! 'A pauper warren!' Look up from the page, and laugh. Look around upon the actual prosperity, the well-being, and the rising industry of this people under their system. Look at the activity on their rivers, at the new factory chimneys against the horizon, at the steamboats, canals, roads, coal works, wherever nature gives any opening to enterprise." [1]

But it is not only in the physical comforts of life, that the bulk of the French people are much better off than that of the English; it is also in matters of higher moment,— in honesty, in politeness, and in the suavity and high tone of social intercourse. Let us again listen to the candid Scotchman:

"Let us do justice to the French character. Their self-command, their upon-honor principle, is very remarkable and much more generally diffused than among our own population. THEY ARE, I BELIEVE, A MORE HONEST PEOPLE THAN THE BRITISH. The beggar, who is evidently hungry, respects the fruit upon the road-side within his reach, although there is

[1] Pages 77, 8.

nobody to protect it. Property is much respected in France; and in bringing up children, this fidelity towards the property of others seems much more carefully inculcated by parents in the lowest class, in the home education of their children, than with us. This respect for the property is closely connected with that respect for the feelings of our neighbors, which constitutes what is called good manners. This is carefully inculcated on children of all ranks in France. They are taught to do what is pleasing and agreeable to others. We are too apt to undervalue this spirit, as tending merely to superficial accomplishments, to empty compliment in words, and unmeaning appearance in acts. But, in reality, this reference to the feelings of others in all we do is a moral habit of great value, where it is generally diffused, and enters into the home training of every family. It is an education both of the parent and child in morals, carried on through the medium of external manners. Our lower and middle classes are deficient in this kind of family education. . . . . It is a fine distinction of the French national character, and social economy, that practical morality is more generally taught through manners, among and by the people themselves, than in any country in Europe. One or two striking instances of this general respect for property have occurred to me in traveling in France. I once forgot my umbrella in a diligence going to Bordeaux, in which I traveled as far as Tours. My umbrella went on to Bordeaux and returned to Tours in the corner of the coach, without being appropriated by any of the numerous passengers, or work people, who must have passed through it on so long a journey, and had this stray unowned article before them. I once traveled from Paris to Boulogne with a gentleman who had come up the same road a few days before. We were conversing on this very subject, the honesty of the people in general, and he recollected having left, on the table of one of the inns, half a basket of grapes, worth about twelve sous, which, he said, he was sure he would find safe. On arriving, he asked the waiter if he had seen the grapes, and they were instantly produced, as a matter of course, out of a press in which they had been carefully put away as property not belonging to the house."[1]

These little incidents speak volumes for the honesty of the French people. We venture to say, that if an umbrella were lost in a stage coach in England, the United States, or any Protestant country of Europe, the owner would never even think of its recovery. In those countries, these and similar articles are but too often regarded as common property, to be appropriated by the finder.

Protestant Holland and Catholic Belgium present another very fair field of comparison between the relative social comforts and prosperity of the Protestant and Catholic populations in Europe. The two little kingdoms are immediately adjoining each other; and until the tyranny and intolerance of the Dutch government drove the Belgians into a revolution in 1830, they had formed but one kingdom, ever since the settlement of Europe by the allied powers, at the congress of Vienna in 1815. Now what is the relative condition of these two people? There is no comparison between them. In industry, in enterprise, in manufactures, in agriculture, in enlightenment, and in political liberty, the Catholic Belgians are immeasurably ahead of the Protestant Dutch. All Belgium is

1 Pages 79, 80.

cultivated as a garden; it is filled, like France, with small landed proprietors, whose industry fully brings out the resources of the soil, and fills the country with abundance. It is, in proportion to the territory, the most populous, as well as the most prosperous country in Europe. It is certainly the freest and the most tolerant monarchy in the world.

In one thing only can Holland claim the precedency over Belgium — in commerce; but even in this respect, Holland has greatly declined of late, notwithstanding the great advantages of her position:

"In the deserted streets of Delft, and Leyden, and Haarlem," says Mr. Laing, "the grass is growing through the seams of the brick pavements; the ragged petticoat flutters in the wind out of the drawing-room casements of a palace; the echo of wooden shoes, clattering through empty saloons, tells of past magnificence — of actual indigence."[1]

Even during the period of her greatest commercial prosperity, when her honest burghers suddenly became purse-proud millionaires, and her fleets contended with those of England for the ascendency on the high seas, the mass of her population derived but little benefit from the overgrown fortunes of the few lucky adventurers:

"How little the mass of the people of the Seven United Provinces, the boors or peasants, or even the burgesses of the middle and lower classes, had been acted upon by the wealth and prosperity of the commercial class in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, may be seen in their dwellings, furniture, clothing, and enjoyments, and habits of civilized life. These are all of the make, material, and age, prior to the rise of the power and opulence of Holland — of the age of Queen Elizabeth — and have remained, unchanged and unimproved, until that power and opulence have fallen again to the level from which they rose. A commercial class, an aristocracy of capitalists, numerous perhaps as a moneyed body, but nothing as a national mass, were alone acted upon by this commercial prosperity; and when trade gradually removed to other countries, the Dutch capitalist, without changing his domicil, easily transferred his capital to where the use of it was wanted and profitable. Holland remains a country full of capitalists and paupers; her wealth giving little employment, comparatively, to her own population in productive industry, and adding little to their prosperity, well-being, and habits of activity in producing and enjoying the objects of civilized life."[2]

Belgium was the first country on the continent of Europe to engage actively in the building of railroads; and at present her whole territory is covered with a net-work of these valuable improvements, affording the greatest facilities for travel and the transport of merchandise. No one has visited that country, who has not been struck by the perfect system under which her railroads are organized. Holland, on the contrary, after a lapse of nearly twenty years, has scarcely yet begun to build railroads.

While Belgium has the best railroads, the briskest manufactures, and the most free and thriving population on the continent of Europe, Holland has little to depend on but her commerce, and this resource has now well nigh failed her. The poor abound in every district, and their condition is indeed deplorable in the extreme. Even the charitable institutions devised

1 Page 40. 2 Page 43

for their relief are, like most other institutions of the kind in Protestant countries, little better than state prisons, or else they are agricultura colonies in barren places beyond the Zuyder Zee, in which paupers are compelled to labor, like English convicts sent out to Botany bay.[1] Mr. Laing gives the following appreciation of the Dutch character as compared with the English:

"The Dutch people, eminently charitable and benevolent as a public, their country full of beneficent institutions admirably conducted and munificently supported, are, as individuals, somewhat rough, hard, and, although it be uncharitable to say so, uncharitable and unfeeling. We have, too, at home, our excellent benevolent men, who will subscribe their sovereign, or their twenty, to an hospital, house of refuge, or missionary or charitable society for the relief or instruction of the poor; but, on principle, withhold their penny from the shivering female on their door-steps, imploring alms for the pale, sickly infant in her arms. They are right on principle and consideration, quite right; but one is not particularly in love with such quite-right people. The instinct of benevolence in the heart is worth a whole theory of such political economy in the head."[2]

We may here remark, in general, that there is much more real charity exhibited towards the poor in Catholic than in Protestant countries. In the former, besides individual alms cheerfully and unostentatiously bestowed, there are splendid public charities richly endowed in all the great cities, where everything is provided for the comfort and consolation of the destitute of all classes. These charities are not mere state establishments, supported by a burdensome taxation, and served by state hirelings at so much a day, as are the "admirably conducted and munificently supported" charitable institutions of Holland, and of all other Protestant countries with which we are acquainted; but they are often the creations of a real Christian charity in individuals, who bestow freely and abundantly of their wealth for this noble purpose; and they are not served by mercenaries, who seem disposed to do just as little as is compatible with retaining their situation and drawing their stated salary, but by men and women, who act from religious motives, and freely and cheerfully do whatever is in their power for the relief of suffering humanity; and all this for the love of God, whose special favorites the poor are considered to be by the Catholic Church. Whoever will take the trouble fully and impartially to examine the history and character of Protestant and Catholic charities, cannot fail to notice these characteristic traits in both, and to mark the vast superiority of the latter over the former, in all the particulars above indicated. Exceptions there may be, but the general rule is as we have stated it.

There seems to be this remarkable difference between the condition of the poor in Catholic and in Protestant countries; that, whereas, in the latter, they are viewed by the law, and too often by the people themselves, as state criminals, and are treated accordingly; in the former, they are regarded as objects of compassion, and are almost always accosted with

1 For a description of these colonies, see Laing, p. 48, seqq. 2 Page 46

kindness, and treated with tenderness. Vagrant, vagabond — no epithet is too strong for the English or even American beggar. Is not this but too often the case amongst ourselves? And yet, are our Protestant brethren generally uncharitable? We do not say so. The fault is more that of society than of individuals; more that of their religion than of any natural hard-heartedness in its professors. Protestantism, we repeat it, necessarily fosters a spirit of isolation, of individualism, of selfishness, of pride; and it was only Protestantism that could have made generally current the popular maxim: "Every man for himself, and God for us all!" In Catholic countries, the social feeling is much stronger, and such a maxim would grate harshly on the popular ear; its general acceptance would be impossible.

Mr. Laing not only asserts, but proves, that the Catholic population of Prussia is more industrious, enterprising, and wealthy, as well as more free and enlightened on their rights and wants, than the Protestant population of the same kingdom. He also shows that this superiority is fairly traceable, not only to their position on the Rhine and in the vicinity of France or Poland, but also to their principles as Catholics, exempting them from the iron religious supremacy of the Prussian monarch, and placing their spiritual rights under the special guardianship of the Roman Pontiff.[1] He says:

"Her Rhenish and Westphalian provinces are not only wealthy and manufacturing; they are liberal, and hang very loosely to the autocratic principle of the Prussian government. They retained, when they were handed over to Prussia, their former laws and law courts . . . . . and have nothing in their laws or courts in common with the rest of Prussia; suffered no revival or intrusion of the old feudal or the Prussian jurisprudence and tribunals, and have very clearly indicated that they would not suffer it. They have shown, in their support of the Catholic bishop of Cologne — arising evidently not from a blind spirit of fanaticism, but from a spirit of opposition to despotic sway — that they are not a population to be governed, like military serfs, by the will or caprice of a cabinet. It is from this population of about 4,000,000 that the impulse has been given to the great movement of the German people in the German league."[2]

"This population, living under French law, *is the very kernel of the Prussian kingdom* — a concentrated population of from three to four millions, *the most wealthy, commercial and manufacturing, and the most enlightened upon their rights and wants, of any, perhaps, in Germany.* In the province of Posen, again, at the other extremity of the kingdom, the French administration, by *justices de paix* and by open courts of justice, and open examination of witnesses, prevails over the general Prussian administration."[3]

That the Prussian Catholics were disposed to range themselves on the side of popular freedom, in consequence of their principles as Catholics, is avowed and proved in the following remarkable passage:

"The principle that the civil government, or state, or church and state united, of a country is entitled to regulate its religious belief, has more of

1 Pp. 155, and 230–32. 2 Laing, p. 155. 3 Laing, pp. 230–31.

intellectual thraldom in it than the power of the popish (?) church ever exercised in the darkest ages; for it had no civil power joined to its religious power. It only worked through the civil power of each country. The church of Rome was an independent, distinct, and often an opposing power in every country to the civil power; A CIRCUMSTANCE IN THE SOCIAL ECONOMY OF THE MIDDLE AGES, TO WHICH, PERHAPS, EUROPE IS INDEBTED FOR HER CIVILIZATION AND FREEDOM — for not being in the state of barbarism and slavery of the east, and of every country, ancient and modern, in which the civil and religious power have been united in one government. Civil liberty is closely connected with religious liberty — with the church being independent of the state. . . . . In Germany the seven Catholic sovereigns have 12,074,700 Catholic subjects, and 2,541,000 Protestant subjects. The twenty-nine Protestant sovereigns, including the four free cities, have 12,113,000 Protestant subjects, and 4,966,000 Catholic. Of these populations in Germany, those which have their point of spiritual government without their states, and independent of them — as the Catholics have at Rome — enjoy certainly more spiritual independence, are less exposed to the intermeddling of the hand of civil power with their religious concerns, than the Protestant populations, which, since the reformation, have had church and state united in one government, and in which each autocratic sovereign is *de facto* a home-pope. The church affairs of Prussia in this half century, those of Saxony, Bavaria, and the smaller principalities, such as Anhalt Kothen, in all of which the state has assumed and exercised power inconsistently with the principles, doctrines, observances, and privileges of the Protestant religion, clearly show that the Protestant church on the continent, as a power, has become an administrative body of clerical functionaries, acting under the orders of the civil power or state."[1]

We must give yet one more passage of a similar import, in which the author acknowledges, with his usual candor, that the German Catholics, in the late controversy regarding mixed marriages, took the liberal side, stood on the most popular ground, and struck a successful blow for liberty:

"The popish (!) priests stand upon the defense of acknowledged spiritual rights, which — if taken away by a royal edict, without any concurrence to it through a constitutional representation, and a law or act to which the people are not parties — would lay open all rights, as well as those claimed by the clergy, to the arbitrary interference of the civil power. Independent altogether of superstition or church influence, the Catholic clergy have here a support from this connexion between their cause and the cause of liberal constitutional government, as opposed to a government of arbitrary edicts and irresponsible functionaries. Between submission to the Pope in all the questions with the Catholic Church, and a representative constitution sanctioning by the voice of the people themselves the supremacy of the state in those questions, no third way is opened to the Prussian government. It seems a decree of fate in social economy, that representative governments, parliaments, shall spring up in every age from collisions between the civil and ecclesiastical powers."[2]

Listen to these avowals of an enlightened and candid Protestant writer all you who have been crying out for these last three centuries, that all the liberty is on the side of Protestantism, and all the slavery on that of

1 Laing, p 194. 2 Laing, p 198.

Catholicity. Listen to them, all you who represent the papacy as the very nucleus of spiritual despotism.

But we must here advert to another very striking feature which existed in the social economy of Prussia up to the beginning of the present century,—a peculiarity which, we believe, was also found until lately in Denmark, and in several other Protestant kingdoms or principalities in the north of Europe. We allude to the feudal or serf-system, which degraded the mass of the population into the veriest slaves that ever drew the breath of life,—slaves who were mere fixtures on the soil, and were bought and sold with it according to the interest or caprice of their masters. This horrible system of thraldom does not, we think, now exist in any European country, except Russia, and Poland,—the poor crushed victim of Russia, it certainly has not existed for centuries in any country where Catholicity was enabled to exercise its influence, untrammeled and uncontrolled. But the genial influence of the Catholic Church, to which society was indebted for the gradual removal of this evil, had been slow to penetrate into the cold regions of northern Europe; it had not penetrated at all into Russia, where the papacy was despised, and its declarations treated with contempt.

Such being the facts of history, be it ever remembered, that Prussia and other Protestant kingdoms of northern Europe actually riveted the bondage of the poor peasantry, and retained, or rather renewed, the degrading serf-system, from the first dawn of the reformation down to the beginning of the present century! At the commencement of the reformation, the German peasants had risen in mass, and had struck for their civil and political rights. The German princes, at the instigation of Luther himself, and of the other principal reformers, had crushed their revolt by main force, and had drowned their cries for liberty in their blood! For almost three centuries from that date, the condition of the peasants was worse than it had ever been before; and the reformation, which talked so much about its love of human liberty, and inveighed so loudly against the enslaving tyranny of Rome, actually kept the mass of its own followers, for almost three centuries, in the most galling and degrading of all servitudes! That such is the fact, will appear from the following testimony of Mr. Laing:

"If the serf deserted, he was brought back by the military, who patrolled the roads for the purpose of preventing the escape of the peasants into the free towns, their only secure asylum; and was imprisoned, fed on bread and water in the black hole, which existed on every baronial estate, and flogged. The condition of these born serfs was very similar to that of the negro slaves on the West India estates during the apprenticeship term, before their final emancipation. *This system was in full vigor up to the beginning of the present century*, and not merely in remote unfrequented corners of the continent, but in the center of her civilization, all around Hamburg and Lubeck, for instance, in Holstein, Schleswig, Hanover, Brunswick, and over all Prussia."[1]

1 Page 104.

Our readers may now perceive, who have been the real friends of the poor, and the true champions of human liberty, — the Protestants or the Catholics. While the former have talked and boasted much, they have really effected little, or rather their actions have but too often sadly belied their professions. The latter, on the contrary, have said little, but have done much. And the result of these two opposite lines of conduct is plainly traceable in the present condition of the poor—the bulk of the population — in most Catholic and Protestant countries of Europe.

We have yet much more to say on this most interesting subject; we have still to speak of the social condition of Northern Europe, Switzerland, and Italy; and we have to institute a comparison between Catholic and Protestant countries in regard to the moral and religious conditions of their respective populations. But we must defer the treatment of these topics to our next paper.

XXVI. CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES.*

ARTICLE II.—GERMANY AND ITALY.

The Catholic and Protestant cantons of Switzerland—An "enlightened self-interest"—Why the Protestant cantons are more prosperous—Material condition of Catholic Italy—Italian and Scotch holy days—Mr. Laing's theory for explaining the alleged social inferiority of the Italians—Italy in ancient and modern times—Influence of climate on popular industry and activity—The Italian poor compared with those of England and Ireland—Mr. Laing's testimony—The garden-like culture of Italy—Comparative cheerfulness of Protestant and Catholic nations—Taste for the fine arts—Politeness—Temperance—Testimony of Robert Dale Owen—Comparative morality—Moral condition of Sweden—Popular education in Catholic and Protestant countries—The common school system in Austria—Liberal policy—Relative instruction of English and Belgian operatives—The Prussian common school system—Religious condition—State of religion at Geneva—Deplorable defection—Protestantism in other European countries—Mr Laing's theory to account for the admitted religious superiority of Catholic nations examined—His honorable testimony to Catholic faith and piety.

THE twenty-two cantons, composing the Swiss confederation, are nearly equally divided between Catholics and Protestants. Mr. Laing gives us the following view of the comparative religious and social condition of these two classes of the population:

"The Swiss people present to the political philosopher the unexpected and most remarkable social phenomenon of a people eminently moral in conduct, yet eminently irreligious; at the head of the moral states of Europe, not merely for absence of numerous or great crimes, or of disregard of right, but for ready obedience to law, for honesty, fidelity to their engagements, for fair dealing, sobriety, and industry, orderly conduct, for good government, useful public institutions, general well-being and comfort—yet at the bottom of the scale for religious feelings, observances, or knowledge, especially in the Protestant cantons, in which prosperity, well-being, and morality, seem to be, as compared to the Catholic cantons, in an inverse ratio to the influence of religion on the people. How is this discordance between their religious and their moral and material state to be reconciled? It is so obvious, that every traveler in Switzerland is struck with the great contrast in the well-being and material condition of the Protestant and Catholic populations, and equally so with the difference in the influence of religion over each. This influence is at its minimum in Protestant, and at its maximum nearly, in Catholic Switzerland; and the prosperity and social well-being of the people are exactly the reverse."[1]

In attempting to explain this "remarkable social phenomenon," Mr. Laing suggests that, in the Protestant cantons, as among the ancient pagan

* *Notes of a Traveler on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland Italy, and other parts of Europe, during the present century.* By Samuel Laing, Esq. author of "A Journal of a Residence in Norway," and a "Tour in Sweden." From the second London edition. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1846. 1vol. 8 vo.

1 Pp. 304—5.

Romans, "an enlightened self-interest" is made to supply the place of religious influence; and that the Protestant Swiss are moral, honest, and industrious, merely, or chiefly, because it is their interest to be so;[1] according to the old proverb — honesty is the best policy. Be this as it may, we consider his testimony rather favorable than otherwise to the Catholic cantons. If less prosperous in the things of this world, they are, according to our author, much more religious than their Protestant neighbors. The greater prosperity and material well-being of the latter are certainly not the results of any influence of the Protestant religion; for they have little or no religion of any kind to boast of, and religious influence is for them weaker than any other. So also the comparative poverty and unthriftiness of the Catholic cantons cannot be fairly ascribed to the influence of their religion; for this has obviously no tendency whatever, either in its principles or its practices, to produce any such effects. Taking the facts as stated by Mr. Laing, and admitting the correctness of his own explanation of them, it would only follow that the Protestant cantons are more thrifty, because they are more alive to their own interest, and more thoroughly selfish, than the Catholic: a circumstance not at all to their credit. It amounts precisely to what we had occasion to observe in a previous paper; that the Protestant principle of private judgment tends to isolate from the rest of society those who profess it, and to foster in them a spirit of individualism, of pride, and of avarice. It may make them more wealthy and more devoted to this world; it will not render them more amiable, more charitable, or better members of society.

If Mr. Laing had written after the late disturbances in Switzerland, — disturbances originated and carried on by the lawless radicalism and turbulence of the Protestant cantons, — we think he would have somewhat altered his opinion about the ready obedience to law, the honesty and fair dealing of the Protestant Swiss. At any rate, he might have found a much more plausible explanation for the alleged difference in material well-being of the Catholic and Protestant cantons. It surely could not have escaped his acute observation, that the latter embrace the valleys and the richest portion of Switzerland; while the former are principally confined to the mountainous, and more barren districts. This circumstance would alone explain the phenomenon alluded to, without having recourse to the difference in religious influence. Take two populations equally industrious and equally enterprising; place one in a mountainous country where the soil is thin and ungrateful, and the latter in rich and fertile valleys where nature is much more bountiful, and every one will readily understand that, in less than half a century, the former will become much more wealthy and prosperous than the latter. This is, to a great extent, the case with the Protestant and Catholic cantons. While the inhabitants of the mountainous region have remained steadfast in their allegiance to the faith of their forefathers, — to the faith of William

[1] Pp. 304—5.

Tell, of Fürst, and of Melchtal, — those of the plains, more wealthy and more attached to this world, have abandoned Catholicity and embraced Protestantism. And not only have they the advantage of position in regard to agriculture, but they have superior commercial and manufacturing facilities. They have, in fact, almost monopolized the trade and the manufactures of Switzerland. Having all these advantages, and being moreover wholly devoted to the things of this world, — being, in reality, as Mr. Laing proves, practically infidels, — can we wonder that they are more prosperous than their neighbors, the hardy Catholic mountaineers? They seek this world, and forget the world to come; Providence has punished them by awarding to them the things of this world; and THEY HAVE RECEIVED THEIR REWARD! Who envies them their condition? What generous Christian spirit is there that would not prefer the humbler state of the Catholic cantons?

Come we next to Italy, the alleged social inferiority, poverty, and political degradation of which, notwithstanding the richness of its soil and the beauty of its climate, are ascribed, by most Protestant writers on political and social economy, to its bad governments and its profession of the Catholic religion. Mr. Laing, we are happy to perceive, is much more just to the Italians than the common herd of writers to whom we have alluded. He thinks, indeed, that the Italian population is far behind the English in social well-being and in the comforts of civilized life; but he ascribes the difference to the circumstances of climate, soil, fertility, commercial facilities, and to others of a similar character. Upon the fact itself, as stated, or rather assumed, we may have something to say in the sequel; for the present we will lay before our readers Mr. Laing's explanation of it. He writes:

"To what can this difference be ascribed? Italy was far advanced — as far in many points as she is at this day — before England had started in the course of civilization; and when Scotland was in a state of gross barbarism. The Englishman ascribes this to the want of constitutional government; the Scotchman to the want of pure religious doctrine. The government and religion of a foreign country are two very convenient packhorses for the travelers. They trot along the road with him, carrying all that he cannot otherwise conveniently dispose of, and the prejudices of his readers prevent any doubt of the burden being laid upon the right beast. But, in reality, no government of the present day, no matter what be its form, is so ignorant of sound principles, so blind to its own interests, and so impregnable to public opinion, as willfully to keep back, discourage, or attempt to put down industry and civilization. It is in the means they use, not in the end they propose, that modern governments, whether despotically or liberally constituted, differ from each other," &c.[1]

In answer to the charge, that the number of holydays kept in Italian and other Catholic countries greatly interferes with the industry, and thereby diminishes the wealth of the people, he maintains that, in England, and especially in Scotland, there are, in reality, more holydays than in Italy itself:

1 Pages 433-4.

"As to religion, the popish (!) practically interferes less with the time and industry of the people than the Presbyterian. . . . . In Scotland, if we reckon the occasional fast-days, proclaimed by the church; the preparation days for the sacrament; and the many half days devoted to religious meetings, prayer meetings, church meetings, missionary society meetings, Bible society meetings, and all the other social duties connected with the religious position and sentiments of the individual, it will be found, as it ought to be found, that out of the three hundred and sixty-five days, the pious, well conducted Presbyterian tradesman, workman, or respectable middle-class man in Scotland bestows, in the present times, many more working hours in the year upon religious concerns than the papist in Italy. It is an inconsistency to ascribe to the loss of time, by their religious observances, the poverty and idleness of the population of the south of Europe, when we see the time abstracted among ourselves from the pursuits of industry for religious purposes, although little, if at all, less in amount, producing no such impoverishing or prejudicial effects; but, on the contrary, evidently invigorating the industry of the people, and contributing essentially to their morality and civilization."

Having disposed of these two fashionable methods of accounting for the alleged inferiority of Italy,— her religion and government,— Mr. Laing proceeds to give us his own theory on the subject, a theory which he confirms by plausible, if not conclusive arguments. He says:

"It is, in truth, neither the bad government, nor the bad religion of Italy, which keeps her behind the other countries of Europe. The blessings of Italy are her curse. Fine soil and climate, and an almost equal abundance of production over all the land, render each man too independent of the industry of his fellow-man. Italy has not, like all other countries which have attained to any considerable and permanent state of general civilization and industry, one portion of her population depending, from natural causes, upon another portion for necessary articles — no highland and lowland, no inland nor sea-coast populations producing different necessaries of life, and exchanging with each other industry for industry — no wine-growing population, and corn-growing population, as in France, depending upon each other's production — no mining population, sea-faring population, manufacturing population, distinct from agricultural population and production. She has no natural division of her social body into growers and consumers, because every inhabitable corner of the peninsula grows almost the same kind of products, corn, wine, oil, silk, fruits; and every consumer is a producer; and there is no natural capability in the country of raising an artificial division in its population by trade and manufacture. The great source of industry and civilization in France is the cultivation of the vine, and its natural exclusion from all the north of France. It is the greatest manufacture in the world. . . . . Italy has not this advantage. With her equal, or nearly equal productiveness of soil and climate over all, both in the kinds and quantities of her products, no considerable masses of her population are depending upon each other's industry for the supply of their mutual wants, and inseparably bound up with each other by common interests. . . There is little command of water power, and none of fire power, in the Italian peninsula, for moving machinery. The Po, the Adige, the Ticino, and all the Alpine rivers; the Tiber, the Arno, and all from the Appennines, owing to the melting of the snow at their main sources, partake of the character of mountain streams, having such

1 Pages 434-5

difference of level at different seasons, that mill-seats on their banks, at which water-power can be always available, are extremely rare. The corn mills on those rivers are constructed on rafts or boats anchored in the stream, so as to rise and fall with the increase or decrease of the water. Italy also, notwithstanding her vast extent of sea-coast, is badly situated for commercial industry, or supporting a sea-faring population. She has little coasting trade, because all parts of her territory produce nearly the same articles in sufficient abundance for the inhabitants, and has little trade, for the same reason, with the other countries on the Mediterranean. Her sea-coast also is, in general, uninhabitable from malaria; so that no great mass of population, deriving the means of living from commercial industry, and distinct from the inland population, can ever be formed. Cities and towns are, no doubt, numerous in Italy, and, perhaps, so many masses of population of from fifty to sixty thousand persons, down to two or three thousand, cannot be found anywhere else in Europe, within so small an area, as in the plains of this peninsula. But these cities and towns are of a very peculiar character. The country is so fertile, that each of those masses of population draws its subsistence from, and extends its influence over, a very small circle beyond its own town walls. All capital, industry, intelligence, civil authority, and business, public and private; all trade, manufacture, or consumption of the objects of trade and manufacture, and, it may be said, all civilization, are centralized within these cities, and the small circles of country around them from which they draw their consumption. . . .. Each city or town, within its own circle, suffices for itself, is a Metayer family upon a great scale living upon its own farm, and having no dependence upon, or connection with, the industry, interests, prosperity, or business of its neighbors in the land; and very little communication or traffic with any other masses of population, by carriers, wagons, carts, diligences, or water conveyance, the objects of interchange being, from the general bounty of nature, but very few between them."[1]

We have been somewhat copious in our extracts, because we wished to exhibit, in his own words, a correct outline of Mr. Laing's theory to account for the alleged inferiority of Italy in her material condition. According to this theory, which imbodies much accurate and solid information on the actual state of the Italian peninsula, there are causes abundantly to account for the inferiority, wholly independent of either government or religion. These causes, as we understand them, are, in brief, as follows: a fertile soil producing with exuberance the necessaries of life, without much labor in the agriculturist, whose industry is, therefore, not much called forth; the nearly equal productiveness of the land over the whole of her territory, both as to the quantity and the quality of the articles produced, thereby rendering the exchange of commodities among different portions of her population, in a great measure, unnecessary; the almost total absence of water-power and of other facilities for manufactures; the general insalubrity of her widely extended sea-coast, rendering a sea-faring life hazardous, and cutting off the right arm of her commerce; finally, a system of centralization, more or less general, making all the capitals and larger towns nearly independent of one another, because they need not go much beyond their own

1 Pages 435–37.

gates to obtain all their necessary supplies: these are the principal reasons alleged by our author to explain the alleged inferior condition of the Italian population. These causes, clearly founded in fact, would, it must be admitted, explain the alleged phenomenon, no matter what the religion, or what the government of Italy.

We may be told, that the material condition of Italy was not always as low as it is at the present day; that, not to go back to the time of the ancient Romans, the central and northern Italians were, during the middle ages, the most active and commercial people in the world; and that if Italy, instead of being cut up into a number of petty principalities, governed by absolute sovereigns, were now again united in one great state under one good government, she might be again what she once was in ancient times and during the middle ages.

We may be wrong, but we greatly doubt whether this union of the whole Italian peninsula, under one government, would be useful or expedient, even if it were practicable. The dispositions and characters of the the inhabitants are so very different in the north, center, and south of Italy, that we greatly doubt whether they could be united politically into one nation, unless on the principle of a confederation, as in Switzerland and the United States; and even this would be open to serious objections. Besides, would this destroy, or even diminish the force of the circumstances above alleged by Mr. Laing? Would it render the soil less productive, or more varied in its products? Would it make the sea-coast more healthy, or create new manufacturing or commercial facilities? Would it do away with that system of agricultural and commercial centralization which has grown so naturally out of the situation and exigencies of the country? We believe not.

The northern and central Italians were, indeed, some centuries ago, the most enterprising and active traders of Europe; the Venetians and the Genoese, the Florentines and the Pisans were the commercial carriers of the civilized world. But the condition of things has wholly changed since that period. Commerce is no longer confined to the Mediterranean and Baltic seas; it has stretched out its gigantic arms to new worlds in the far east and the far west, undreamed of by the busy merchants of the middle ages; and the natural result has been a total revolution in the state of commerce. Trade has passed into other and deeper channels; and the new commercial adventurers have supplanted the old pioneers of commerce, even in the Mediterranean itself. As to the agricultural and commercial condition of Italy under the iron sway of the ancient Romans, one fact alone would prove that it was greatly inferior to what it is at present; the Romans were compelled to draw their supplies from all parts of the world, and were even thus often straitened for the necessaries or luxuries of life; whereas at present Italy suffices for itself, having a sufficient surplus in her own rich and exuberant products to give in exchange for those luxuries of which she is in want. Besides, Italian soil is now cultivated by freemen, whose cheerfully bestowed labor

fully brings out its abundant resources, which are, besides, usually consumed on the spot; under the ancient Romans, the land was cultivated by miserable slaves, who worked, trembling under the lash, and the fruits of whose labor often went to increase the luxuries of their cruel task-masters at Rome.

There is one circumstance to which Mr. Laing has not adverted, or to which he has at least given but little importance, but which should not have been omitted in this investigation: the influence of climate on the comparative industry and activity of a people. There is no doubt that a warm climate tends greatly to enervate the system, and to indispose it for active labor; and that, on the contrary, a cold climate gives elasticity to the frame, and renders bodily exertion congenial, healthy, and even agreeable. Providence has accordingly wisely ordained, that southern regions should be naturally more fertile and productive, and that those lying in more northern latitudes should generally require more labor to develop their resources. Is it any fault of the Italians, that their exuberant soil should produce the necessaries of life with half the labor requisite for the same purpose in less genial countries? Are they to be set down at once as idle and slothful, if, unlike their less favored northern neighbors, they have occasionally more leisure on their hands, after the necessary labor of the season? Are they to be censured as lazy drones in society, if, content with the necessaries of life, they are not goaded on continually by the stimulus of avarice, to accumulate overgrown fortunes by ceaseless labor and solicitude for this world's goods? We think not.

It sounds well to talk of the industry and enterprise of a people, and of the comforts they gather around themselves as the fruits of long continued labor. But if we look a little more closely into the matter, and find that, as is but too often the case in England, the poor operative may toil from morning till night during all the days of a hard life, probably shortened by excessive labor and exposure; if we find, moreover, that, with all this weary labor, he is scarcely able to procure the bare necessaries of life for himself and family; and that, at the end of his mortal career, he is no more wealthy than he was at its commencement, his hard earnings having, to a great extent, gone into the pockets of an unfeeling capitalist; then the charm of all this much eulogized industry vanishes at once, and we are almost disposed to envy the comparative indolence of the Italian. The proverbial *dolce far niente* of the latter, is certainly preferable, in this state of the case, to the never-ending labor of the former.

And if we extend our view a little farther, and look into the miserable hovels of the Irish laborers—the great mass of the Irish population;—their poor and scanty food, often wholly insufficient to sustain life itself; their children crying aloud for bread or potatoes, which the agony-stricken parent, with all his hard and ceaseless toil, is not able to bestow; and when we reflect that all this misery is the natural result of that heartless and griping avarice which is for ever crying out to the poor—work! work! work!: we are tempted to execrate a system so utterly at variance

with the dictates of humanity,—a system which fattens on the weary labor of the poor, and makes the wealth of a nation compatible with the misery, verging even on the starvation, of the great mass of its population. Better far have a people less industrious, less commercial, and less enterprising, and, at the same time, less avaricious and less laborious, and withal better clothed, better fed, and more happy.

What calm and impartial observer will say, that the mass of the Italian population is a whit worse off than that of Ireland, or even that of Scotland or England? Laying all prejudice aside, and looking into things as they really are, we cannot fail to come to the conclusion, that the laboring class in Italy is as well fed, and as well clothed, as the similar class in Scotland or England itself; and, at the same time, much more cheerful and happy in their humble condition: while between their state and that of the poor crushed and starving Irish operatives there is no comparison whatever. Few are the Italian laborers who have not a sufficiency of bread, wine, oil, and cheese, throughout the year. These articles may, indeed, be of inferior quality; but they suffice to appease hunger, and the people are satisfied with them. Even the poor beggar is not generally destitute of these necessaries or luxuries of life; and instances of downright starvation in Italy are very rare indeed. The Italian peasant may not have the luxury of meat as often as the English laborer; but he has it as often at least as the Irish, and besides he is content to do without it. His climate does not require so gross or so abundant a food as does one farther north; and he can therefore afford to be content with less. He may not, indeed, be so free, in a political point of view, as his English brother, and he may not boast so much about his political rights; but, withal, he is as content with his lot. He is in a condition of political thraldom, generally of a mild and paternal character, which does not at least tantalize him with the vision of a freedom beyond his reach; the English laborer, politically free and boasting of his rights as a freemen, is often, in reality, bound by much more galling chains of servitude. Money and capital are more exacting and cruel task-masters than the worst political despotism. It is not those who talk most of liberty, who are in reality the freest.

Let us see what Mr. Laing himself says on this subject. Speaking of the Tuscan population about Florence, he remarks:

"Without, within, and around the gates of Florence, you hear on all sides the busy hum of men. The suburbs of small houses, the clusters of good, clean, tradesmen-like habitations, extend a mile or two. Shops, wine houses, market carts, country people, smart peasant girls, gardeners, weavers, wheelrights, hucksters, in short, all the ordinary suburban trades and occupations which usually locate themselves in the outskirts of thriving cities, are in full movement here. The laboring class in Florence are well lodged; and from the number and contents of the provision stalls in the obscure, third rate streets, the number of butcher's shops, grocers' shops, eating houses, the coffee-house for the middle and lower classes, the traveler must conclude that they are generally well fed and at their ease. The laborer is whistling at his work, the weaver singing over his 'loom.'"[1]

1 Page 418.

Referring to the famous Tuscan valley of the Arno, he bears the following flattering testimony to its agricultural condition, as compared to that of the most favored districts in England or Scotland:

"Scotland, or England, can produce no one tract of land to be compared to this strath of the Arno, not to say for productiveness, because that depends on the soil and climate, which we have not of similar quality to compare, but for industry and intelligence applied to husbandry, for perfect drainage, for irrigation, for garden-like culture, for clean state of crops, for absence of all waste of land, labor, or manure; for good cultivation, and the good condition of the laboring cultivator. These are points which admit of being compared between one farm and another, in the most distant soils and climates. Our system of large farms will gain nothing in such a comparison with the husbandry of Tuscany, Flanders, or Switzerland, under a system of small farms."[1]

He ascribes the garden-like culture of Tuscany to the system of small proprietorship, as he does the inferior cultivation of the papal and Neapolitan states to that of large landed estates, on which husbandry is not attended to in such detail. He commends the Roman Pontiffs for their zeal in draining the Pontine Marshes, the natural situation of which will not, however, admit of perfect drainage.[2] Another drawback on the agriculture of the papal states is, the existence of that widely extended, uninhabitable, and, to a great extent, uncultivable Maremna district, which the papal government had surely no hand in creating, or rendering barren and desolate.[3] Out of this district, along the borders of the Adriatic Sea, in the vicinity of Bologna and Ancona, the agricultural condition of the country might be well compared with that of England itself; to say nothing of the beautiful and highly cultivated plains of Lombardy.

No one who has at all glanced at the relative condition of the Protestant and Catholic populations of Europe, or at that of its northern and southern inhabitants, can fail to have remarked the superior cheerfulness of the latter. This trait lies on the surface, and it is as prominent as it is characteristic. While the northern Protestant is, in general, as serious and gloomy, as his own climate; the southern Catholic is as lively and cheerful, as his own beautiful fields and bright skies. Is this the result of climate or of religion? We believe it is the effect of both combined. The Catholic religion is much more cheerful than any of the numerous Protestant sects. It has its stated popular feasts and church holydays, and it encourages a spirit of innocent hilarity among its people. It does not measure a man's religion by the length of his face; but, on the contrary, estimates it by the amount of his good deeds, and of his cheerfulness in bestowing charity, and in doing his duty to God and man. If we except a portion of Germany, in which the old Catholic cheerfulness of the population has been proof against the gloomy influences of Protestantism, we know of no Protestant country that has any innocent popular amusement worth speaking of. Theaters, horse-races, boxing matches, cock fights these are, indeed, found in abundance; but are they innocent, or do they

1 Page 420. 2 Page 368. 3 Page 376, seqq.

contribute to the cheerfulness of the people? Does not the spirit of avarice — to say nothing of drunkenness, quarreling, and other vices equally ruinous — usually preside over them all; and is not amusement but too often made subservient to mere money-making? Where are the religious holydays and popular festivals which once gladdened the hearts of Englishmen, and gave to England the title of "merry,"—a title that she can no longer wear with propriety? All gone, swept away by the gloomy tendency of a *new* religion, and by the breath of a mammonism, the cardinal maxim of which is — *time is money*. Where will you find in Protestant regions those frequent and vast assemblages of the common people, commingling in cheerful social intercourse on the green lawn, or in public walks laid out in each city for this purpose? Such places of public amusement exist in almost all the cities of southern Europe; but few of them are to be found in the north, and even these become places for display, theaters for the splendid equipages of the rich, rather than public property, and places of free and general resort for the people of all classes and grades of society.

Closely connected with this habitual cheerfulness of the Italians, is a generally diffused taste for the fine arts; for music, painting, sculpture and architecture. This may be said to be a characteristic trait of the popular mind in Italy, which is, even now, avowedly the principal seat of the fine arts. Next to Italy, in this respect, comes Catholic Bavaria, under the auspices of her enlightened government; but Bavaria caught the spirit from Italy. Mr. Laing freely admits that, "a single town in Italy or Germany could produce more show-edifices, more costly palaces, more museums, picture galleries, and music saloons, than half the Island of Great Britain."[1] He likewise asserts it as "undeniable, that in the character of the people of Britain, even of the higher classes, there is no feeling for the fine arts, no foundation for them, no esteem for them."[2] And though he believes that this sad want of taste is no disparagement to the British character, and that it is, on the contrary, rather an evidence of a practical good sense, which prefers in all things the useful to the beautiful and agreeable, and would fain turn every thing into gold, yet we beg leave to differ widely from him in opinion on the subject. We cannot subscribe to that heartless utilitarianism, which would ruthlessly immolate every object of taste on the altar of mammon, and would denounce, as a waste of money, every expenditure not made according to the principles of reproductive industry, so much commended by our author. With all due deference to his judgment, we could not consent to have the statues of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Canova, taken down from the niche of fame, to be replaced by those of Arkwright, Watt, and Davy.[3] The useful and the fine arts are not incompatible, and might easily be cultivated together by the same people. The cultivation of a taste for the fine arts tends greatly to humanize a people, to develop the finer feelings of our nature, and greatly to refine popular manners.

1 Page 442. 2 Ibid. 3 Such would seem to be Mr. Laing's aspiration. See p 45.

Accordingly, we find that the Italians are far in advance of the English in politeness, by which we mean not merely the forms of courtesy in social intercourse, but that habitual respect for the opinions and feelings of others, manifested both in word and deed, which distinguishes a highly refined and polished society from one that is rude and uncouth. The Italians, like the French, are remarkable for their universal politeness, particularly towards strangers. Nor is this trait of character confined to the higher and more educated classes; it is common also to the lowest, and even to children. We have often heard and read of the rudeness and vulgarity of an English crowd, drawn together by curiosity on occasions of public rejoicing or excitement. How strong the contrast between their conduct on such occasions, and that of a late Italian assemblage at Venice, on a festival in honor of a beloved parish priest having reached the fiftieth year of his ministry! Mr. Laing was present on this occasion, on which the whole Venitian population seems to have turned out; and, after describing the scene, he tells us, that

"In all this bustle, I did not see, even in the fish market at the Rialto, a single instance of intoxication — people were not drinking, although all were singing, talking, and enjoying themselves — nor a single instance, *even among the boys*, of jostling, pushing, running, or rudeness, nor a single person whom I could suppose to be a policeman. The ordinary corporal's guard, at a public building near the church, was the only authority I saw of any kind."[1]

He furnishes similar testimony in regard to the refinement and politeness of the lower orders in Florence:

"No town on the continent," he says, "shows so much of this kind of intellectuality (a taste for the fine arts), or so much well-being and good conduct among the people. It happened that the 9th of May was kept here as a great holyday by the lower class, as May-day with us, and they assembled in a kind of park about a mile from the city, where booths, tents, and carts with wine and eatables for sale, were in crowds and clusters, as at our village wakes and race-courses. The multitude from town and country round could not be less than twenty thousand people, grouped in small parties, dancing, singing, talking, dining on the grass, and enjoying themselves. *I did not see a single instance of inebriety, ill-temper, or unruly boisterous conduct;* yet the people were gay and joyous. There was no police, except at the crossings of the alley in the park, a mounted dragoon to make the innumerable carts, horses, and carriages of all kinds and classes keep their files and their own sides of the road. The scene gave a favorable impression of the state of the lower classes in Tuscany."[2]

Such exhibitions speak volumes for the moral training and habitual politeness of a people. Drunkenness, in fact, as well as rudeness or coarseness of manners, are almost unknown in southern Europe. They seem to be almost distinctive traits in the character of certain northern nations, who yet boast of their superior refinement, and take it upon themselves to sneer at the people of Catholic countries farther south! In a recent letter from Naples, Robert Dale Owen writes as follows:

1 Page 428. 2 Pages 418-19

"I have not seen a man even partially intoxicated since I have been in the city, of 420,000 inhabitants, and they say one may live here for four years without seeing one. All drink light wines; and I am not at all sure if Longworth, the Cincinnati patron of vineyards, is not doing more in our country for temperance, than any temperance lecturer in it."

Nor is this the only thing, in which the morality of Italy and other Catholic countries is purer and more elevated than that of northern nations professing Protestantism. Singular as it may appear to those who are forever boasting of the superior moral tendency of Protestantism, it is a fact openly avowed and clearly established by Mr. Laing, himself a Protestant, that these northern nations, particularly Sweden and Prussia, in spite of the coldness of the climate, and the consequent colder temperament of the people, are decidedly the most impure and unchaste in the whole range of the civilized world! We cannot make room in this place for his full testimony and his abundant statistical facts on the subject; nor is it deemed necessary, as they have been already frequently quoted in this country, and are more or less familiar to our readers. Suffice it to say, that a long preface of thirty pages, prefixed to the present American edition of his "Notes," is devoted to a triumphant vindication of his previous statements, in a former edition, in regard to the low state of morals in Sweden. He here establishes, from undoubted statistical returns, that in Stockholm, the Swedish capital, there is one illegitimate birth, to every one and a half that are legitimate![1]

We will present here a brief analysis of his testimony:

"It is a singular and embarrassing fact that the Swedish nation, isolated from the mass of European people, and almost entirely agricultural or pastoral, having, in about three millions of individuals, only 14,925 employed in manufactories, and these not congregated in one or two places, but scattered among 2,037 factories, having no great standing army or navy, no external commerce, no afflux of strangers, no considerable city but one, and having schools and universities in a fair proportion, and a powerful and complete church establishment, undisturbed in its labors by sect or schism, is notwithstanding *in a more demoralized state than any other nation in Europe*, — more demoralized even than any equal portion of the dense manufacturing population of Great Britain. This is a very curious fact in moral statistics."[2]

To establish this fact, he produces the strongest evidence from authentic statistical tables. In 1837, 26,275 were under prosecution for criminal offenses in Sweden, of whom 21,262 were convicted; being one to every one hundred and forty of the entire population. In 1836, the number convicted of heinous crimes was still greater, being in proportion of one to one hundred and thirty-four of the whole population. Among the heinous crimes, figure murder, child murder, poisoning, robbery, and bestiality! In order to understand the awful extent of crime in this thoroughly Protestant country, it is enough to state, that the amount of crime there is seven-fold greater than even in England, which is surely bad

1 Page 25.

2 "A Tour in Sweden in 1838;" London, 1839. Noticed by the Dublin Review, May 1843.

enough! In England, the proportion which the number convicted of crime bears to the total population, is as 1 to 1005.

The most thoroughly immoral city in the world is Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. In all Sweden the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children is as one to fourteen; in the capitol, it was in 1837, as one to two and three-tenths!!! When this startling revelation made by Mr. Laing appeared, the Swedish legation in London attempted its refutation in an elaborate pamphlet. This provoked a rejoinder from Laing, who triumphantly proved all his previous statements, by unanswerable statistics. He proved, that in 1838, "the divorces were 147, the suicides 172. Of the 2,714 children born in Stockholm, 1,577 were legitimate, 1,137 illegitimate; making only a balance of 440 chaste mothers out of 2,714; and the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children, not as one to two and three-tenths, but as ONE TO ONE AND A HALF!!"[2]

In regard to Prussia, he asserts that chastity, the "index-virtue of the moral condition of a people, is lower than in almost any part of Europe."[3] In proof of this, he adds:

"It is no uncommon event in the family of a respectable tradesman in Berlin to find on his breakfast table a little baby, of which, whoever may be the father, he has no doubt at all about the maternal grandfather. Such accidents are so common in the class in which they are least common with us—the middle class removed from ignorance or indigence—that they are regarded but as accidents, as youthful indiscretions, not as disgraces, affecting, as with us, the respectability and happiness of all the kith and kid for a generation."[4]

The worst enemy of Italy could not assert so much as this, in regard to the state of Italian morals.

Mr. Laing has bestowed much research on the interesting subject of popular education in the various nations of Europe; and, zealous Protestant though he be, truth compelled him to award the palm of pre-eminence to Catholic countries. The following extract, exhibiting the result of his inquiries on the subject, will probably startle those, who have been led to believe that naught but darkness and superstition could come of Catholicity:

"In Catholic Germany, in France, and even in Italy, the education of the common people, in reading, writing, arithmetic, music, manners, and morals, is at least as generally diffused, and as faithfully promoted by the clerical body, as in Scotland. It is by their own advance, and not by keeping back the advance of the people, that the popish priesthood of the present day seek to keep ahead of the intellectual progress of the community in Catholic lands: and they might, perhaps, retort on our Presbyterian clergy, and ask, if they too are in their countries at the head of the intellectual movement of the age? Education is in reality not only not repressed, but is encouraged by the popish church; and is a mighty instrument in its hands, and ably used. In every street in Rome, for instance, there are, at short distances, public primary schools, for the education of the children of the lower and middle classes in the neighborhood. Rome, with a population of 158,678 souls, has 372 public

1 Laing, Ibid 2 Ibid. 3 P. 173. 4 Ibid.

primary schools, with 482 teachers, and 14,000 children attending them. Has Edinburg so many schools for the instruction of those classes? I doubt it. Berlin, with a population about double that of Rome, has only 264 schools. Rome has also her university, with an average attendance of 660 students: and the Papal States, with a population of two and a half millions, contain seven universities. Prussia, with a population of fourteen millions, has but seven."

Austria is generally represented as among the most despotic governments in Europe, or in the world. We have no mission to defend her policy. We have always detested tyranny wherever it was found; but we doubt not, that much of the obloquy which has been, of late years, so freely poured out upon this government, has originated in the fact that more than three-fourths of the Austrian people are Catholics. However, with all the alleged tyranny of this vast Catholic majority, having full control of the government, are the civil or religious rights of the Protestant minority violated or infringed? Not at all. The Protestants have there, not only perfect freedom of worship, but also their *separate schools;* though in Austria, as elsewhere, there is a government system of common schools. Thus, in despotic Austria the Protestants are generally granted a privilege which, in this free and enlightened country, is positively and sternly denied to the small Catholic minority by the overwhelming Protestant majority of our citizens! This is one out of a hundred instances which might be alleged, to show the difference between the theory and practice of liberty among those who profess to be its warmest advocates. Let the Protestant majority in this country do for the Catholics what tyrannical Catholic Austria is doing for her Protestant citizens; and then they may, with some appearance of consistency, indulge in railings against Austrian despotism!

For the assertion above made in regard to Austrian liberality, we allege the most respectable Protestant authority, that of *Joseph Kay*, Esq., in a work recently published in England on education, and dedicated to Lord John Russell.[1] He says:

"The most interesting and satisfactory feature of the Austrian system is the great liberality with which the government, although so staunch an adherent and supporter of the Romanist priesthood, has treated the religious parties who differ from itself in their religious dogmas. It has been entirely owing to this liberality, that neither the great number of the sects in Austria, nor the great difference of their religious tenets, has hindered the work of the education of the poor throughout the empire. Here, as elsewhere, it has been demonstrated that such difficulties may easily be overcome, when a government understands how to raise the nation in civilization, and *wishes earnestly to do so.*

"In those parishes of the Austrian Empire, where there are any dissenters from the Romanist Church, the education of their children is not directed by the priest, but is committed to the care of the dissenting ministers. These latter are empowered and required by government to provide for, to watch over, and to promote the education of the children of their own sects, in the same manner as the priests are required to do for the education of Catholic children.

1 The work is entitled: The Social Condition and Education of the people in England and Europe; by Joseph Kay, Esq., M. A., of the Inner Temple, &c."

"In each county a dissenting minister is chosen by the magistrates, as the general superintendent and inspector of the education of all the dissenters of his county. This minister, accompanied by one of the county magistrates, is required to visit and inspect the dissenting schools in his county at least once in every year, and to report thereon. He is also required and empowered to enforce the building of schools in districts inhabited by dissenters alone, but unsupplied with schools; to oblige all the dissenters to send their children to some school or to educate them efficiently at home; to *take care that the children of dissenters who attend Romanist schools* receive regular religious instruction from some minister of their own sect."

We must be permitted to present another Protestant authority, to show the relative condition, in the matter of education and morals, of the laborers in the mining districts of Catholic Belgium and Protestant England. The committee of the council of education has lately laid their Blue Book before the English Parliament. Rev. J. P. Norris, one of the inspectors of schools, surely an unexceptionable witness, reports as follows on the subject just alluded to:

"In a short tour of inquiry made last autumn through the Belgian coal fields, I found that the miners made up for the poverty of their earlier schooling by attendance at Sunday schools and evening schools, in the interval of their work. Some of these evening schools were especially devoted to the instruction of the *porions* or overmen, in mensuration and other mining sciences; the prizes and certificates are given by the municipal authorities who supported these schools, and their effects was plainly discernible in the intelligence and politeness of those with whom I conversed at their work." "In South Staffordshire," he proceeds to say, "the case is far different. The child who goes down into the pit at ten years old is consigned to darkness, morally as well as physically. I shall not soon lose the painful impression left upon my mind by an examination, by torch-light, of nine collier boys, whom I got together in one of the best ordered pits on the western side of Dudley. Their ages varied from 10 to 15. Six had once attended school, and professed to be able to read; two still attended a Sunday school occasionally. Only one could answer the simplest questions in arithmetic — what would 2s. 6d. or 3s. a day amount to in a week? — how many lbs. in a hundred weight? — how many cwt. there were to a ton? One, with great difficulty, multiplied 28 by 4. On passing from the 'reckoning night' to the office of the great reckoning day, they told me at once that I referred to the last day, when God would judge us all. What would he ask? They appeared to have forgotton the Commandments. Those who had been at school by degrees began to remember something about them, and could say the fifth and eighth when started. None knew how many Gospels there were. I began 'Matthew,' one called 'John;' none could tell all four. How many Apostles? None knew. Which was the wicked one — the traitor? One said 'Peter,' another 'Abraham;' none knew. Throughout my tour in that dark district, the thought of that benighted group of boys, and the almost melancholy expression which the torch-light showed me on the pale faces of the elder men, seemed to follow me, and drive me like a goad."

Mr. Laing has examined the question of common school education in Prussia, in all its bearings; he has devoted three long chapters to its consideration; and he has proved by facts and arguments which are

conclusive and unanswerable, that the system is highly injurious and pernicious in its influence on the morals, on the religion, and on the social condition and character of the people; that, instead of raising them up in the scale of social life, it enthralls, debases, and degrades them into mere slaves, wholly devoid of all proper self-respect, and of all intellectual, moral, religious, and political freedom.[1] He has established all this to a demonstration. He has shown, that "the lowest class of the Prussian population are, intellectually, but big children who know their letters;" that "they are in an extreme inertness of mind;"[2] and that they are, with all their pretended learning, immeasurably below the peasantry of many other countries, in which popular education is less generally diffused. They are taught just so much as the government wishes — just enough to make them accomplished slaves; no more.

Our limits will not permit us to give even a condensed analysis of his facts and arguments on this branch of the subject. We must refer those who wish for more extended information to the work itself, or to the notice of it in a recent number of the Dublin Review. We can make room for only one or two extracts:

"The almost mechanical operations of reading, writing, and reckoning, are unquestionably most valuable acquirements; — who can deny or doubt it? but they are not education: they are the means only, not the end — the tools, not the work — in the education of man. . . . . If the ultimate object of all education and knowledge be to raise man to the feeling of his own moral worth — to a sense of his responsibility to his Creator, and to his conscience for every act — to the dignity of a reflecting, self-guiding, virtuous, religious member of society — then the Prussian educational system is a failure. It is only a training from childhood in the conventional discipline and submission of mind which the state exacts from its subjects. It is not a training or education which has raised, but which has lowered, the human character. This system of interference and intrusion into the inmost domestic relations of the people, this educational drill of every family by state means and machinery, supersedes parental tuition. It is a fact not to be denied, that the Prussian population is at this day, when the fruits of the educational system may be appreciated in the generation of the adults, in a remarkably demoralized condition in those branches of moral conduct which cannot be taught by the parents, because parental tuition is broken in upon by governmental interference in Prussia, its efficacy and weight annulled, and the natural dependence of the child upon the words of wisdom of the parent — the delicate threads by which the infant's mind, as its body, draws nutriment from its parent — is ruptured."[3]

"The Prussians morally are slaves of enslaved minds. Compulsory education, compulsory religion, compulsory military service, and the finger of government interfering in all action and opinion, and leaving nothing to free-will and uncontrolled individual judgment; — produce youths well educated, as it is called, because they can read, write, and sing, well dressed, well drilled, and able-bodied; and whose *selbstgefuhl*,[4] whose moral sense has not been educated, raised, and cultivated, even to the extent of making them feel debased or degraded, at running, cap in hand, begging at the side of carriages on the highway."[5]

1 Laing, chapters vi, vii, viii. 2 Laing, p. 264.
3 Laing, pp. 172–3. 4 Self-respect or esteem. 5 Laing, p. 176.

We will devote our remaining space to a few remarks and testimonies of Mr. Laing on the relative religious condition of the two classes of countries which we are comparing. In regard to religion, the Catholic populations of Europe occupy the most elevated ground; while the Protestant, on the contrary, have sunk to the lowest depth, and have surely little to boast of. Mr. Laing assures us, for example, that in Prussia the standard of religious faith is very low indeed. The public mind there, he says, has a strong "tendency to rationalism in its extreme — that is . . . . to treating all religion with levity, indifference, or disbelief."[1] He draws the following graphic sketch of the present fallen condition of religion in Geneva, the former center of Calvinism:

"I happened to be in Geneva one Sunday morning as the bells were tolling for church. The very sounds which once called the powerful minds of a Calvin, a Knox, a Zuingli, to religious exercise and meditation, were now summoning the descendants of their cotemporaries to the same house of prayer. There are few Scotchmen whose hearts would not respond to such a call. I hastened to the ancient cathedral, the church of St. Peter, to see the pulpit from which Calvin had preached, to sit possibly in the very seat from which John Knox has listened, to hear the pure doctrines of Christianity from the preachers who now stand where once the great champion of the reformation stood; to mark, too, the order and observances of the Calvinistic service here in its native church; to revive, too, in my mind, Scotland and the picturesque Sabbath days of Scotland in a foreign land. But where is the stream of citizens' families in the street, so remarkable a feature in every Scotch town when the bells are tolling to church? . . . — Geneva, the seat and center of Calvinism, the fountain-head from which the pure and living waters of our Scottish Zion flow, the earthly source, the pattern, the Rome of our Presbyterian doctrine and practice, has fallen lower from her own original doctrine and practice than ever Rome fell. Rome has still superstition; Geneva has not even that semblance of religion. In the head church of the original seat of Calvinism, in a city of five and twenty thousand souls, at the only service on the Sabbath day — there being no evening service — I sat down in a congregation of about two hundred females, and three and twenty males, mostly elderly men of a former generation, with scarcely a youth, or boy, or working man among them. A meagre liturgy, or printed form of prayer, a sermon, which, as far as religion was concerned, might have figured the evening before at the meeting of some geological society, as an 'ingenious essay' on the Mosaic chronology, a couple of psalm tunes on the organ, and a waltz to go out with, were the church service. In the afternoon the only service in towns or in the country is reading a chapter of the Bible to the children, and hearing them gabble over their catechism in a way which shows they have not a glimpse of the meaning. A pleasure tour in the steamboats, which are regularly advertised for a Sunday promenade around the lake, a pic-nic dinner in the country, and overflowing congregations in the evening at the theater, the equestrian circus, the concert saloons, ball rooms, and coffee houses, are all that distinguish Sunday from Monday, in that city in which, three centuries before, Calvin moved the senate and the people to commit to the flames his own early friend Servetus, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and one of the first philosophers of the age, for presuming to differ in opinion and strength of argument from his own religious dogma.

1 Page 208.

This is action and reaction in religious spirit with a vengeance. In the village churches along the Protestant side of the lake of Geneva — spots upon the earth, the traveler would say, especially intended to elevate the mind of man to his Creator by the glories of the surrounding scenery — the rattling of the billiard balls, the rumbling of the skittles trough, the shout, the laugh, the distant shots of the rifle-gun clubs, are heard above the psalm, the sermon, and the barren forms of state prescribed prayer, during the one brief service on Sundays, delivered to very scanty congregations, in fact, to a few females and a dozen or two old men, in very populous parishes supplied with able and zealous ministers."[1]

This is, indeed, "a reaction in religious spirit with a vengeance!" Geneva began by renouncing Catholicity, and substituting for it a sad and gloomy religious system of her own devising; she has ended by renouncing Christianity itself!

We might easily show that, in the other continental countries of Europe, in Sweden, in Norway, in Denmark, in Holland, and in France, Protestantism has fallen as low as in Geneva and in Prussia, and that, at this day, it scarcely retains even a semblance of religion. It has run its wild and eccentric race, and has reached the very abyss into which its enlightened opponents foretold, three centuries ago, it would certainly fall — the abyss of rationalism and infidelity. Alas! for that pride of individual judgment, which was the fatal first error of the reformers, and which has led to the ruin of all religion among the children of their earliest followers! "Every man who exalteth himself shall be humbled," said our divine Saviour more than eighteen centuries ago.

In strong contrast with this low condition of religion in Protestant countries, is its actual state in those which have retained the venerable faith of antiquity. In these you find evils and scandals, it is true, but you find also a strong faith and a growing fervor of devotion among the great body of the people. Some deists and some irreligious persons there may be, but their number is inconsiderable, and they generally keep their infidelity to themselves. All things considered, the Roman Catholic Church is as strong now, both as to numbers and influence, as she ever was in her palmiest days; if she is not even stronger, which there is every reason to believe. Her ministers are, perhaps, more zealous, learned, and devoted, than at any former period. Her missionaries still go forth to the farthest ends of the earth, with the same heroic ardor as animated the first apostles; and martyrdom often crowns their zeal in the midst of the most brilliant conquests of the cross, borne by them in triumph to the far off barbarians of the eastern and western hemispheres.

Strange as it may appear, Mr. Laing acknowledges all this, fully admits the marked contrast between the present condition of Catholicity and of Protestantism on the European continent, and is much at a loss to account for the fact. He devotes a whole chapter to this subject;[2] and we have found it the most curious, candid, and interesting in the

1 Pages 305–6. 2 Chapter xxi.

work. His theory seems to be, that our Church machinery is much superior to that of Protestantism; that our clergy are, at least comparatively to the people, better educated, that they are more disinterested, more cut off from the world, and therefore more influential with the people than the Protestant; that our doctrines and worship are more mysterious and much more sacred in the eyes of those who believe them; and that our religion has more apparent unity, besides an elasticity which adapts it better to every class of minds. All this may be ingenious enough; and it is as much as we could possibly have expected from even an enlightened and candid Scotch Presbyterian. But a much simpler and far more satisfactory theory to account for this acknowledged superiority, would have been the simple statement and acknowledgment of a palpable fact or truth; — that Catholicity is divine, and Protestantism human. This alone can explain the difference.

We cannot better close this article than with two or three extracts from the chapter of our author above alluded to. They will speak for themselves, and will need no comment:

"The power of ancient Rome, in the meridian of her glory, was not so wonderful as her subsequent and her present dominion over the mind of man. Physical power we can understand. We see its growth. We see its cause along with its effect. We see armies in front, and civil authority in rear. But this moral power, this government over the mind, extending through regions more vast and distant than ever the Roman arms conquered, is the most extraordinary phenomenon in human history. The papist claims it as a proof of the divine origin and truth of his doctrine. The Protestant and the philosopher inquire what principles of human origin give this power over the minds of men such wonderful extension and durability." [1]

"Catholicity has certainly a much stronger hold over the human mind than Protestantism. The fact is visible and undeniable, and perhaps, not unaccountable. The fervor of devotion among these Catholics, the absence of all worldly feelings in their religious acts, strike every traveler who enters a Roman Catholic church abroad. They seem to have no reserve, no false shame, false pride, or whatever the feeling may be, which, among us Protestants, makes the individual exercise of devotion private, hidden — an affair of the closet. Here and every where in Catholic countries, you see well dressed people, persons of the higher as well as of the lower orders, on their knees upon the pavement of the church, totally regardless of, and unregarded by the crowd of passengers in the aisles moving to and fro. I have Christian charity enough to believe, and I do not envy that man's mind who does not believe, that this is quite sincere devotion, and not hypocrisy, affectation, or attempt at display. It is so common, that none of these motives could derive the slightest gratification from the act; not more than a man's vanity could be gratified by his appearing in shoes, or a hat, where all wear the same. In no Protestant place of worship do we witness the same intense abstraction in prayer, the same unaffected devotion of mind. The beggar woman comes in here, and kneels down by the side of the princess, and evidently no feeling of intrusion suggests itself in the mind of either. To the praise of the papist, be it said, no worldly distinctions,

1 Page 394.

or human rights of property, much less money payment for places in a house of worship, appear to enter into their imaginations. Their churches are God's houses, open alike to all his rational creatures, without distinction of high or low, rich or poor. All who have a soul to be saved come freely to worship. They have no family pews, or seats for genteel souls, and seats for vulgar souls. Their houses of worship are not let out, like theaters, or opera houses, or Edinburg kirks, for money rents for the sittings. The public mind is evidently more religionized than in Protestant countries.[1]

"The sleek, fat, narrow-minded, wealthy drone, is now to be sought for on the Episcopal bench, or in the prebendal stall of the Lutheran or Anglican churches; the well-off, comfortable parish minister, yeoman-like in mind, intelligence, and social position, in the manse and glebe of the Calvinistic church. The poverty-stricken, intellectual recluse, never seen abroad but on his way to or from his studies, or church duties, living no body knows where, but all know in the poorest manner, upon a wretched pittance in his obscure abode, and this is the popish priest of the nineteenth century, has all the advantage of position with the multitude for giving effect to his teaching. Our clergy, especially in Scotland, have a very erroneous impression of the state of the popish clergy. In our country churches, we often hear them prayed for as men wallowing in luxury, and sunk in gross ignorance. This is somewhat injudicious, as well as uncharitable; for when the youth of their congregations who, in this traveling age, must often come in contact abroad with the Catholic clergy so described, find them in learning, liberal views, and genuine piety, according to their own doctrines, so very different from the description and the describers, there will unavoidably arise comparisons, in the minds especially of females and young susceptible persons, by no means edifying or flattering to their clerical teachers at home. . . . . Our churchmen should understand better the strength of a formidable adversary, who is evidently gaining ground but too fast on our Protestant church, and who in this age brings into the field zeal and purity of life equal to their own, and learning, a training in theological scholarship, and a general knowledge superior, perhaps, to their own. The education of the regular clergy of the Catholic Church is, perhaps, positively higher, and beyond doubt comparatively higher, than the education of the Scotch clergy."[2]

We hope all will purchase and read this work of Mr. Laing.

1 Pp. 394-5. 2 Pp. 399, 400.

XXVII. CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES.*

ARTICLE III.— ENGLAND, AS SHE IS AND WAS.

English boasting—What is the condition of her people?—Has her greatness elevated the masses of her population?—A land of social contrasts—English pauperism a crime—Frightful condition of English operatives—Summary of evidence on the subject—How England relieves her poor—The work-houses—The dying pauper—Testimony of Dr. Southey—No liberty for the poor in England—Immorality of London—The Anglican establishment—England evangelizing the world!—The English aristocracy—Brougham on English taxation—Mammonism in England and America—Portrait of Daniel O'Connell.

For three hundred years, England has been basking in the glorious sunshine of the reformation. For three hundred years, she has been under the manifold influences of that great religious revolution, which, in the sixteenth century, promised to emancipate the human mind from a degrading servitude, and to re-instate it in its original dignity and moral grandeur. For three hundred years, has she been boasting her own superior enlightenment over the other nations of the civilized world, and disdainfully sneering at the condition of people less favored.

But, with all this loud boasting, what is her real condition? What is the social and moral condition of the great mass of her population? Have her people been really elevated in the scale of society? Are they more free, more enlightened, more comfortable, more happy, than they were in the good old Catholic times, when the sea-girt Isle acknowledged the sway of the Roman Pontiffs, and bowed reverently at the time-honored altars of the Catholic worship? Or, have they, on the contrary, been lowered in all these important respects? Has the shipwreck of the ancient faith in England been followed by that of popular virtue, of popular comfort, of popular happiness? And if so, has this deterioration been the natural and necessary consequence of the change in religion? We will endeavor briefly to answer these important questions in the present paper.

That England at the present day is, in a certain sense, great and glorious, we not only do not pretend to deny, but we expressly admit. Her manufactures have attained a perfection even surpassing the most sanguine anticipations, and have flourished beyond all precedent. Her commerce is truly gigantic: she trades with the whole world; her

* *The Glory and Shame of England.* "*In England, those who till the earth, and make it lovely and fruitful by their labors, are only allowed the slave's share of the many blessings they produce.*" By C. Edwards Lester; in 2 vols., 12mo. pp. 253, 293. New York Harper & Brothers. 1841.

merchantmen fill every ocean and sea, and crowd every port of the nations, whether barbarian or civilized. Some years ago she broke down the iron wall which shut the rest of the world out from China, and she made a most important treaty of commerce with his "Celestial Majesty, the brother of the moon." Her navy rides triumphant in every sea and ocean. Her empire bestrides the earth; the sun never sets on her dominions. She has dominions in Europe, in Asia, in America, in Africa, and in the islands of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. Yet, with all this colossal power and grandeur, what is the social, moral, and religious condition of her people at home; — to say nothing of the millions of crouching slaves who tremble under her iron scepter abroad? She has her glory; but has she not, also, her burning shame? Like the old Roman empire, she has extended her power over the world; but has she not, too, like the old Roman empire, established her political ascendency by the most unhallowed means? Has she not, like that, crushed all whom she subdued, and cemented her iron power by the sufferings and blood of her subjects, both at home and abroad? Have not *might* and *right* been held as synonymous terms in her political vocabulary? In one word, has her political ascendency been of real service to humanity? Has it bettered the condition of the *people* whom it has bowed down?

Upon this important question, Mr. Lester has entered at great length, and with considerable depth of research and acuteness of reasoning. He has discussed it in all its bearings, and with a mind more free from the taint of anti-Catholic prejudice than we could have looked for in an American Protestant. And though he approached the subject with a strong preference for republican institutions, and a deeply rooted antipathy to monarchy, yet he has examined it with dignity and temper. As an evidence that his production was viewed as respectable and able, we may allege the fact, that its appearance created quite a sensation in England, and drew forth a reply, to which Mr. Lester has rejoined in a more recent work.[1] In this last publication, he makes good all the positions advanced in the "Glory and Shame of England," and presents much additional matter. The style of both works is dignified, chaste, terse, and vigorous.

England is eminently a land of social contrasts. This feature is, perhaps, the first which strikes the eye of the traveler. Gorgeous wealth and squalid misery; the greatest learning, and the most supine ignorance; the most refined luxuries and the most unqualified wretchedness; men rolling in splendid equipages, clad in silk and purple, and lolling on soft cushions, and their fellow-beings half naked and starving around them in thousands: — such are a few of the striking contrasts in the social condition of England. In the language of Mr. Lester:

"Show me a very *learned* man in England, and I will show you some thousands around him to match the spectacle, who cannot read the Bible

1 Entitled — the Fate and Condition of England.

nor write their names: a *rich* man, and I will show you a thousand beggars: a polished and beautiful woman, who seems to have only enough of the earthly mingled in her constitution to say that she is mortal; one who in her grace and loveliness, would almost make you believe she had sprung, like the fabled Muses, from heaven; and hard by, yea, following her carriage, I will show you one—made as beautiful and as good as she, who is driven to sell her virtue for a bit of bread; who hunts the filthy drains for a morsel of castaway food; and who, in default of that, is gathering with her naked hands the vilest filth of the streets into her apron to sell for manure, to enrich that 'beautiful creature's' estate, that her degraded sister may, for her labor, get a crust or a bone before she dies."[1]

True, these painful contrasts meet the eye in almost every country of the old world; but in England they are more strongly marked, more harsh and grating on the feelings of the heart, as well as more numerous. There is little to mitigate the ruggedness, or to soften down the harshness of such scenes in England; whereas, in the Catholic countries of Europe, there are many things which tend to alleviate suffering, and to dry up the tear of the afflicted.

In England, pauperism is a crime punishable by the laws; in Italy, for example, it is a misfortune to be commiserated and relieved; in England, the poor, constituting the great mass of the population, are viewed with loathing and abhorrence, as objects fit only to be down-trodden and crushed in the dust; in Italy, they are regarded with compassion, and are raised up from their degradation by the sympathetic hand of Christian charity. In England, the fountains of charity seem to have been almost entirely dried up by the parching heat of avarice; in Italy, they are always full and ever flowing, to irrigate, with their cooling waters, the parched and impoverished portions of the land. Those who have carefully studied the social condition of the poor in both these countries, cannot fail to recognize the truth of this picture.

In regard to England, Mr. Lester affords us ample information to make good our assertion. He has bestowed particular attention on the subject of English poverty; and has unfolded both its lamentable extent, and its more lamentable causes. We will furnish a few extracts from his interesting work, on this subject. After speaking of the princely wealth and gorgeous establishments of the aristocracy, he thus discourses on the condition of the poor:

"But it has been well said by an Englishman himself, that 'to talk of English happiness is like talking of Spartan freedom — the Helots are overlooked.' But the mass of hearts beat in the bosoms of the poor (the Helots of the country,) whose every desire is ungratified, but the wish to hide away in the still, kind grave, from

'The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely.'

He must be a superficial observer of the state of society here, who does not discover that, just in proportion as the higher classes advance in wealth, power, and influence, are the poor depressed. What is gained by the few, is lost by the many. If the land holder grows rich, his pockets

1 Vol. I, pp. 238-9.

are filled by the odious and unjust tax upon the necessaries of life, which falls chiefly upon the poor. If the Manchester manufacturer amasses a colossal fortune by underselling his competitors in every market in the world, it is because his dependant operatives do not receive a fair compensation for their labor. If the bishop rolls in wealth, his luxuries are the price of the hunger and nakedness of thousands in his diocese. If a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland throws up his commission after a month's administration, and retires to a *Chateau* on the continent on £5,000 a year, this sum is wrung from the starving peasantry of that misgoverned island. It would have been far better for the *poor* of England, if their country had never attained her present commercial eminence; for every step of her advancement has crushed them deeper in poverty."[1]

The condition of those large portions of the English laborers, who are employed as operatives in manufacturing districts, is appalling almost beyond conception. Let us glance at the picture drawn of their condition by Dr. Southey, an Englishman, and the late Poet Laureate of the English court. Surely *his* testimony is unexceptionable. In his Espriella Letters, he thus discourses on the subject:

"They are deprived in childhood of all instruction and all enjoyment; of the sports in which childhood instinctively indulges; of fresh air by day, and of natural sleep by night. Their health, physical and moral, is alike destroyed; they die of diseases induced by unremitting task-work, by confinement in the impure atmosphere of crowded rooms; by the particles of metallic or vegetable dust which they are continually inhaling; or they live to grow up without decency, without comfort, and without hope; without morals, without religion, and without shame; and bring forth slaves, like themselves, to tread in the same path of misery. The dwellings of the laboring manufacturers are in narrow streets and lanes, blockaded up from light and air; crowded together, because every inch of land is of such value that room for light and air cannot be afforded them. Here in Manchester, a great proportion of the poor lodge in cellars, damp and dark, where every kind of filth is suffered to accumulate, because no exertions of domestic care can ever make such homes decent. Those places are so many hot-beds of infection, and the poor in large towns are rarely or never without an infectious fever amongst them; a plague of their own which leaves the habitations of the rich, like a Goshen of cleanliness and comfort, unvisited.

"Wealth flows into the country; but how does it circulate there? Not equally and healthfully through the whole system; it sprouts into wens and tumors, and collects in aneurisms, which starve and palsy the extremities. The government, indeed, raises millions as easily as it raised thousands in the days of Elizabeth; the metropolis is six times the size that it was a century ago. . . A thousand carriages drive about the streets of London, where, three generations ago, there were not a hundred; a thousand hackney-coaches are licensed in the same city, where, at the same distance of time, there was not one; they whose grandfathers dined at noon from wooden trenchers, and from the produce of their own farms, sit down by the light of waxen tapers to be served upon silver, and to partake of delicacies from the four quarters of the globe.

"But the numbers of the poor and the sufferings of the poor have continued to increase; the price of every thing they consume has always been advancing, and the price of labor, the only commodity they have to dispose

1 Vol. i, p. 141 seqq.

of, remains the same. Work-houses are erected in one place, and infirmaries in another; the poor rates increase in proportion to the taxes; and in times of dearth, the rich even purchase food and retail it to them at reduced prices, or supply them with it gratuitously; still every year adds to their number. Necessity is the mother of crime; new prisons are built, new punishments are enacted; but the poor become year after year more numerous, more miserable, and more depraved; and this is the inevitable tendency of the manufacturing system."[1]

The condition of the entire body of English operatives is not only miserable in the extreme, it is absolutely revolting. We will present a few more extracts from our author on this topic. He says, speaking of the manufacturing system in England:

"There is not a branch of this immense system of manufacture, in which there is not a painful sacrifice of health and life. The ignorance, vice, disease, deformity, and wretchedness of the English operatives as a body, almost exceed belief. The philanthropists of England should relax nothing in their exertions for the emancipation of the millions still held in bondage in their foreign possessions: but I am persuaded, the physical miseries of the English operatives are greater by far than *the West India slaves suffered before their emancipation.* The hundreds of thousands of a tender age employed in all these various branches of manufacture, are, in all cases, the children of the poor; many of them the children of paupers, apprenticed to the proprietors of factories by the parish authorities; for when the father goes to the work-house, he has no longer any voice in the management of his children. (!) They are separated at the will of the parish. It is said that this class, which is very numerous, fares harder than any other, which can readily be believed. They are, to all intents and purposes, as absolutely under the control of their masters as though they were slaves. There is hardly an instance in which the law ever interferes for their protection, let the abuse be what it may. They are too ignorant to understand their rights, and too weak to assert them; they are trained up to one single branch of labor, and forever disqualified for every thing else; they are neither instructed in religion, science, nor the common business and economy of life.[2]

All this he abundantly proves by facts which fell under his own observation, by the authority of the superintendents in the various factories, and by the official Reports made to the British Parliament. The horrors which those Reports reveal; the iniquities which they have brought to light from the depths of the collieries and the cellars of the manufacturing districts; the amount of ignorance, of crime, of utter and hopeless wretchedness they disclose, almost stagger belief. We can make room for but one instance, out of the many contained in these Reports, as a specimen of the rest:

"Evidence of Eliza Marshall. Eliza Marshall lives at Leeds; worked at Marshall's factory. Am seventeen years old. Father dead. Sister and self did what we could to support mother. Have cried many an hour in the factory. Could scarcely get home; sometimes had to be trailed home. I have an iron on my right leg, and my knee is contracted. Worked in great pain and misery. I was straight before. Sister carried me up to bed many a time. The surgeon says it is with long standing at

1 Quoted by Lester, Ibid. pages 144-5.

2 Vol. i, pages 161-2.

the mill, and that the *marrow is quite dried up*, and will never be formed again."[1]

This fact, which is but one out of a thousand of a similar kind, may serve to show us with what wanton cruelty the English operatives are often treated by their relentless task-masters. The following additional extract from the testimony of a Protestant and an eye-witness, will give us some farther information on this subject, and will also unfold something of the moral condition of those laboring in the factories of England:

"I went into the houses of many of the hands, and, almost without an exception, they were filthy gloomy places. Few of the comforts of life were to be seen there; and the stench was dreadfully offensive. Animal food they seldom eat, potatoes and the coarest bread being almost their entire food; and but few of them have enough of this. The operatives nearly all look unhealthy;—pallid, sallow, and worn out; destitute of spirit and enfeebled by privation and hard work. The apprenticed children are very often treated with greater cruelty than slaves, and are, perhaps, worse off. And I think the morals of the English operatives must be very depraved. I saw multitudes of women with their persons most immodestly exposed at their work; and heard a good deal of lewd conversation between the different sexes. Many of the children, also, in some of the mills, are nearly naked. Indeed, it is impossible, I think, to preserve much purity among persons accustomed to such habits."[2]

Such, then, is the appalling condition of the poor in Protestant England, amid the full enlightenment of the nineteenth century! Such is the moral canker which corrodes her heart! And this is that proud and loudly boasting England, which is forever speaking of her own superior enlightenment, sneering at her neighbors, and thrusting her philanthropy upon other nations. Truly may we address her in the language of the Gospel; "Thou hypocrite! cast out first the beam from thy own eye, and then shalt thou see to cast out the mote from thy brother's eye." Enfranchise the slaves who are groaning in bondage in thy own land; and then think of adopting measures for emancipating slaves elsewhere: evangelize thy own ignorant population, many of whom do not know who Christ is;[3] and then think of preaching to heathen nations abroad. To attempt the latter without the former were glaring inconsistency, if not arrant hypocrisy.

What means has Protestant England adopted to relieve the necessities of her starving poor? What has her philanthropy, of which she makes so much parade, prompted her to do for this purpose?

The answer is soon given. She taxes her already tax-ridden people, to support the poor; she considers poverty a crime which deserves imprisonment for life! She offers to the miserable paupers who fill her land the alternative of either starving, or being shut up in a work-house for life! Begging is prohibited by law. If the poor choose the work-house, the bare necessaries of life are doled out to them by hirelings with a niggardly hand; and even this is not always done: they often suffer for

1 Ibid. page 163. 2 Vol. i, pp. 208–9.

3 See the Parliamentary Reports, above referred to.

what is indispensable for sustaining life, and after dragging out a miserable existence in bondage, they die of want in some neglected corner or dismal cellar. What Charles Dickens says of the poor-house system in England, in his inimitable Oliver Twist, is scarcely exaggerated: the evils and brutal disorders, which he so eloquently deplores, still cry aloud to heaven for vengeance. We will give a few specifications from the work of Mr. Lester:

"The English work-houses are reckoned among the 'Charities.' Perhaps it would be well to find for them some other name. Some of these work-houses, do, indeed, afford comfortable homes for the poor; (as the word *comfort* is defined in the vocabulary of men who have learned to dispense with the greater part of what other men call the necessaries of life.) But there is nothing so painful, I find, as the thought of being one day compelled to enter a work-house. It is a dark cloud, that hangs on the vision of every poor man in England when he looks into the future. These work-houses are often the scenes of great cruelty, privation, and suffering. . . . . In many instances, the keepers speculate on the stomachs of parish paupers; keeping them upon short or damaged food; denying them many of the most common necessaries of life, and all its comforts. Instances are not a few, in which the inmates die in lonely, filthy chambers by night, without medical aid, without an attendant, without even a rush-light to flicker over their pillows, while they are passing through death's struggles. The selfish avarice of the keeper combines with the interest of the parish to shorten the pauper's days, and to rid themselves of the thankless burden as quickly as possible. To accomplish this, the cords of life are cut asunder by cold neglect and barbarous treatment.

"All that is known in such cases, is, that the prayer of the dying pauper is often denied, when he asks that the physician may come to him, or some one watch by his bed; or the minister of religion be called to breathe out a prayer for his soul; or, if he is to be left entirely alone while the soul is breaking away from its shattered house, that they will have mercy and bring a light, that the darkness of night may not mingle with the death-shades of the grave as they settle over his bed of rags. In the morning, they go to his chamber, and find that he is dead. It causes no grief; no friend was with him when he died — but God. A rough coffin is ordered — price seven shillings and six pence, — the body is taken away, and that is the end of the pauper; his dying groan heard only by the ear of a merciful God; over his grave no tear of affection is shed; no monument ever rises; and in a little while no one but He, whose all-seeing eye notices the falling sparrow, can tell whose grave it is where the pauper sleeps. The work-house is a gloomy place for the poor to go to; it is one of the most dismal places I ever entered. In the best of them, England does not pay back to the pauper half the law has taken from his former earnings. It would be a difficult matter, I apprehend, to find many persons in the parish work-house, who have not paid far more to support the government which has impoverished them, than the parish pays for their support when they can work no longer."[1]

Let us also hear what Dr. Southey says on this subject:

"When the poor can contribute no longer to their own support, they are removed to what is called the work-house. I cannot express to you

1 Vol. i, p. 152, seqq.

the feeling of hopelessness and dread with which all the decent poor look to this wretched termination of a life of labor. To this place all vagrants are sent for punishment; unmarried women with child go here to be delivered; and poor orphans and base born children are brought up here till they are of age to be apprenticed off; the other inmates are those unhappy people who are utterly helpless; — parish idiots and mad-men, the blind and the palsied, and the old, who are fairly worn out. It is not in the nature of things that the superintendents of such institutions as these should be gentle-hearted, when the superintendence is undertaken merely for the salary. There are always enough of competitors for the management among those people who can get no better situations; but, whatever kindness of disposition they may bring with them to the task, it is soon perverted by the perpetual sight of depravity and suffering. The management of children who grow up without one natural affection, where there is none to love them, and, consequently, none whom they can love, would alone be sufficient to sour a happier disposition than is usually brought to the government of a work-house. To this society of wretchedness the laboring poor of England look as their last resting place on this side of the grave; and, rather than enter abodes so miserable, they endure the severest privations as long as it is possible to exist. A feeling of honest pride makes them shrink from a place where guilt and poverty are confounded; and it is heart-breaking for those who have reared a family of their own, to be subjected in their old age to the harsh and unfeeling authority of persons younger than themselves, neither better born nor better bred. They dread, also, the disrespectful and careless funeral, which public charity, or rather, law bestows; and many a wretched pauper denies himself the few sordid comforts within his reach, in order that he may hoard up enough to purchase a more decent burial, a better shroud, or a finer coffin than the parish will afford." [1]

But these are not the only evils of the poor-house system in England. Through it a most cruel and vexatious espionage is exercised over the movements of the poor; a very poor man in England has not the freedom of locomotion; the poor laws compel him to remain in his parish! Let us again hear the candid Dr. Southey, who has done much to lay bare the crying iniquities of the whole system:

"We talk of the liberty of the English, and they talk of their own liberty; but *there is no liberty in England for the poor.* They are no longer sold with the soil, it is true; but they cannot quit the soil, if there be any probability or suspicion that age or infirmity may disable them. If, in such a case, they endeavor to remove to some situation where they hope more easily to maintain themselves; where work is more plentiful or provisions cheaper, the overseers are alarmed; the intruder is apprehended, as if he were a criminal, and sent back to his own parish! Wherever a pauper dies, that parish must be at the cost of his funeral; instances, therefore, have not been wanting of wretches in the last stage of disease having been hurried away in an open cart upon straw, and dying upon the road! Nay, even women in the very pains of labor have been driven out, and have perished by the way-side, because the birth-place of the child would be its parish!" [2]

Gentle reader, the land in which all these startling cruelties and abominations are practised is not Mohammedan nor Pagan; it is Chris-

1 Espriella Letters — quoted above. 2 Espriella Letters, apud Lester, vol. i, p. 181-2.

tian, enlightened, Protestant England! It is the country which boasts more than any other of its refinement and of its philanthropy; it is the land which claims a right to scoff at the institutions and morals of other countries not blessed with the dazzling light of the reformation. It is the freest, most enlightened, most prosperous, and most powerful Protestant nation in Europe. And bear in mind, too, that we are not hazarding statements on suspicious authority; we are not quoting the enemies of England to prove the truth of these enormities; we are simply recording the unexceptionable evidence of her own Protestant citizens.

With such an amount of wretchedness, squalid misery, and degradation among the operatives and the poor,— the bulk of her population; with such a mass of popular ignorance as authentic Parliamentary Reports have recently disclosed; we are not at all surprised at the amazing extent of crime and immorality in England. We would be rather astonished, on the contrary, that a people so ignorant and so degraded should be moral. What refinement or morality could we expect to find among a people, whose only popular amusements are horse-racing, cock-fighting, and boxing? From a people who flock with eagerness to witness executions, and who gloat over tales of horror and the most revolting exhibitions of cruelty?[1]

The immorality of London is truly appalling. To say nothing of the immense number of schools of vice, in which young boys and young girls are trained up in all the arts of the skillful thief and pick-pocket; to say nothing of the thousands of houses where stolen goods are regularly received; and confining our attention solely to immorality of another and more revolting kind, we may say with truth, that London is the most immoral city on the face of the earth, if we except, perhaps, Stockholm, the capital of Protestant Sweden. A recent Parliamentary Report makes the number of females in London, who have forgotten to be virtuous, exceed eighty thousand; and many think that it reaches one hundred thousand! Add to this the frightful extent to which gin-drinking and drunkenness are carried; an idea of which may be found in the startling fact, that, in that city, there are twelve thousand females who are public and notorious drunkards! The degradation of English females is often a natural consequence of their poverty and wretchedness. They sell their virtue for bread. An intelligent Englishman — Captain Miller — assured Mr. Lester, "that the number of women who perish by such a mode of life in this country (England), exceeds that of any other country in the whole world, by at least three to one in proportion to the population." And he added: "It is a flagrant stigma on the legislature, that it has neither the courage nor the Christianity to take up this matter, and devise a natural resource for these persons."[2]

Many more facts of a similar character we might allege from the pages

1 Many persons in London have made handsome fortunes by letting seats to those desirous of witnessing executions,— and by getting up wax figure representations of the various agonies of the victims; to say nothing of those who bet at a boxing match.

2 Vol. ii, p. 259.

of Mr. Lester's book; but we sicken at these enormities; and what we have already extracted will suffice to reveal the shame of England, as the dark shade cast by the colossus of her glory. The glory and the shame go together; they are intimately connected; the former has caused the latter. Nothing is more certain, than that the misery, the degradation, the immorality of the poorer classes in England, are fairly ascribable to the overgrown power, to the bloated wealth, and to the pride and hard-hearted avarice of the higher orders. If England is great, and wealthy, and powerful, we must never forget that all this greatness is based on the wretchedness and squalid misery of the mass of her population.

It is curious to trace the rise, progress, and causes of pauperism in England. William Cobbett has done this; and he has proved, by a mass of evidence which cannot be answered, that it is, in all its appalling extent and its startling evils, fairly traceable to the change of religion, miscalled the reformation. The facts and reasoning of Mr. Lester on the same subject go far to confirm the position of Cobbett; and his testimony is the less exceptionable, as, in the train of his reasoning, he does not appear to contemplate this conclusion. Our limits will allow us to hint at only a few of the more prominent facts which he alleges, in illustration of this remark.

One of the first and chief causes of popular distress in England is the overgrown wealth of the church establishment; — a wealth filched, in a great measure, from the hard earnings of the poor, and spent either abroad, or in luxuries at home. In the good old Catholic times, this wealth was made to circulate freely among the poor; charity dispensed it with a lavish hand for the relief of suffering; it reared hospitals for the sick, asylums — not work-houses — for the poor and disabled; and it scattered over England beautiful and magnificent churches and monasteries. It was thus expended for the benefit of the poor, and for the improvement of society.

Such is not, alas! the case at present in Protestant England. The princely incomes of the English bishops and clergy go to provide places for their children and relatives, or for the advantage of their generally numerous families. Little of this vast wealth ever finds its way to the hovels or cottages of the poor Little of it is employed in building churches, schools, or hospitals. On the contrary, many of the most stately old Catholic churches of England, now used for Protestant worship, have been suffered to decay or to become sadly out of repair. Every one knows the great outcry lately raised in England about the general neglect of popular education; an outcry, which reached the house of Commons, and made Sir James Graham bring in a bill for promoting education, especially in the manufacturing districts. And every one knows, too, how this bill was defeated, or at least dropped by the British ministry. Its defeat is solely ascribable to the narrow-minded intolerance of the Anglican bishops and clergy, who would consent to have no schools established, which would not be under their own control and management. Thus, they

would neither educate the people themselves, nor suffer others to do it. We consider the church establishment in England as the greatest curse to that country, both in a religious and in a political point of view. In this opinion Mr. Lester fully concurs. He says:

"How many hard-earned dollars has that poor widow (whose distress and religious ignorance he had just been describing) paid to support the Established Church of England, and how much advantage has she ever derived from it? It matters not how much ecclesiastical dignitaries may prate and write about 'our holy religion,' 'the apostolical succession,' and 'the divine right of kings and bishops;' one such case as this cannot be disposed of by an argument as long as the Bodleian library. It matters not how much they declaim from the pulpit about the mercy of God, and His regard for the poor. The poor are told that these men are the heaven descended ministers of this religion;—men who afflict the poor;—who shoot widows' sons to get their tithes, (for cases of this kind have occurred in Ireland,) and at last become infidels. Gibbon, with all his philosophy, did not escape the same conclusion. He tells us the corruptions and abuses of Christianity made him a sceptic. Let the clergy of the church of England preach such doctrines to others than poor widows and hungry children, from whose scanty wages their princely incomes are filched. If there be a structure of tyranny and abuse more iniquitous in the eye of heaven than any other, it is the despotism of a state which converts the sublime religion of Christ into an instrument of avarice and ambition; of ambition for the political elevation of the aristocracy; and of avarice, which starves widows and orphans, to array in gold those who are pompously styled 'God's ministers.' God's ministers they surely are; and so are thunderbolts, tempests, conflagrations, and death!"[1]

This is strong language, but surely not too strong. In another place, he thus twits England on her hypocritical philanthropy and religious zeal:

"England proposes to evangelize the world! Does she suppose that, while her own people are in a state of political degradation, a state of physical and moral starvation, she can even evangelize *them?* Will a man, whose whole life is beset with toils innumerable to get bread for himself and hungry family, hear, from his oppressors, a word about the sublime and pure doctrines of the Bible, which makes it a high crime to rob the poor of bread? No! he cannot listen to them for very sorrow. First prove yourself his friend and benefactor by feeding his hunger and clothing his nakedness, and then he will hear you. Elevate him to the dignity of a man, by removing your oppressions, and the work of evangelization will be easy."[2]

The bishops and clergy of the establishment are not the only persons who in England roll in wealth, while the poor are starving; the aristocracy are perpetual drains on the labor and resources of the poor. In their hands, and in that of the wealthier classes, is lodged the legislature and judicial power, as well that of the sword. They make laws, and they enforce them by means of an immense standing army. Do the poor complain of being robbed, and of being on the very verge of starvation? Do they organize an agitation to obtain redress for their crying wrongs? Their meetings are dispersed by proclamation; their leaders are arrested,

1 Vol. i, pp 195-6. 2 Vol. ii, pp. 254-5.

and after a trial, in which all justice is openly mocked, they are lodged in a felon's prison! So things are done in Protestant England: it is emphatically a government *for* the rich and *against* the poor; the former are protected, the latter crushed. The chief means of oppressing the poor in England is the imposition of enormous taxes, — more enormous than in any other country under heaven, whether Pagan, Mohammedan, or Christian. These taxes are necessary to support the throne, the government, and the aristocracy, as well as to pay the interest on the immense public debt, which is itself entirely and solely of Protestant origin,— aye, a fruit of the reformation in England. It was contracted, as every one knows, by the Protestant house of Brunswick, for the purpose of maintaining the Protestant ascendency in England on the continent.

Now, only glance at the gigantic iniquity of Anglican Protestantism towards the poor. First, it broke up the monasteries in which they had been sheltered, educated, and fed for centuries: secondly, it covered once "merry England" with paupers, and strewed its surface with work-houses supported by taxation; and thirdly, it saddled England with a debt which she can never pay, and the bare interest on which, paid by taxation, grinds down her people to the dust, and reduces her poor to the very verge of starvation! Such have been the political blessings of the English reformation!

For those living in this country it is almost impossible to conceive the extent to which taxation is carried in England, and how grievously it oppresses the poorer classes. As Mr. Lester well says:

"It is a government of privileges and monopolies: 'the few are born,' as Mr. O'Connell says, 'booted and spurred to ride over the many.' The working classes are degraded and oppressed. All but the privileged orders are taxed from their birth to their death. The mid-wife that assists in bringing the child into the world; the swaddling clothes in which the infant is wrapped; every mouthful of pap or of bread which it eats during its journey through life; every rag of clothes it puts on, and, at last the winding sheet and the coffin in which it is laid in its mother earth: all are taxed to pamper a haughty aristocracy, a political church, and the privileged orders."[1]

This reminds us of the well known passage of Sydney Smith, in which he paints the horrors of English taxation with as much truth as pungency. We will be pardoned for transcribing the passage entire:

"The Englishman is taxed for every thing that enters his mouth, covers his back, or is placed under the feet; taxes are imposed on every thing that is pleasant to see, hear, feel, taste, or smell; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes upon every thing on the earth, in the waters, and under the earth; upon every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes upon the raw material, and on every value that is added to it by the ingenuity and industry of man; taxes upon the sauce that pampers man's appetite, and on the drugs that restore him to health; on the ermine that decorates the judge, and on the rope that hangs the criminal; on the brass nails of the coffin, and on the ribbons of the bride:

1 Vol. i. p. 110.

at bed or at board;—*couchant ou levant, we must pay.* The school-boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon which has paid thirty per cent., throws himself back on his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent.; and, having made his will, the seals of which are also taxed, expires in the arms of his apothecary, who has paid £100 for the privilege of hastening his death. His whole property is then taxed from two to ten per cent.; and, besides the expenses of probate, he pays large fees for being buried in the chancel, and his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; after all which, he may be gathered to his fathers, to be taxed—*no more.*"

Such, then, is the startling condition to which the Protestant reformation has reduced England; for her present deplorable state is as fairly traceable to that unhappy revolution, as ever was effect to its cause. Such are the political, moral, religious, and social evils which Protestantism has brought upon once happy and merry England. It has banished Christian charity from that once blessed land, and has substituted, in its stead, a certain human, high-sounding philanthropy, as unreal in its benefits, as it is hypocritical in its professions. It has crushed and banished from the house of God the poor, the favorites of Christ, and the favorites of the Catholic Church. It has enthroned avarice,—griping, hard-hearted avarice,—in the very temple of God; and has ingrained it in the minds and hearts of the English people. This is the main source of almost all the social anomalies and crying evils of England. England affords a practical commentary on that saying of an inspired apostle: "Covetousness is the root of all evils."

Are we in this country wholly free from this taint of avarice; from this fever of covetousness, which dries up the very fountains of Christian charity and benevolence? We wish we could say yes; but alas! the contrary precisely is the case. Let us hear what our own countryman, Mr. Lester, says on this subject:

"There is with us, among all classes, a feverish desire to become suddenly rich. There are strong bilious tendencies in our climate; and the whole American people are nervous, excitable, and characterized by great cerebral activity. The American launches on a wild, foaming current, the moment he enters the business world. Money is his object. In the restless pursuit of this he gives himself no leisure for literature, none for society, except at some great, vulgar jam, yclept a party. At forty, he is an old man; and in five years more he is dead. It is nonsense to expect such men can live long,—as soon look for a long-lived race horse. We are the least practically philosophical of any people in the world. If a Wall-street banker were to leave his office at two o'clock to spend the rest of the day with his family, he would be hissed on 'Change. Go into any town in the United States, and you will find elderly men in the full zenith of acquisition, and octogenarians who have not yet made enough. *It is lamentable.*"[1]

The most *lamentable* circumstance in this picture is its truth. We are imitating England in the very worst feature of her social condition; and

1 Vol. i, p. 235.

let us beware, lest we imitate her in the ulterior development of this fatal principle. We are yet young and vigorous; but we nurture in our social condition the fatal seeds of decay and ruin. Ere the evil become incurable, let us apply the remedy. The only adequate one is a substitution of the spirit of Catholic, social charity for that of Protestant individuality and avarice. Let us look to it in time.

We will close this rapid notice of Mr. Lester's "Glory and Shame of England," by one more extract, in which he does ample justice to the character of the man who was for forty years the unyielding and incorruptible champion of the poor and oppressed in England, Ireland, and Scotland; who was the "best abused man in the world; we mean, of course, the greatest man of his age, Daniel O'Connell. It is some proof of candor and of a wish to be impartial in Mr. Lester, to have done justice to the character of one, whom, he frankly admits, he had but six months before viewed only "as a bold and reckless demagogue."

"But there is one man in Great Britain who has done, and is still doing, more for humanity than Brougham; one who has been long in public life, mingling in every question which has agitated the empire for a quarter of a century or more; who is always found on the side of the people; who has never tripped, halted, varied, nor shifted his course; who has made more public speeches than any other man now living, and always spoken like a republican; who abhors oppression with all his heart; who has been hated, courted, and feared (but never despised) by every party; a man who has been a target for all Britain to shoot at for a whole generation; who has come off victorious from every conflict, even when he has been beaten; who has never betrayed his principles, but is forever betraying his party, or, who, more properly, has no party but his own; who will be bound by no trammels; who is eternally, and with a zeal which never grows cold, demanding justice for all the subjects of the British empire; a man who now stands higher in the hearts of his countrymen, and in the esteem of the world, than ever. You will most likely burst into a loud laugh, when you see his name: — DANIEL O'CONNELL."[1]

1 Vol. ii, p. 166-7.

XXVIII. CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES.*

ARTICLE IV.— IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

The great day of reckoning—An historical parallel—Ireland still unconquered—Un-American feeling of hostility to foreigners—Are we really independent of England?—Political nativism—What have foreigners done for the country?—Why Irishmen are hated—The Irish character—Its lights and shades—English treatment of Ireland—The first period of Ireland's sufferings—Protestant evidence—The second period—The reformation in Ireland—Irish fidelity to the ancient faith—Policy of Elizabeth and the Stuarts—Wholesale confiscation and butchery—The men of 1782—The Union—Protestant ascendency—Emancipation.

On that great and dreadful Day of the Lord, when nations as well as individuals shall be placed at the bar of God to be judged according to their works, England will have an awful account to render of her stewardship. Her impoverished and down-trodden population within her own borders, the crushed and degraded millions whom she has enslaved in India, and the widows and orphans whom she has made throughout the world, in her reckless career of ambition, will all rise up in judgment against her. The nations of the civilized earth will stand up too, and will bear evidence to her hard-hearted and relentless avarice, to her utter disregard of the most solemn promises and treaties, to her all-grasping spirit of aggrandizement, and to her entire recklessness as to the means by which her ends were to be attained. And on that awful day of final reckoning, the voice of poor crushed and bleeding Ireland shall be heard pleading, with all the earnest eloquence of truth, that justice, swift and terrible, may at length fall on the head of that unnatural step-dame, to whose wanton cruelty, griping avarice, and iron policy, she owes most of the wrongs which have weighed her down for centuries.

What will England say, when all these terrible witnesses shall appear against her, and when the ghosts of her countless murdered victims shall glare at her "with their fiery eye-balls?" What answer shall she give, when the long and dark roll of her iniquities towards Ireland, shall be unfolded before the judgment-seat of the most just, omnipotent, and all-seeing God of heaven and earth? Will her diplomacy then profit her

*1. The Condition and Fate of England. By the author of "the Glory and Shame of England." (C. Edwards Lester.) 2 vols., 12mo. Second edition. New York: J. & H. G. Langley. 1843.

2. The Criminal History of the English Government, from the first massacre of the Irish to the poisoning of the Chinese. By Eugene Regnault. Translated from the French, with Notes by an American. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: Redfield. 1843

anything? Will those cunning devices and that political *legerdemain*, by which, on this earth, she has so often succeeded in making "the worse appear the better cause," then avail her aught? No, no. The Lord will then tear from her brow the veil of hypocrisy which has so long concealed her hideous deformities; He will strip her of all disguise, and exhibit her as she is before the assembled world; for on that day "He will reveal the hidden things of darkness, and manifest the counsels of hearts."

One of the deepest thinkers of Christian antiquity has laid down the comprehensive philosophical maxim, that "God is patient, because he is eternal,"—*patiens, quia æternus*. He can bide His time; He need be in no hurry; for He has a whole eternity to reward His friends, and a whole eternity to punish His enemies. A thousand years before Him are as one day which has passed:—time is as nothing; eternity is everything. The wrongs which He permits in time, He will redress in eternity. The injustice which He allows to go on, and the tears and blood which He permits to flow now, He will then remove and wipe away forever. Then shall "all things be made new;" then shall all evils be obliterated from the universe of God; then "shall all tears be wiped away from the eyes (of God's friends), and death shall be no more; nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more; for the former things will have passed away."[1] Then shall the high be brought low, and the low be made high; the proud humbled, and the humble exalted. Then shall all social and political evils be obliterated, and the social and moral condition of mankind be equalized, and brought into perfect harmony with truth, and justice, and virtue.

And then shall proud England be humbled even unto the dust, and poor bleeding Ireland, which has been down-trodden by her for nearly seven centuries, be raised up from her lowliness, to the lofty eminence to which her noble virtues and her long sufferings have entitled her. This is no mere flight of elevated fancy; it is a solemn and sober religious view of a subject invested with an all-absorbing interest.

The two writers whom we are reviewing, give strong expression to the indignant feelings of large masses of persons in America and France, awakened by the iniquitous policy of England, both domestic and foreign. They both trace the mischievous influence of English legislation on the happiness of large portions of her own exuberant population, as well as the wickedness of English diplomacy in regard to other nations; and they both devote separate books or chapters to the aggravated wrongs of Ireland under English misrule. They deal not in declamation; they strongly appeal to unquestionable facts. They paint England in her towering greatness and in her burning shame; they prove, by evidence which cannot be answered, that she has become great by employing the most unhallowed means, and that her glory is mainly built upon the impoverishment, the degradation, and the ruin of her own subjects at home and abroad, on

1 Apocalypse xxi, 4.

the perfidy which has almost invariably marked her intercourse with other nations.

To us it has always seemed, that there exists a striking parallelism between the policy and history of the present British and of the ancient Roman empire. Both attained to the highest pinnacle of grandeur and power, and by very nearly the same means. Cunning diplomacy and brute force, insatiate avarice and unquenchable ambition, iron energy and unconquerable will, are the distinctive characteristics of both, as well as the secret of their success. Both seem to have adopted, as a guiding maxim, the old adage, *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum;* that is, according to its original legal meaning and acceptation, "Let the law take its course, though the heavens should fall." No matter how many nations and people may lie crushed and bleeding; no matter how much injustice may be perpetrated; no matter how many widows and orphans may be made; no matter how many tears and how much blood may be shed; let the law, which we have enacted for our own aggrandizement, still sternly take its course! Let our iron will be obeyed, though the whole world should lie prostrate and be covered with ruin and desolation! In both empires we trace the same grasping ambition, the same inhuman crushing of conquered provinces, the same spirit of centralization, the same union of church and state, and its concomitant religious persecution; and, in fine, the same all-conquering spirit. The Roman was an empire of iron, and yet it has long since crumbled into dust. Pagan Rome became drunk with the blood of the saints, and filled up the measure of her iniquities, and then God chastised her in His wrath. Let proud Christian England think on the chastisement, and take warning! Pagan Rome was permitted to persecute the Church but three hundred years, and then had she to bite the dust, and be scourged and humbled for her impious attempt to put down the truth.

But our business lies at present with Ireland. Ireland! How the very name thrills through the soul, and stirs the deepest fountains of its sympathy! How many mournful recollections does it not awaken! Who, that has but one spark of generosity yet glowing in his bosom, has not felt his spirit burn within him at the sad rehearsal of Ireland's wrongs! Is there one *man* on the face of the earth who can hear that story unmoved? Is there one who has not shared, to a greater or less extent, in the tender feelings imbodied in the following touching lines of Erin's sweetest, greatest poet? —

> "The stranger shall hear thy lament o'er his plains;
> The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep;
> Till thy tyrants themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
> Shall pause o'er the songs of their captives and weep."

Though England has labored, for nearly seven centuries, to destroy her nationality, yet is Ireland still a nation. She has not, it is true, a domestic legislature, and she enjoys not political independence; but she still has her national literature, her national poetry, her national eloquence, her

national spirit, her national patriotism. She still lives, breathes, feels, moves, and acts as a nation. England may bow down, she cannot destroy, her national character. Brute force may subdue the bodies, it cannot trammel the souls of Irishmen. If the spirit of Ireland could have been broken, seven centuries of the most galling oppression would have broken it; but, thank God, that spirit is still as buoyant, as elastic, as independent as ever. It hates oppression as much as it ever did; it kisses not the rod which scourges it; it cannot be won by bribery, nor conquered by physical force:

"Ireland still has an existence as a nation. She has her universities and her literature. She is still the 'Emerald Isle of the ocean.' An air of romance and chivalry is around her. The traditionary tales that live in her literature invest her history with heroic beauty. But she has no need of these. Real heroes, the O'Neills, the O'Briens, and the Emmetts, will be remembered as long as self-denying patriotism and unconquerable valor are honored among men. In every department of literature she still takes her place. Where is the wreath her shamrock does not adorn? Where the muse that has not visited her hills? Her harp has ever kindled the soul of the warrior, and soothed the sorrows of the broken-hearted. It has sounded every strain that can move the human heart to greatness, or to love. Whatever vices may stain her people, they are free from the crime of voluntary servitude. The Irishman is the man last to be subdued. Possessing an elasticity of character that will rise under the heaviest oppression, he wants only a favorable opportunity and a single spark to set him in a blaze."[1]

Such is the language of an intelligent American, a Protestant, and a son of the pilgrims; of one who is as liberal in his opinions, as he is fearless in the expression of them. Wide and expansive in his views, generous in his feelings, and truly American in his mind and heart, Mr. Lester seems wholly incapable of any narrow or unworthy prejudices. All nations, and tribes, and peoples, are the same to him. He is a man, and nothing that is human is shut out from his sympathy. Wherever he finds wrong and injustice, his soul melts with compassion, and his spirit kindles with honest indignation against the oppressor. If he hates England, he furnishes abundant reasons for his hatred. If he sympathizes with Ireland, he proves that Ireland is worthy of sympathy. His view of "Ireland under English oppression"[2] is one of the most eloquent and conclusive essays we have ever chanced to read.

We fervently wish that every American had his honest independence and his generous feelings. We wish that every American citizen were as true to the letter and to the spirit of our noble constitution, and to the principles embodied in our Declaration of Independence. But, alas! such is not the case. Disguise the fact as we may, there exists in the minds of a large portion of our population a secret, instinctive, indefinable hatred of Ireland, and contempt of every thing Irish; and, along with this feeling, an overwhelming partiality for England and for every thing English.

1 Lester—Condition and Fate of England, vol. ii, pp. 73, 74.
2 Ibid book vii, from p. 71 to p. 157.

Our political harangues and Fourth of July orations are high sounding and comprehensive enough; they abound in withering denunciations of tyranny and of tyrants, and are well garnished with expressions of sympathy for the victims of oppression. But the sufferings of poor Ireland under a most atrocious and grinding English oppression are often left out of the account.

We honestly boast of our independence; we sound forth the praises of our revolutionary fathers who broke the trammels of English oppression, and bequeathed the rich inheritance of liberty to their descendants. But are we really *independent* of England? Have we entirely shaken off her yoke? Do we enjoy moral, religious, and intellectual, as well as political freedom? Or are we not, on the contrary, still the unconscious slaves of English prejudice? Are we not still the victims of her narrow-minded religious bigotry? Do we not still look up to her literature, to her philosophy, to her legislation? Have we not been tainted by the poison of her haughtiness, of her selfishness, of her bitter spirit of exclusiveness? Have we not imbibed from her much of her almost Chinese hatred of the "outside barbarians?" In a word, are we independent of England in *mind* as well as in *body;* intellectually and morally, as well as politically? We greatly fear that we are not. England still lords it over us, not, indeed, by her armies, by her navies, and by her iniquitous system of legislation, but by her spirit, her maxims, her policy, and her prejudices, political and religious. Especially are we indebted to her for our secret, though most un-American hostility to foreigners. She has transmitted to us, as a fatal and poisoned heritage, her hereditary dislike of the French, and her intense hatred of the Irish. We cannot explain in any other way the prevalence of such a feeling among us; and that such a feeling does exist, we think no candid man will deny.

We would be doubly proud of our country, could we think that the views of many among our people were more liberal and enlarged than sober truth proves them to be; and that our republic were really what it professes to be, the home of the exile, and the asylum of the oppressed from every nation under the sun. A liberal policy in regard to foreign immigration has contributed more, perhaps, than any other cause, to make our nation what it is. The foreigners, whom this policy has attracted to our shores, have not only swelled our own population, but they have greatly aided in enriching our country, and in developing its resources. They have dug our canals, cleared our forests, tilled our lands, prepared our turnpikes, and laid down our railroads. They have done more than this. They have cheerfully enlisted in our army and navy, have gallantly fought our battles, and have periled their lives for the country of their adoption. They have expended their labor and treasure, and have shed their blood for our benefit. They have entered into the spirit of our institutions, and have labored to become identified with us in feeling and interest. What more could we ask or expect from them?

Yet it cannot be disguised that there is a growing spirit of hostility to foreigners, silently but deeply at work among our people. This is more particularly the case in regard to our Irish fellow-citizens, especially those among them who still fondly cling to the much abused religion of their forefathers. The political bigots among us hate Irishmen, merely because they are Irishmen; our religious bigots hate them because they are Catholics. Both have inherited this hatred from England. The small politicians make capital out of this feeling. On the eve of elections you find this class of men waxing wonderfully warm and sympathetic; they love Irishmen as brethren; they drop tears of compassion over the wrongs of Ireland; they are themselves Irish in feeling and heart. But the election has scarcely passed off, before their friendship has greatly cooled down or vanished entirely; if it has not even been turned into bitter hatred and open denunciation! Thus are the Irish in America courted and kicked by turns. In the end, they get all the abuse and odium, and but little of the honors and emoluments, of the political parties which divide the country.

Is this treatment either generous or just? Do the Irish really deserve it? Is not the Irish character open, sincere, generous? Are not the Irish, as a people, truthful, trustworthy, honest, and patriotic? Is there anything peculiarly wicked or malevolent in their composition? Have they not, as a class, much less selfishness than our own population? Are there among them more sharpers and swindlers than among our own people? Who ever heard of an Irish coward, or of an Irish traitor in America? Who ever heard of an Irishman who, through pusillanimity, skulked from doing his duty to his adopted country? Who ever heard of an Irishman that was ungrateful to his benefactor? In our first struggle for independence, and in our late war with Great Britain, did not the Irish fight side by side with us, animating our own soldiers by their fearless bravery? Can Americans soon forget the glorious names of Montgomery and Barry, to say nothing of other illustrious Irishmen? Can they forget that the Irish were the first people in Europe to sympathize with us in our effort to secure independence, and that this generous sympathy, and the aid Irishmen subsequently afforded us, were alleged by the British court as reasons, why the petitions of Ireland for political and religious enfranchisement should be rejected?

According to the sentiment expressed in a stanza of an old song, generosity to both friends and foes is a distinctive characteristic of Irishmen: —

> "What flood reflects a shore so sweet
> As glorious Boyne or past'ral Ban;
> Or who a friend or foe can meet,
> So generous as an Irishman?"

The warm-hearted kindness and hospitality of the Irish are proverbial. In them the social feeling predominates over every other sentiment. Ireland is, perhaps, the only country in the world, which combines the warm temperament and generous feelings of the south with the cold

climate of the north. An Irish gentleman is one of the very best specimens of human nature. Elevated, chivalrous, and refined, he is also warm-hearted, ready-witted, generous, and affable. His soul is utterly incapable of one thought, or word, or action, that is little or mean. He puts you at your ease, and you feel entirely at home in his company; he forgets himself, and thinks only of those whose society he enjoys.

Faults the Irish have, but what people have not faults? But have they as many, or as glaring ones, as those who are loudest in condemning them? Let him that is without sin himself first cast a stone at his Irish brother! A portion of the poorer Irish in America have faults, some of them grievous and disgraceful; but where and from whom did many of them contract these faults? Did they not, in many cases, learn them from the degraded portion of our own native population? Did not many of them contract habits of intemperance and of its cognate vices, in consequence of the system adopted, and of the evil example set before them, on our public works? Is it generous or right, first to taint them with vice, and then to sneer at them for being vicious? Those who love to moralize, and who have superfluous zeal to expend on the amelioration of society, might find enough to do in correcting the manifold vices of our own people, "to the manor born."

We are natives ourselves, and we have had tolerably good opportunities for studying the moral character of the lower classes among our native and our Irish population; and we are of the opinion that the Irish would not at all suffer in the comparison. The mode of thinking and of judging adopted by some of our people is, indeed, singular enough. If an Irishman is seen drunk, or is heard to swear, immediately you hear sneers about the "low Irish;" but, if an American is caught in the same vicious practices, it seems to create no surprise whatever, and to be all a matter of course in this *free* country! This comes from that lurking prejudice to which we alluded above.

We believe it was the Irish orator, Sheil, who defined an Irishman, — "a man who acts first and thinks afterwards." At any rate, there is much truth in the definition. But if an Irishman blunders occasionally, his blunders are of the head, never of the heart. If he have but little of the cool, calculating forecast of the Yankee, he is also exempt from many of the worst traits of character in the Yankee. He may be less shrewd and less thrifty; but he is not, for all this, the more selfish, or the less honest. Avarice is not a natural growth of the Irish soil, and of all vices in the whole catalogue, we believe there is not one which tends more to contract the heart, and to dry up the fountains of benevolence. Give us any other national vice rather than this.

We are not to be understood as implying that all, or even the more enlightened and better portion of our population, are infected with this unworthy prejudice against the Irish. Many of our greatest men and most enlightened statesmen are far elevated above this feeling. They take a wider and more expansive view of human nature; they soar up to regions

of higher philosophy and purer philanthropy ; their souls are too enlarged for any such narrow prejudice. They are Americans in the true and most comprehensive sense of the term. They appreciate excellence wherever they find it; they detest and rebuke vice, no matter what its origin. They look more to the man himself, than to the mere *accident* which gave him birth in a particular country.

We have already dwelt long enough on this view of the subject, and we conclude our remarks on it by a quaint quotation from that quaintest of all modern writers — Carlyle:

"The sans-potato Irishman is of the self-same stuff as the finest lord lieutenant! Not an individual sans-potato human scare-crow, but had a life given to him out of heaven, with eternities depending on it: for once and no second time, with immensity in him, over him, and around him: with feelings that a Shakspeare's speech could not utter: with desires illimitable as the autocrat of all the Russias."

We can not attempt to go into lengthy details concerning the sufferings of Ireland under English misrule. The recital would fill volumes, and it has filled some of the most eloquent volumes that ever were written.[1] That sad story is familiar to the most of our readers. There is not one generous heart in the civilized world, which it has not touched in its tenderest chords and stirred to its very center. Oft has the poor exile from Erin, as he wandered a stranger in some distant and uncongenial clime, sat down and wept, when he remembered how the beautiful Island of his birth has been marred and made desolate by the hands of the oppressor; even as the captive Israelite of old once wept on the waters of Babylon, at the remembrance of the beloved Sion from which the arm of violence had rudely torn him, and whose glories had been scattered by the hand of the spoiler. It was a sad day for Ireland, when the Saxon first set foot on her green and lovely soil. It was for her the beginning of all her sorrows. Saxon misrule, continued through long centuries, has strewn her surface with ruins and desolation, in the midst of which a poor, miserable, starving peasantry, the children of the former lords of the soil, subsist and move along, like specters through desolate and abandoned castles. In the graphic language of Mr. Lester:

"To a distant observer that beautiful Island appears like a city of ruins in the saddened light of evening. Her glory and her strength seem departed for ever. But it is not of the poetry of the past the lover of Ireland must speak. Her bards never sang in strains so mournful and pathetic as the sad lullaby of the mother over her famishing child. The complaint of poverty and the cry of suffering are more heart-breaking than her most plaintive melodies. Her woes and her dishonor move not the heart of her oppressors, but they are noted by the God of the poor."[2]

There is no crime, there is no enormity, which England has not committed towards Ireland. In speaking of English tyranny over the Irish people, we cannot find language strong enough to paint the sober reality ;

1 Among these the most eloquent perhaps, is the work of O'Connell: "A Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon."

2 Vol. ii, pp. 74 75.

exaggeration is entirely out of the question. Her treatment of Ireland, both in war and in peace, finds no parallel in that of the most rebellious and least favored of her provinces by pagan Rome herself, while in the heyday of her prosperity and in the full tide of her all-conquering and rapacious career. The penal code, which England adopted for the government of Ireland, would have disgraced the statute book of the grand Turk himself! No government, whether Christian, Mohammedan, or pagan, was ever sullied with more crimes, or marked with more utter baseness. Adroit diplomacy, low intrigue, base selfishness, insatiate rapacity, open treachery, high-handed spoliation and robbery, cold-blooded cruelty and persecution, and downright murder and butchery, have ever marked the policy of England towards Ireland, and exhibited to all the world the tender mercies of the English government towards its Irish subjects. O'Connell has proved all this by incontestable evidence, in his late Memoir of Ireland, and in his numerous letters and speeches. The two writers whose works we are reviewing have also established it, by an appeal to the history of Ireland under English misrule during the last seven centuries. Mr. Lester shows,

"By a rapid survey of the past history of Ireland, that she is an invaded and plundered nation — that her degradation and her servitude are directly chargeable on England — that British cupidity and British pride have been the *alpha* and *omega* of Irish suffering."[1]

The first period of Irish suffering under English oppression extends from the first invasion of Ireland by Richard Strongbow, in the year 1168, to the time of the reformation, and embraces nearly four hundred years. It is marked by a fierce border war, and a protracted struggle for the ascendency, between the native Irish and the English invaders of the country. Ireland had never before worn a foreign yoke. The Roman eagles had never floated over the heads of her children. The hordes of invading Danes had been already broken and scattered by the valor of her patriotic troops. She was as free as the air of her own mountains; free as the strains of her own national harp. She had tasted the sweets of liberty too long, to submit quietly to the English yoke.

For more than four hundred years she sustained the unequal contest with her conquerors, nor did she yield one inch of her territory without a death struggle. More than once were the Irish septs on the point of finally triumphing and expelling the English from their borders, when some unhappy division in their own ranks, or some other untoward event, suddenly inclined the scale of victory in favor of England. But though overcome by superior force and tactics, yet did she never consent willingly to wear the fetters with which she was bound. Though down-trodden and a captive, her spirit was not broken: and she still fondly cherished visions of freedom.

Had England pursued a different and more liberal policy in regard to Ireland, this protracted war between the two races might have been much

[1] Vol. ii, p. 75.

sooner terminated, by the fusion of the two into one people. This is admitted by a late English Protestant historian of Ireland, — Dr. Smiles of Leeds. We must present an extract from the preface to this work, as it confirms what we have said, and throws additional light on the period of which we are speaking:

"In England and Scotland the conquering and the conquered races — Danes, Normans, Saxons, Britons, &c. — have, in a great measure, fused down into one people; but in Ireland the two races of the conquest are still at war, and after a resistance which has lasted for centuries, the struggle is almost as inveterate now as at the period of its commencement. The blame of this protracted and destructive enmity between race and race rests with the conquering classes themselves, as well as with the English government, which has supported them throughout in their anti-national and inhuman policy. Instead of amalgamating themselves with the nation, the Norman invaders, and afterwards the English and Scotch colonists who settled in Ireland, erected themselves into an ascendency of the most despotic and tyrannical kind. In course of time they possessed themselves of almost the entire soil of Ireland, treating the natives as helots, and slaves, and *with a cruelty which has never been exceeded in any age or country*. Laws were passed for the express purpose of keeping the natives distinct from the settlers, and thus preventing them from merging into one people. 'Mere Irish' were deprived of the protection of the English law, *and might be killed with impunity*. Statutes were passed expressly to prevent the English settlers from conforming to Irish language, dress, and manners, on pain of forfeiture of goods, and imprisonment, and being dealt with as 'Irish enemies.' And thus were the Irish people placed under the ban of proscription and exclusion by their conquerors, and a mark set on them to be shunned and hated by their fellow men."[1]

From the unexceptionable testimony of this candid English historian, we gather that the Irish were branded with infamy by the English, and declared aliens and enemies in the heart of their own country! This term *enemies* was, we believe, first employed in a statute passed under Henry IV.; and it is the only article of English law, as Moore the poet well remarks, to which the English have remained constantly faithful. More than once had the native Irish petitioned to be admitted to the rights of English citizenship; but their petitions were treated with contempt and scorn. They might be the slaves, they could not hope to become the subjects of England. This would have placed them under the protection of English law, and would have prevented the English lords of the pale from robbing them with impunity!

Goaded to desperation by these and similar acts of tyranny, the Irish septs often flew to arms; but each formidable insurrection was put down by an overwhelming royal army, which nearly always followed up the victory by wholesale massacre and spoliation:

"At every insurrection came new troops of English adventurers who were in need of lands; and every poor and ruined nobleman sought to repair his fortunes in a country where murder and pillage gave a right to property."[2]

1 Quoted in a late number of the Irish "Nation."

2 Regnault—"Criminal History of the English Government," p. 13.

Outlawed in their own country, and hunted down by their enemies, after having been despoiled of their property, did the native Irish seek to fly from their homes and eke out a subsistence in some more genial abode on the continent? Even this mode of escape was precluded by the inhuman English law, which forbade "the Irish enemies to leave the country."[1] But, more and still worse than all this, a mark was set on these same *Irish enemies*, that any one, who was base and cruel enough to perpetrate the atrocious crime, might murder them with impunity wherever they might be found! For this unheard of and almost incredible wantonness of cruelty, we have the authority of the English statute book itself, and the express testimony of an unexceptionable Scotch Protestant historian—Sir James Mackintosh. He says: "During the dreadful period of four hundred years, the laws of the English government of Ireland did not punish the murder of one man of Irish blood as a crime."[2] We verily believe that the history of no nation on earth is stained with cruelty more wanton or refined than this; and we subscribe to Mr. Lester's opinion that "none but an English despot has the skill to carry the refinement of tyranny so far."[3]

The leading maxim of English policy in her government of Ireland, as well as the true secret of her success in retaining her hold on that ill-fated country, was: *divide et impera*—divide and rule. By intrigues and bribery, she set chieftain against chieftain, and sept against sept; she carefully kept alive the old feuds which had ever been the bane of Irish prosperity, and she thus brought about "the estrangement of those who should have stood shoulder to shoulder in the strife for common freedom. . . . . This has been her policy from first to last; and its successful application is all that prevents Ireland from taking her place among the nations of the earth."[4]

But sad and mournful as is the epoch of Irish history of which we have hitherto spoken; heart-rending and sickening as are its details, that period at which we must now rapidly glance is yet more afflicting, and is filled with still greater enormities. This might seem impossible, but it is even so. From the reformation, *so called*, down to the present time, a new and more exciting element has been infused into the political hatred which England had ever borne to Ireland. This new and bitter ingredient in the chalice of Irish suffering, was a fierce and relentless religious bigotry. England had crushed the bodies, she now meant to bow down or crush the souls of Irishmen! If English misrule was a bane to Ireland, English Protestant bigotry was a curse a hundred-fold greater and heavier, and more appalling in its consequences.

When England was violently severed from Catholic unity by the headlong passions and high-handed tyranny of Henry VIII., she sought to drag Ireland also into her schism and apostasy. The truculent and

1 Regnault—"Criminal History of the English Government," p. 13.
2 Quoted by Lester: "Fate and Condition of England, ii, p. 71.
3 Ibid. p. 80.
4 Ibid. p 81.

bloody tyrant, who had made himself head of the Anglican church, spared no efforts to induce Ireland to acknowledge his spiritual supremacy. Bribes and menaces, the sword and the bayonet, the rack and the gibbet, were successively employed for this purpose. But they were all unavailing. The great body of the Irish people still fondly clung to the faith of their forefathers, which had consoled and strengthened them in the midst of sufferings that had rarely, if ever, fallen to the lot of any other nation. They might be despoiled of their property, they might be branded as aliens and outlaws in the heart of their own dear country, they might suffer the death of traitors, or they might be massacred in cold blood; but no indignity or suffering could tear from their hearts the bright jewel of faith, which they so highly prized and so dearly cherished. They might lose all else, but they would still warmly press this treasure to their bosoms! England had never yet offered them one single blessing, which was not more than outweighed by its attending curse; and could they now be induced to receive the reformation as a boon from her treacherous and blood-stained hands? No, no; Ireland would not apostatize.

This stern refusal to abandon the Catholic faith, and to subscribe to the new-fangled and ever changing religious notions of England, constituted Ireland's greatest crime. No language can adequately portray the refinements of cruelty, by which this crime has been visited by England for nearly three centuries. In the poignant bitterness of her sufferings during this period, the Irish Catholic almost forgot the many atrocities perpetrated in his country by the English, during the first four centuries of their domination. The annals of no country in the wide world, whether Christian or pagan, can present any thing half so cruel or atrocious, as that which is unfolded in the persecutions of the Irish Catholics by the English government since the period of the reformation. The facts almost stagger belief; and the recital makes our very blood freeze in our veins! This is admitted by Dr. Smiles, the candid English Protestant, to whose History of Ireland we have already referred. He says:

"The records of religious persecutions in all countries have nothing more hideous to offer to our notice, than the Protestant persecutions of the Irish Catholics. On them, all the devices of cruelty were exhausted. Ingenuity was taxed to devise new plans of persecution, till the machinery of penal iniquity might almost be pronounced perfect."[1]

What are we to think of a penal code, which forbade Catholics to open schools for the education of their children; which set a price upon the heads of Irish priests, and hunted them down like wild beasts; which double taxed, ground down with unheard of extortions, and openly despoiled the Catholics of their property; which authorized the apostate son to drive his gray-headed father from the paternal roof, if he refused to turn Protestant in his old age; and which relentlessly pursued religious non-conformity with fines and imprisonment, with fire and sword? What are we to think of a policy, which necessarily induced ignorance and pov-

1 Preface to his History of Ireland.

erty, and then sneered at both? What are we to think of a system of legislation, which forbade a Catholic to own a horse worth more than five pounds, and authorized his Protestant neighbor to rob him of it by law, if he could prove before a justice of the peace that he had tendered five pounds for the animal and been refused? What are we, in a word, to think of a government which adopted the systematic policy, of first driving the Irish Catholics into revolt by intolerable exactions and cruelties, and then despoiling them of their property, and butchering them in thousands!

Yet this was precisely the policy which Protestant England pursued towards Catholic Ireland for centuries. And this explains to us the anomalous and otherwise unaccountable fact, that, whereas seven-eighths of the Irish people are still Catholics, more than *three-fourths* of the entire landed property of the Island is now in the hands of the Protestants. The great Irish Catholic chieftains and landlords were purposely goaded into rebellion, that they might be branded as traitors, and their lands confiscated for the benefit of English adventurers. Such was the course adopted towards Earl Desmond, a powerful chief of Munster; such also was the treatment of O'Neill, another wealthy and valorous Irish chieftain. When Queen Elizabeth heard of the revolt of the latter, she remarked to her courtiers, with a fiendish smile: "It would be better for her servants, as there would be estates enough for them all."

"This single expression of Elizabeth," says Mr. Lester, "reveals the entire policy of the English government towards Ireland. That injured country was the great repast, at which every monarch bade his lords sit down and eat. After they had gorged their fill, the remains were left for those who should come after. Tranquillity succeeded these massacres, but it was the tranquillity of the grave-yard. The proud and patriotic Irishmen were folded in the sleep of death, and the silence and repose around the lifeless corpses were called *peace:*

'They made a solitude,
And called it peace.'"[1]

. . . "Often a great chief, possessed of large estates, was purposely driven by the most flagrant injustice and insults into open rebellion, that he might be branded as a traitor, and his rich possessions by confiscation revert to the English vampyres that so infested the land. Every cruelty and outrage that can dishonor our nature, was perpetrated in the unjust wars by English leaders and English soldiers. Cities were sacked, villages burned, women violated, and the helpless and the young slaughtered by thousands. A record of these scenes of crime and blood we can not furnish. It is written, however, on every foot of Irish soil, and in the still living memories of many an Irish heart."[2]

To exhibit the tender mercies of the English armies when they had succeeded in putting down a rebellion, which the persecuting and iniquitous policy of the English government had provoked, we may present the testimony of two cotemporary English writers, Hollingshead and the poet Spenser, concerning the desolation which reigned in the province of Munster after the defeat of Earl Desmond.

1 Vol. ii, pp. 83, 84.

2 Ibid. p. 82.

"This province," says Hollingshead, "which was heretofore rich, very populous and fertile, covered with green pastures, crops, and herds of cattle, is now deserted and barren; it bears no fruit; there is no grain in the fields, no cattle in the pastures, no birds in the trees, no fish in the rivers; in short, the curse of heaven (!) on this country is so great that you may pass through from one extremity to the other, and you rarely see a man, woman, or child." [1]

The poet Spenser, who received three thousand acres of land from the confiscated estates of Desmond, in compensation for his fulsome flattery of royalty, thus describes the scene which he witnessed on going to take possession of his estate in Ireland:

"Out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they (the people) came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death — they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves — they ate the dead carrion, happy when they could find them; yea, *and one another soon after;* insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and if they found a plat of water-cresses, or shamrocks, to those they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able to continue there withal, that in a short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country was suddenly left void of man and beast." [2]

These are but single pages in the long and sad history of Ireland's wrongs under English oppression. They are, however, pretty fair specimens of the whole work. England's policy towards Ireland has been very simple, steady, and uniform; and its practical effects on Ireland and the Irish people have been nearly the same for the last seven centuries. For almost two centuries immediately succeeding the reformation, the history of Ireland is a monotonous recital of tragedies and sickening horrors, such as those just described. The same means were employed in each successive reign, and the same dreadful effects followed. After having filled Ireland with desolation and massacre; after having cut off most of its heroes, murdered most of its chiefs, and sent her vampyres to seize on its richest lands, Elizabeth had a medal struck which bore the inscription — *Pacata Hibernia!* But Ireland was exhausted, not conquered; trodden in the dust, not *pacified.*

Ireland was destined to become the victim and the prey of each succeeding English dynasty. The Stuarts carried out the fiendish policy of the Tudors. They even added blackhearted ingratitude and treachery to open spoliation. Noble and generous Ireland poured out her blood in torrents for the two Charleses, and they betrayed her with a Judas-like kiss. Ireland fought bravely for the last and best of the Stuarts, James II.; and he, far from sympathizing with her in her devoted love, could only cry out in the memorable battle of the Boyne, when Irish valor was repulsing the English and their Dutch allies: "Spare, oh! spare my *English* subjects!"

From the accession of the house of Stuart to its expulsion from the

1 Quoted by Regnault, pp 15, 16. 2 State of Ireland—quoted by Lester, vol. ii, p. 92.

English throne — a period of more than eighty years, including the times of Cromwell and the commonwealth — Ireland was almost continually torn with dissensions and civil wars, pillaged by succeeding armies, and stained with the blood of her slaughtered children. Besides her own hereditary miseries, she was doomed to share in all the evils consequent on each political revulsion of the sister kingdom. Her fidelity to the Stuarts brought down on her devoted head the terrible vengeance of Cromwell, whose fanatical armies swept over her fair soil, like a swarm of Huns, spreading devastation every where, butchering the inhabitants in cold blood, and leaving only ruin, desolation, and the voice of wailing behind them. The terrible doings of these merciless ruffians, who wore long faces, quoted the Bible, and uttered long prayers, in the very same breath that they massacred the helpless widow and orphan, and imbrued their hands in the blood of the "papists," are still freshly remembered in Ireland; and the most withering malediction which an Irishman can utter, is that which invokes the "curse of Cromwell" on his enemy.

All who have read the history of Ireland will know that we have not exaggerated in the sketch just drawn, and that we have not done injustice to the unfortunate house of Stuart. The contemptible and pedantic James I., the first of that house who sat on the English throne, was the first British monarch who carried out the system of Irish spoliation on an extended scale, and by the chicanery of law; at a time too of profound peace, and without any provocation whatever. At the commencement of his reign, the earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel were declared, without a shadow of proof, to be agents in a grand Catholic conspiracy against English Protestant ascendency in Ireland. Their vast property, extending through six counties, and embracing five hundred thousand acres of land, was declared confiscated to the crown, and the base robbery was sanctioned by a subservient Irish parliament, to which James had caused creatures of his own to be returned. But this was not enough to satisfy the insatiate rapacity of the English monarch. We will give the energetic language of Mr. Lester on the subject:

"His success in this king's robbery only whetted his appetite for greater spoils. But what new scheme could he devise by which to wrest from the Irish chieftains their estates, for even a villain's brain will become exhausted of plots. A commission was appointed 'for the discovery of defective titles.' A set of men called *discoverers* was employed to hunt up defects in the titles of landholders, who, of course, were rewarded in proportion to their success, or, in other words, a premium was given to the best informer. It was not difficult to find defective titles in a land that had for centuries been afloat in the turbulent waves of civil war, especially when witnesses were suborned for the purpose, and bribes and violence and tortures freely employed to wring the Irish estates from their lawful owners."[1]

We might fill a volume with atrocities like these; but we sicken at

1 Vol. ii, page 88.

details so revolting; and we must hasten on. To the everlasting honor of Catholic Ireland be it said, that, though thus ruthlessly persecuted and trampled under foot by Protestant England, yet was *she* never stained with the crime of religious persecution! At three different periods of her history, Catholic Ireland regained for a short time the political ascendency; and she might then have repaid her spoilers and persecutors in their own coin. During the reign of Mary, at the close of that of Charles I., and at the time of the revolution that expelled James II. from the English throne, the Catholics of Ireland might have driven the English Protestants from the Island: but they made no attempt of the kind;—they shed not one drop of Protestant blood in the hallowed name of religion. Let the bigots who are for ever denouncing the Catholic Church for her persecuting spirit, and sneering at the "low and blood-thirsty Irish," remember this unquestionable fact, and blush—if they have not wholly lost the power of blushing! Generous and noble-hearted by nature, the Irish Catholics, at the first dawn of national prosperity, forgot the dark clouds which had so long hung over, and the terrible storms that had so often swept through, their devoted country; they forgave all past injuries, insults, and atrocities: and they nobly requited evil with good, curses with blessings. The sun did not set on their anger.

What return England made for this generous forgiveness, we have already seen. But there is yet one bitter cup which she put to the lips of Ireland, to which we have not yet alluded. Not content with all her previous outrages, she let loose on Ireland a set of ruthless and truculent blood-hounds, who thirsted for her blood and rioted amidst her ruin and desolation. The Irish Orangemen were sworn to maintain the Protestant ascendency in Ireland, and, if need was, to wade up to their knees in Irish Catholic blood! For more than a century the whole power of England sustained this blood-thirsty faction; and the English government withdrew its support, only when the indignant outcry of the civilized world, seconding that of bleeding Ireland, compelled it to do so. The Orangemen were but the executioners of that iniquitous system which England had ever pursued towards Ireland,—of that fiendish policy which set Irishmen against Irishmen, scattered spies and informers over the land, and liberally rewarded every act of baseness and treachery. And a burning shame it is, that she always found Irishmen base enough to take the wages of iniquity, and meanly to sell their country's birthright for a mess of pottage. Division among Irishmen has ever been the greatest bane of that beautiful, but devoted Island.

Space fails us to speak of the noble exertions made by the men of 1782 for the regeneration of Ireland; of the brilliant, but alas! ephemeral success which crowned their efforts; of the victories achieved by the noble eloquence of Grattan; of the memorable "rebellion" of 1798, and of the dreadful consequences which ensued from it to Ireland. All these things are familiar to our readers. There is not an intelligent

Irishman in the wide world, whose soul has not been stirred in its deepest fountains by the familiar details of those glorious or terrible events. Throughout this whole period of Ireland's history, the English government continued to pursue its usual selfish and treacherous policy. If the demands of the Irish volunteers were granted, it was with an ill grace, and only because England, exhausted by war and terrified by the recent successful revolt of her American colonies, could not do otherwise than grant them. But so soon as she recovered from her temporary difficulties, she retrieved the *faux pas* she had made in her most approved style. She goaded the Irish into rebellion, then crushed them by brute force: and, while Ireland lay crushed and bleeding at every pore, she annihilated her national parliament by the odious "act of union."

This master-stroke of Pitt's policy "was conceived in iniquity and brought forth in sin." It was the death-blow of Irish independence and nationality. It laid Ireland prostrate at the feet of England. It permanently fastened the odious English ascendency on the necks of Irishmen. It marred the prosperity, crippled the commerce, ruined the manufactures, weakened the energies, and crushed the spirit of Ireland. It did more. It firmly established and greatly increased that detestable system of absenteeism, which annually drained Ireland of millions of her treasure, to be expended in England or on the continent. It bound Ireland hand and foot, and placed her wholly at the mercy of an overwhelming majority in the English parliament. Against the solemn faith plighted by England in the act of the union itself, it saddled on Ireland the enormous public debt of England. In a word, it enriched England at the expense of Ireland, and it overspread the latter country with pauperism and misery unutterable. The bill of Catholic emancipation, reluctantly passed by the English parliament in 1829, mitigated somewhat, but it did not remove, these crying evils. They still exist to an alarming extent and in an ever-increasing magnitude. England still has her foot on the bosom of prostrate Ireland, and English iron still enters the soul and pierces the very vitals of Irishmen!

XXIX. CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES.*

ARTICLE V.— ITALIAN SOCIETY.

Dickens and Kip — Superficial travelers — Writing for money — Lady tourists — License for gossiping — Character of Dickens as a writer — Baretti and Sharp — Italian contentment — Two extremes to be avoided in the social condition — Material comforts — Difference between the Italians and Americans — Laboring classes in Italy — Italian squalor — Mode of life among Italians — Their sprightliness — Vivacity of children — Italians a social people — Their amusements — Gambling — Horse-races among them and us compared — Profane swearing — Temperance — General use of wine — Its effects on temperance and health — Politeness — Meekness among the great — Training of children in Italy — A gross charge against Italian morality refuted — The fashion of employing *Cavalieri Servent* — How it originated.

We do not sit down to write a review of the two recent works on Italy, published by Dickens and Kip. They have already received fully as much notice as they deserved. The Dublin Review has administered a withering rebuke to Mr. Dickens, more, however, in sorrow than in anger; while the utter flimsiness, the manifold inconsistencies, and the glaring absurdities of the "Recantation" have been already sufficiently exhibited. Our purpose at present is, merely to take occasion from these publications to throw together some general remarks on certain leading features of Italian society; a subject little understood, and upon which there exists much popular misapprehension and no small amount of error.

The chief cause of this is, that our people have been too much in the habit of looking at Italy through a false medium, that of the peculiar political bias or religious prejudices of certain writers who have traveled in that beautiful country. These tourists usually give us a view of Italian manners and customs, not as they really are in themselves, but as they choose to apprehend them. They furnish us with their own hasty impressions, rather than with facts and data by which we might be enabled to reach a sound conclusion. We must either look at Italy through their spectacles, or not look at it at all. We must see just as much as they see, hear just as much as they hear, and feel just as much as they feel; neither more nor less. If they choose to treat us only to a mere bird's-eye view, or to an imperfect glimpse of the country from a coach window, we must be content with their productions, such as they are.

Besides, these men are, for the most part, utterly incapable of giving

* 1. *Pictures from Italy.* By Charles Dickens.

2. *Recantation, or the Confessions of a Convert to Romanism;* a tale of domestic and real life in Italy; edited by the Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip, M. A., author of the Christmas Holydays in Rome, &c. New York. 1846.

us a correct picture of Italian society. They are often totally disqualified for this grave task. They generally know little of the Italian language, and still less of Italian manners and feelings. They do not mingle much with the people, but are content to view them at a distance. Their associations are chiefly with their own set; with English or American travelers as ignorant, as frivolous, and as prejudiced as themselves. In such company, they stand aloof from the vulgar Italian crowd, imagine themselves beings of a higher order, dropped down from some upper sphere unto this lower earth; and, like the pharisee of the Gospel, they turn up their eyes to heaven, and thank God that they are not like the rest of men, — even as those despicable, "priest-ridden" Italians!

They visit Italy with their minds already made up, both on religion and on politics; and every thing they see and hear only tends to strengthen the conclusion already reached. They either do not see, or they cannot understand or appreciate, any thing that is opposed to their opinions already formed. Even if they should happen to stumble upon facts which would tend to stagger them in their preconceived theories, they usually take care to pretermit them, or to give them in some remote corner or note, for fear of shocking the prejudices of others, and thereby injuring the sale of their book. They never fail to keep a steady eye to business in all their movements, and especially in what they may conclude to publish on Italy. How will this incident, this picture, this anecdote, *take* with the reading community among whom my work is to be circulated? Will it jar with their cherished notions, or shock their religious and political feelings? If so, I must omit it altogether. Will it tickle their fancy, cause them to rub their hands with glee, and chuckle over the woful darkness and degradation of the "popish" Italians? It will do; it is the very thing; it must occupy a prominent place in the book.

Now, we do not mean to say that such reflections as these actually pass through the minds of *all* our Italian tourists, when on the eve of publishing their travels; still less would we say, that they are always fully conscious to themselves of this process of reasoning. Some there may be, who are entirely above these selfish considerations; many others there are, who would be ashamed to acknowledge such motives even to themselves. Still, our remark is not the less true, in the main, for all this.

Verily we live in a most enlightened age; that is, in one which is most specially enlightened in material interests and in the matter of dollars and cents. If we have not yet discovered the philosopher's stone, it has not been surely for the want of seeking after it with earnestness and assiduity. We labor to transmute every thing into gold. What matters it, if the reputation of our neighbors suffer, if falsehood be retailed for truth, if caricatures be vended for veritable "pictures" of real life?" So that the investment turn out a good one, and the adventure meet with a substantial return in the way of profits, it is all right. Truth, virtue, conscience, — every thing may be lawfully sacrificed on the altar of mammon. It is a

reflection as sad as it is well founded, that many men of our enlightened day seem to carry their consciences rather in their pockets than in their hearts. Every thing for money; little or nothing for truth — seems to be at least a tacit motto in our age. And in this respect, however enlightened, we are certainly not peculiar. Pagan society was marked by a similar feature, from the days of Horace. POST NUMMOS VIRTUS — AFTER MONEY, VIRTUE; — was the prevailing maxim with the Roman youth of his epoch.

Should any one be inclined to suspect that our remarks are too severe, or too highly colored, we beg him to look, for one moment, at the general complexion of those books on Italy with which we have been regaled during the last few years. Are they really much better than an implied insult to the understanding of our people? Can we well conceive of any thing more thoroughly egotistical, more ridiculously empty and superficial, more devoid of all good taste both as to style and matter, than Headley's Italian Letters? In these respects, and in a dashing volubility and contemptible superciliousness, they are surpassed by nothing of the kind with which we are acquainted in our language; except, perhaps, by the earlier Letters of Theodore Fay, who was so thoroughly demolished some years ago by the late talented bishop of Charleston.[1]

If there is any thing in the language which is as utterly worthless as the publications of these two male tourists in Italy, it is to be found in the recent works of two female writers on the same subject, the one an American, the other an English lady: Miss Waldie's "Rome in the nineteenth Century," and the "Recantation," by an anonymous authoress. It is not for us, however, to deal harshly with these gentle writers. In the matter of gossip, of scandal, and of small talk, ladies have claimed certain privileges from time immemorial; and we would not, for the world, encroach upon their rights in this respect, or insist upon confining them strictly to dull matters of fact, when they can show off to so much more advantage in the higher and more graceful regions of fancy. Especially would we be inclined to gentleness towards them, when their motives are so religious and excellent; — to exhibit fancied error in all its native deformity, and suspected or alleged vice in all its natural hideousness! Far be it from us to carry out the suggestion of that heartless satirist, Hudibras, and

> "To scandalize that sex for scolding,
> To whom the saints are so beholden:
> Women who were our first apostles,
> Without whose aid we had been lost else;
> Women that left no stone unturned,
> In which the cause might be concerned."[2]

We can pardon much to ladies, who piously undertake to enlighten us on the subject of Italian darknesss and superstition. We even know how

1 In a series of letters published in the United States Gazette.
2 Part ii, canto ii, l. 773-8.

to make some allowances for Lady Morgan, who wielded a more masculine pen, and slew the Italians right and left, as with the club of Hercules. She probably thought that she was doing right well and was exhibiting a singular dexterity in the ungracious undertaking of disparaging her neighbors: she knew at least that her efforts would be hailed with delight, and would gain her much additional fame, among her numerous English and Scotch admirers at home. Her anecdotes of Italian society were the very thing to suit the palates of her readers; gossip and scandal flowed from her pen with inimitable grace and volubility; her statements would pass unquestioned in the community,[1] and her hints and insinuations would be received with relish. Upon the whole, her fame would be enhanced by the publication.

But what shall we say of Dickens? What of the inimitable London satirist, the idol of the English and American reading public, the steadfast friend of the poor and the scourge of the rich, the graceful and agreeable moralist, the author of the beautiful conceptions of Oliver Twist, Kate Nickleby, the Cheryble Brothers, and little Nell? What shall we say of his "Pictures from Italy?" In sorrow and in sadness of heart, we must say, that they are no pictures at all, but miserable and ill-natured caricatures. They have not one redeeming quality, not even that of literary merit, a high order of which had distinguished most of his previous writings. They are not the productions of Boz, but of another character altogether different. The good-natured, and laughing and high-toned champion of virtue down-trodden by heartless avarice, the exquisite transformer of virtue in a hovel and in rags into the ideal of all that constitutes loveliness, — has suddenly dwindled down into the contemptible London cockney abroad, dealing unblushingly in all the low slang and vulgar insinuation of his tribe. What a falling off!

The uniform gentleness and politeness of the Italians,— which even *he* does not dare gainsay,— is not sufficient to check his wayward humor, nor to remove the sting from his heartless satire. The classic reminiscences of the Italian soil, every foot of which tells a thrilling tale of by-gone deeds; the beautiful Italian churches, decorated with the most sublime works of the greatest artists that ever lived; the sweet melody of Italian music, unequaled in all the world besides; the reunion of all that is best calculated to call up stirring remembrances of the past and to awaken feelings of admiration for the present: — all this could not melt Mr. Dickens, nor turn him for one moment from his stern, preconceived purpose of libeling the Italians.

His "American Notes" were superficial and bad enough, especially that portion of them which was written after his disappointment at Washington City in obtaining the grant of an international copyright; but they are

1 Not so, however, with all of them. She made one grievous blunder, which Dr Wiseman took the trouble to expose She stated that the venerable chair of St. Peter, kept in St Peter's church at Rome, when examined at the time of the French occupancy of Rome, was found to bear an Arabic inscription! Dr Wiseman proves conclusively that the chair she alluded to exists in Venice, not in Rome, and that it was a present made to the Doge in the middle ages, by some Mohammedan prince!

nothing in comparison with his "Pictures from Italy." His visit to America seems, in fact, — probably from the disappointment just alluded to, — to have changed his entire nature, to have disgusted him with the world, and to have filled him with settled chagrin. We wish heartily, for his own reputation, that he had stayed at home, and confined himself entirely to that department of literature for which alone he seems suited by nature and education, — to works of fiction. Whenever he ventures upon the field of sober realities, he is ill at ease, and is but too apt to revert to his old province of *fancy*. He was certainly *a stranger* in Italy; and he appears to have felt it himself.

Why is it, that even the best writers have failed so signally in their portraitures of Italian society? Why is it, that almost all our writers on Italy, from the days of Addison and Sharp, down to those of Beckford and Dickens, have, with very few exceptions, turned out little better than mere Trolloping gossipers and contemptible retailers of slander? There must be some reason for this moral phenomenon, sufficiently ample to apply to the whole class. That reason we have already intimated. The writers alluded to did not look beyond the mere surface of Italian society; and they even looked at this but slightly, and with an obliquity of vision, which would have been wholly inexcusable in matters of much less moment than the character of an entire people.

A good work on Italy, one that would furnish us with correct and impartial information on the religious and the social manners and customs of that lovely country, is still a desideratum in our literature. We have met with no book of the kind, at least with no one which comes down to the present times. The work of Baretti, the famous Italian lexicographer and grammarian, comes the nearest to our notion of what a book on Italy should be. It is written with much ability and candor; it sets off the excellencies and the foibles of Italian character; it unfolds the general structure of Italian society; it embodies much valuable information on the material condition and resources of Italy, at the period when it was written. There is, withal, a vein of pleasantry pervading the work, which gives it a singular zest and piquancy. This humor is indulged in even on some matters which should not have been treated of with levity, — such as certain religious festivals and practices of the Italians, — and this is the principal defect we remarked in the publication.

It was written nearly a century ago in England and in English, and was intended as a reply to a book on Italy, by a certain Samuel Sharp, Esq., who had lately returned from his travels on the continent, and had given to the English public the result of his observations on Italy, in a publication which fully reflected the sour temper and morose malevolence of its author. We are sure that he must have been heartily laughed at by all the readers of Baretti's reply; and we think that any one who would republish the latter work, with such additions and modifications as would adapt it to our own times, would deserve well of our reading community, and would supply a want in our literature. The valuable "Classical

Tour" of Mr. Eustace,[1] and the sensible and generally impartial Letters of Mr. Brooks, together with the more recent Notes of Mr. Laing, not to mention many others, would supply the necessary information for making the requisite alterations in the revised edition.

But we must hasten on to the main object we proposed to ourselves in commencing this paper: the offering of some remarks on certain leading features of Italian society. Our observations will be necessarily very brief and summary. An entire volume, or rather several volumes, would be necessary to do full justice to a subject so ample, and withal so very interesting.

There are certainly some serious defects in the structure of Italian society; but there are also many transcendent excellencies. There are shades as well as lights in all true pictures of human life. The Italians are not, in general, so industrious and enterprising as the English or Americans. They love rest more, and locomotion less. They can be at rest, without being always in motion. They have not the same thirst for wealth as we have; that fever of avarice which makes the patient ill at ease and restless, and corrodes his very heart-strings, is not certainly an Italian epidemic. An Italian would be content and even merry, where an American would be miserable and in momentary apprehension of starvation. Give him but enough for to-day, and he sits down cheerful and happy, nor thinks of the morrow. The American lives on the future; the Italian on the present. The motto of the latter is that saying of our Lord: "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;" the motto of the former would seem to be: "No rest in this world."

The result is, that, whereas in Italy you often meet with individuals who have reached the verge of extreme old age, with scarcely a furrow on the cheek or a wrinkle on the brow, — hale, happy, and cheerful; in America, on the contrary, our men often become old ere they have passed the meridian of life. Many of our people literally work themselves to death; not indeed in manual labor, but in what is much more trying on the constitution, — the labor of the mind. Even our young men of business often look care-worn and in ill health, from excessive mental application and solicitude about growing suddenly rich.

It seems to us, then, that if the Italians are too careless about acquiring this world's goods, we are much too solicitous about them for our own comfort. If they incline to one extreme, we incline to the other. And it is difficult to decide which extreme is the worse. If true happiness consist rather in the constant and eager pursuit of wealth than in being content with what we already have, then is our social condition more conductive to happiness than that of Italy. If, on the contrary, it consist in the calm enjoyment of a moderate competency, without any over eager pursuit of more; in being satisfied with very little, and in being resigned even to want; then is the social condition of the Italians much preferable to our own.

1 In four volumes 8vo. We are not aware that any American edition of this excellent work has ever been issued.

We freely admit, that so far as the *material* condition of society is concerned, we are greatly in advance of the Italians. We have, in general, many more worldly comforts than they. Our people are commonly better off in regard to the necessaries and luxuries of life. Food is more abundant, and wealth is more equally distributed among the masses. We have a country exhaustless in resources and boundless in extent, more than sufficient to supply all the wants of our comparatively scanty population. Our population, scattered over a territory much larger than all Europe, is not much greater than that which is crowded into the Italian peninsula and its two dependencies, the islands of Sicily and Sardinia; the whole superficial extent of which is not, perhaps, twice as much as that of one of our larger states. Confine our whole population to Italy, and we greatly doubt whether our people would be in a better condition than the Italians. With our "go-ahead" principle and restless temperament, we would certainly not be so content or happy as they are, were we placed in their situation.

Besides the Italians have not so many incentives to industry and enterprise as we have. Their social condition is fixed and immovable, and it has been so fixed for centuries. All the avenues of enterprise are already filled up; and a man there must, in general, be content with his actual lot in society. He cannot advance, and with ordinary industry, he cannot recede in the social condition. Hence he is usually satisfied to stay where he is, and does not kill himself with anxiety to ameliorate his position. The various trades and employments often descend from father to son for many generations. It is so, to a greater or less extent, in all old and densely populated countries. They have already reached the goal, towards which we are but tending.

Ameliorations in the social condition there may be, even in such old countries as Italy; but they are much more easily talked about than carried out. And we consider it very doubtful whether certain improvements, which our modern social economists are so much in the habit of extolling, would prove really beneficial to the mass of the Italian population. They would be apt to enrich the few at the expense of the many. A general system of manufactures, carried on principally by steam-power, would throw an immense number of the laboring population out of employment; and the competition among the laborers would be such as to reduce the price of labor down to the starving point. This has been long the case in England, and it would be so also in Italy under similar circumstances.

As it is, we have not a doubt that the Italian laboring population are, in general, as well clothed, as well fed, and as comfortable as most other European populations, without having their physical energies impaired by being over worked. The Italian climate is much more genial than that of England, and the Italian soil much more fertile and exuberant. Nature there pours into the lap of industry a more abundant return for labor; and an Italian may accordingly procure the necessaries of life with half

the exertion, which would be requisite for the same purpose in a less propitious climate and with a less bountiful soil. This is a wise dispensation of Providence; for those living under a burning sun are necessarily more or less enervated in body, and therefore less capable of hard labor, than those living in a more northern latitude. This remark we have already made in a previous paper.

Notwithstanding all that has been written of the wretchedness and squalor of the Italians, it is nevertheless true, that famine and starvation, even great want, are of very rare occurrence among them. Bread, wine, oil, cheese, and other articles of daily consumption are so abundant, so generally diffused, and so very cheap, that all can procure them in sufficient quantity to support existence. In cases of partial failure of the crops, or other local misfortunes, public and private charity comes promptly to the relief of the suffering district, and thus the horrors of famine are averted. The Italian mode of living is very simple and economical. A few *bajocchi* (cents) in the pocket of an Italian laborer, will suffice to purchase ample provision for himself and family for a day. His wants are few and easily supplied. He will eat nothing but a bit of bread and cheese moistened with a glass of wine, and he will be merry and sing the live-long day. The Italians are almost all of them cooks, and almost all of them musicians. These two things often go together.

Contentment and sprightliness are among the most prominent traits in the Italian character. You will see but few long faces in all Italy. He who would be sad there, would present in his own person too strong a contrast with the radiant sky and balmy air over and around him. The Italians have a proverb, — "He who lives content will die singing,"[1] — which unfolds this national trait of character. If they do not actually die singing, they at least sing so long as they have life and health. The mother sings to her child, and the child sings to the mother, so soon as it becomes able to do so. The peasantry sing in concert while laboring in the fields, and the muleteer sings to keep himself company, or to cheer his wearied beasts of burden. The streets of the towns and villages, the mountain passes, the fields, are all vocal with music.

You cannot traverse Italy without feeling, even in spite of yourself, that the people are happy; and without also feeling indignant at those moody and splenetic travelers from a less genial clime, who, because they are not happy themselves, seem to envy the happiness of others, and seek to throw the pall of their own gloom over spirits, as gay and lightsome as the very birds which carol their merry notes amid the luxuriant Italian foliage. These sour tourists cannot appreciate a cheerfulness, which is a stranger to their own bosoms. Men who cannot feel happy, while rolling in wealth and reveling in abundance, cannot, for their lives, comprehend how others can be cheerful even in the midst of comparative indigence. Their fault is, that they judge of others by themselves, — often a very erroneous standard.

1 Chi vive contento, muorra cantando.

During a residence of several years in Italy, we have been often struck by the sprightliness, vivacity, and merriness of the Italian children. While engaged in their rural sports, their eyes sparkle like brilliants, and their countenances are lighted up with an animation which bespeaks a high order of intellect and fancy, and tells how very happy they feel and are. Such eyes and such countenances are seldom seen elsewhere. If you wish to see childhood in all the attractive loveliness of its innocence, you must go to Italy. No where else, will you find the smile of youth so radiant; and no where else, except perhaps in France, is youthful light-heartedness prolonged to so advanced a period of life. The Italian of forty years has as much vivacity and buoyancy of spirits, as the Englishman or American of twenty-five. The haggard eye and the drooping visage, which tell of excessive mental anxiety and of anguish of heart, are almost unknown in Italy. They are, at least, as uncommon there, as they are common with us.

To what is this superior sprightliness of the Italians owing? As we have already intimated, it is owing partly to their religion, which naturally inspires this feeling; partly to their beautiful climate; and partly to their education and social habits. They have popular amusements, and sports, such as are almost unknown among us. In almost all the cities, towns, and villages, there are public gardens and walks, beautifully arranged and tastily laid out, to which all classes have free access. Here you will find immense multitudes, congregated together at evening when the labors of the day are over, and engaged in social intercourse and sprightly conversation. All orders of society are here seen mingling together, and in a relation of much greater equality than we would imagine possible in so old a society, the various grades of which are so fixed and so clearly marked. Such assemblages of all classes in the open air, for the purpose of innocent recreation and intellectual amusement, contribute greatly to the health, by promoting the habitual cheerfulness of the people. They are, moreover, picturesque, and present a singular diversity of grouping, which a painter would love to sketch. They bespeak also a high development of the social feeling.

In fact, an Italian cannot live without society. He is not and cannot be an isolated being. All his social feelings are not confined to the domestic circle; they seek and must have a wider scope. Throw a number of Italians together, and they must speedily become acquainted, they must talk, they must become cheerful and communicative. Their social feelings require this development, and without it they could not be at ease. You may travel from one end of Italy to the other; you may mingle with all classes of society, and you will seldom meet with one moody individual, reserved and shut up within himself, and unwilling to communicate his thoughts to his fellows. Such unsocial individuals do not flourish in the Italian soil; they belong to a *colder* climate.

Whatever opinion we may choose to form of this and other social habits of the Italians, we must admit that their amusements are, in general, very

innocent; if we do not even come to the conclusion that they are very useful. We shall confine ourselves at present to such of them as are merely social.

Can any one, for example, reasonably find fault with the social assemblages above alluded to? We know of no one who would object to them, except, perhaps, certain gloomy religionists among us, who would seem disposed to shut out all earthly joy and cheerfulness from the human heart, and to measure a man's piety by the length of his visage. Many amusements which are very censurable in America, because they are often so grievously abused, may be, and generally are, very innocent in Italy, where no such abuse exists, at least to the same extent. The games of billiards, cards, back-gammon, and draughts, are innocent in themselves, and are blameable only when indulged in to excess, or turned to the purpose of gambling. This is but too often the case with us; it is not so in Italy. People there usually engage in these games for the sake of amusement only; we are but too apt to discard mere amusement and to turn every thing into dollars and cents. We would not say that gambling is wholly unknown in Italy; but we do say, and we say it advisedly, that it is not half so common there as with us. The reason of this is, that the social feeling is much stronger there than among ourselves, and the desire of wealth much weaker.

We have often felt indignation at those superficial, self-conceited, and malicious tourists, who, because they happen to see the Italians occasionally engaged in those games, immediately set them down as confirmed gamblers. These men, without taking the trouble to become acquainted with the social habits or even with the language of Italy, gravely charge the Italian people, — without any reason whatever and against all evidence, — with a grievous national vice wholly foreign to their habits, and against which their very nature revolts. They flippantly judge others according to their own low standard, and that of their own country, without reflecting that one material circumstance will alter a whole case. Such libelers should be at once branded with the indignation of all impartial men.

How very different, for instance, is an Italian horse-race, from one as it is conducted in our own country! With us it is a matter not merely of innocent sport, but very often of the greatest excitement, growing out of the deep stakes dependent upon the issue. It is one species of gambling, and one, too, which is often of the most exciting and dangerous character. Many men are ruined, and many make their fortunes on the race-course. Unworthy trickery is often resorted to in this, as in other sorts of gambling. Again, the race-course among us is but too often disgraced by profane swearing, by drunkenness, by quarreling and unworthy brawls. The case is very different in Italy. There the amusement is every thing; it absorbs all other feelings; drunkenness is wholly unknown; betting, especially in deep stakes, is exceedingly rare; rudeness and bitter feuds are seldom, if ever witnessed; while swearing, if

neard at all, is confined to a very few of the most degraded and of the very lowest classes. An Italian of any standing in society would consider himself forever disgraced by the utterance of a profane oath. He shrinks as much — if not even more — from swearing at all, as do our gentlemen from swearing in the presence of ladies whom they respect. We repeat it, that in Italy racing and other amusements are a different thing entirely from what they are with us in America, or with the English. They are to be judged of by a different standard altogether. They are there part and parcel of mere social amusements; and the abuse of them is very rare indeed.

People must amuse themselves in some way, and if not permitted to indulge in innocent sports, they will often resort to those which are dangerous or positively sinful. In this country, we have no sufficient outlet for the popular feeling of sociability and cheerfulness. We have scarcely any popular amusements worthy of the name. What is the natural consequence? Our youth, in too many instances, unhappily betake themselves to low haunts of vice, and ruin their constitutions as well as impair their fortunes by dissipation. Is not this the case to a lamentable extent? Is such a state of things desirable, or is it consistent with sound morality? Would it not be far preferable to encourage innocent amusements in order thereby to avert those which are guilty? We think so.

In this, as in many other respects, we might profit greatly by the example of Italy, France, and southern Europe generally. Instead of reviling the character of the Italians, we might, with great advantage to ourselves, adopt such of their social practices as would suit the circumstances in which we are placed, and would be adapted to our character and wants.

In two things, particularly, we might learn a useful lesson from Italy; — in temperance, and in the suavity of social intercourse. These are very prominent and almost universal traits in the Italian character. You may traverse Italy from Turin to Naples, and you will, perhaps, not find one man drunk, or one who will give you an uncivil word. They all drink the light wine of the country; it is a part of their daily aliment; but they are seldom known to exceed the bounds of sobriety in drinking, or of temperance in eating. They seem to have an instinctive feeling of the point at which they should stop, and they seldom go beyond that point.

During a residence of more than four years in central Italy, though we saw thousands of people every day, we never witnessed but one instance of intoxication; and this solitary exception to a general rule, was a young soldier, who, having been sent out to procure the rations for his company, had indulged too freely in eating and drinking, and had made himself deadly sick, probably as much from the incompatible qualities, as from the quantity, of what he had taken. We saw many persons more than usually cheerful, even merry, from the effects of wine; we never saw more than one who was intoxicated. The Italians have in general nc

appetite for strong drinks; they are content with the product of the grape, which is fortunately very abundant in their beautiful country.

The general use of wine as an article of diet, rather than as a beverage, appears to be greatly conducive to the health, cheerfulness, and sobriety of a people. The Italians are an example of this. They are cheerful and sober. Dyspepsy is almost as much unknown among them, as is its invariable attendant,—melancholy. You will never find a people living in a wine country either sad or in bad health. And we are decidedly of the opinion, that if the cultivation of the grape were generally introduced into our own country, in which recent experiments have proved its entire practicability, the effect would be to banish the relish for strong drinks, —now too *common*, alas! among our population,—and to promote our general health and happiness. This measuer alone would probably do more to establish temperance among us, than all the temperance societies which were ever organized. It would strike at the very root of the evil, and furnish a radical cure.

Temperance societies are very laudable, but their influence is necessarily partial, even if it should prove to be permanent,—which remains yet be seen. The best temperance society would be one, which would promote the general cultivation of the vine. The example of all wine-growing countries is a sufficient proof of this. If our people must have stimulants of one kind or another, let them learn, like the Italians, to be content with that which is gentle, innocent, nutritive, and congenial to the human constitution. This is the only effectual means we know of to banish ardent spirits; the only one at least which has proved effectual elsewhere.

Politeness is a feature in the Italian character not less prominent than sobriety. This trait is common to all classes; you will seldom meet an exception to it. The poorest beggar, even when repulsed, will often invoke a blessing on him who has refused him an alms. The richest prince puts on no aristocratical airs when addressing the veriest peasant. Often have we seen and admired this trait of character in the Italian nobility. The mighty prince Borghese, owning a hundred townships, will frequently mingle with the rudest laborers whom he employs, on terms of social equality, and even of apparent intimacy. The Roman cardinal will hear the petition of the humblest citizen, and address to him words full of gentleness and kindness. The Roman Pontiff will waive all considerations of his exalted rank, to converse, in the tender accents of a father, with the poorest and most lowly of God's creatures. Whoever has visited Italy and been in Rome during the last few years, must have witnessed frequent instances of this noble and Christian condescension in the person of the highest dignitary in the Church. He might have seen Gregory XVI. stop his equipage, to converse with and console a poor woman, who had presented her memorial for the obtaining of some favor. He might have seen daily evidences of the deep love which the poor bore to that illustrious Pontiff. And it is well known that, in this respect, the

present illustrious Pontiff, Pius IX., more than follows in the footsteps of his venerable predecessor. An Italian noble is known, not by his haughtiness and overbearing carriage, but by his superior gentleness and good breeding. He is a *gentleman*, according to the literal and original meaning of that word. What a contrast between the carriage and manners of the English, and of the Italian aristocracy! The former all dignity, and full of the pride of rank; the latter comparatively all humility and meekness.

There is also another striking feature in Italian society by which we might greatly profit, — the proper training of children. In Italy the parent impresses upon the tender mind of the child the duties of respect and obedience, and he does it so effectually, that instances of filial undutifulness are there rarely met with. In no country of the world, perhaps, is the parental and filial relation more fully understood or more properly appreciated. A disobedient child would there be considered as a monster, unfit for society. Popular sentiment would set the hot brand of indignation upon his forehead, and he would be cast forth as something unclean. Nor does the duty of filial respect and obedience cease at any particular period of life; the parent is always the parent, and the child is always the child, no matter what may be their respective ages or positions in society.

Is this the case with us? Alas! it is not, at least to half the extent. American parents love their children as fondly as do the Italian; but they do not often love them as well or as wisely. With us, the faults of the wayward child are but too frequently overlooked by the doating parent; if they are not even tacitly approved of, as evidences of a proper spirit, and of a talent which needs only a little time to develop it to proper maturity. The result of this over indulgence is, that the son or daughter is too soon emancipated from the parental control, becomes impatient of all restraint, and but too often plunges into the vortex of worldly vanity, if not of dissipation and vice. The afflicted parent finds out, when it is too late, that he has spoiled his child; and that the one, whom heaven gave him to be the solace and support of his declining years, is likely, on the contrary, to bring nothing but sorrow and bitterness on his gray hairs. It is not so in Italy, at least to the same degree. And the difference of result is chiefly owing to the difference of training. In this respect, as in many others, we might learn a useful lesson from Italian society.

There is, however, one charge against the morality of Italian society which we must briefly notice, as it has been made by several writers, and with some shadow of plausibility. It is alleged that the standard of female virtue is not so high in Italy as in many other countries of Europe; and in proof of this grave accusation, our attention is pointed to a peculiar feature in Italian society, which allows married ladies to have their *Cicisbei*, or *Cavalieri Serventi*,[1] who attend them on public occasions, hold their

1 Cavaliers in attendance.

parasols and fans, recite verses and sonnets in their honor, and perform various other offices. Prejudiced writers on Italy profess to see in this custom a violation of all female decorum and propriety; and they take occasion from it to slander the virtue of the Italian ladies generally.[1] Never was there, perhaps, a more palpable instance of gross ignorance in regard to all the features which mark Italian intercourse, or of that unmitigated malevolence which construes everything into crime, than is implied in this scandalous imputation. Those who make the charge can scarcely be supposed to believe it seriously themselves.

What! Are we to believe that an enlightened people, and one so proverbially jealous of female virtue as the Italians, would tolerate for one moment a systematic corruption of morals which would sap the very foundations of all society, by marring all domestic bliss, and breaking up the bonds of the family circle? Are we to believe that Italian husbands would sit quietly by, and see all their dearest interests sacrificed, and their most cherished affections blighted? Those who think so, know little of human nature, and nothing whatever of the Italian character. The thing is absurd, impossible on its very face. It were almost impossible even among savages. The malignity and utter groundlessness of the charge are transparent. When the splenetic and malicious Samuel Sharp, Esq., preferred this same accusation about a century ago, Baretti published a triumphant refutation of it, and administered to the libeler of Italian female character an indignant rebuke, which even *he* must have felt, if he had any feeling left.

We are ourselves no admirers of the custom in question, which we believe was always confined to ladies of the higher ranks, and has for many years past fallen into almost total disuse even among them. But no reasonable man can believe for one moment, that there ever was anything more in it than a mere matter of fashion, the reputed tendency of which was to enhance the importance, by increasing the suite, of those ladies who moved in the most fashionable circles. It was only a remnant of that chivalric gallantry of the middle ages, which lingered longer in Italy and Spain than in any other countries in Europe. After having declined for many years, it fell at last under the well aimed shafts of Italian satire. The poet Parini seems to have given it the finishing stroke.[2] Absurd you may call it, if you choose; grossly immoral in its tendency and effects it could not have been: else it is impossible to conceive how it could have been at all tolerated, especially among the sensitive and jealous Italians. They are naturally a highly poetical and imaginative people, who have adhered with much tenacity to their ancient social customs, more particularly those which carried them back to the days of mediæval chivalry.

We would, in short, make a most grievous mistake, if we should attempt to judge the Italians by our own more prosaic and matter-of-fact

1 This accusation is made particularly by Miss Waldie in her "Rome in the Nineteenth Century."

2 See Alfieri's Autobiography, pp. 128-9, note American Edition.

principles. We believe that there are few countries in the world where female virtue is more highly prized or more generally practised than in Italy. If you wish to be pointed to countries where this "index virtue" — as Mr. Laing calls it — is more generally lost sight of, you must go farther north; to Prussia, to Sweden, and to England. One thing is certain, — and it is conceded by our adversaries themselves, — that Italian parents are in the habit of watching over the virtue of their daughters with a singular care; and it is often made a matter of accusation against the former, that they will not permit the latter to mingle in society, but keep them shut up in the convent schools and academies until they are marriageable.

XXX. CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES.*

ARTICLE VI. — BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

Interest of the subject—Qualifications for an impartial traveler—Misrepresenting Catholic doctrines and practices—Missionary tourists—Mr. Kidder's misstatements—The Brazilians *adoring* images—Absurd blunders—Fire-works on the "Sabbath"—Service of the holy week—Decoration of Brazilian churches—Religious emblems and names—Our Lady of the Snow—Homicides in Brazil and among us—Distributing tracts—A bright youth—The Bible in Brazil—Extracts from it read in the public schools—"The Bible never proscribed in Brazil"—Inquisitorial censorship—A trick of the Bible society—The Brazilians liberal and tolerant—The Catholic clergy—Slavery in Brazil—Touching practices of piety among the slaves—The religious Brotherhoods—The charity hospital at Rio—Is there any native party in Brazil?—Failure of Mr Kidder's mission—His return home—Advantages of clerical celibacy.

Few countries are more interesting than Brazil; concerning few are the sources of information which are accessible to the American reader more shallow and unsatisfactory. Mr. Kidder has attempted, and with some success, to supply a great deficiency of which we, in common with many others, have long been deeply sensible. The very name *Brazil* calls up agreeable and poetic associations. It tells of a country of beautiful rivers and magnificent harbors, of splendid cities and cheerful people, of lovely flowers and smiling valleys, of rare plants and gigantic vegetation, of warm sunshine and warmer hearts. We confess that, from our boyhood up, we have always thought of the El Dorado whenever we heard the name of Brazil uttered; and, even now, there is no place in the new world we would be more delighted to see than Rio de Janeiro.

To be able to judge of a country correctly, a man should be almost more than human. If he should not have dropped down from the clouds, he should at least divest himself of all narrow prejudice, and become a citizen of the world, in the most enlarged sense of the term, ere he can rightly appreciate the character of a strange people. Unless his heart be as wide as the world, he will be but too apt to judge the new people among whom he may travel by the contracted views which he formed when under his father's roof, or while breathing the air of his native hills or valleys. To love our own country above all others, and to think its people greater and better and happier than any other, is a natural feeling, which may be either a virtue, or at most a very excusable weakness; but to push this sentiment so far as to conceive a contempt for all other nations, whose people do no exactly agree with us in constitu-

* *Sketches of Residence and Travel in Brazil, embracing Historical and Geographical notices of the empire and its several provinces.* By Daniel P. Kidder. In two volumes, with illustrations. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball. London: Wiley & Putnam. 1845.

tional temperament or social life, in legislation or religion, is certainly something more than a mere infirmity. It is an evidence of silly pride and narrow-minded prejudice. The traveler in foreign lands should surely leave all such ideas at home; at least, if he take it into his head to write a book, he should not inflict his own contracted and erroneous views on his readers, who look more for agreeable narrative and solid information, than for the peculiar notions or first impressions of the writer.

And yet how difficult it is to get rid of this narrow prejudice; and to become really a citizen of the world! How difficult to institute an impartial comparison between our own people and those of other nations, whom we consider less favored! How apt are we to look only at the dark side of the picture in a strange land, and to compare it with the bright side of that in our own dear country! Though extensive travel tends to expand our ideas and to liberalize our views, yet there are some men whose views are never expanded; and who, for all the good traveling does them or others, might as well stay at home.

We are not inclined to set down Mr. Kidder in this class of unteachable travelers, except where the religion of Brazil was opposed to his own settled prejudices. We have read his Sketches with great interest and pleasure, and we really believe that, with the exception just indicated, he sought to be impartial and accurate in his statements. We are indebted to him for much valuable information on the present political and financial condition of the Brazilian empire; as well as for an interesting synopsis of its past history, and a pretty fair estimate of its population, resources, literary and charitable establishments, great men, and future prospects. We are the more grateful for all this, as we had never before seen any work on Brazil, in which the attempt to portray the institutions of the country had been so full and successful.

Yet we much regret to say, that Mr. Kidder's work is often greatly disfigured by religious prejudice, and not unfrequently marred by positive misrepresentation. We could not, of course, have expected that, being a Protestant, he would have written as a Catholic; but we certainly had a right to expect that one so well informed and so liberal in other things, would not have betrayed so much ignorance and bigotry in regard to the Catholic religion. And it will be our duty, as reviewers, to notice some of the more striking among these exhibitions of an illiberal spirit. In discharging this office we intend "not to set down aught in malice," but, at the same time, to speak plainly, whenever the subject may seem to require it. We are heartily tired of being compelled every day to expose misrepresentations of our religion, made by men who should have known better, and who can plead no excuse whatever for their ignorance or malice. The doctrines and practices of Catholicity are not hidden in a corner; they are not of yesterday; they have been boldly and unequivocally set forth to the whole world for eighteen long centuries, during fifteen of which those sectarians who now think proper to cover them with obloquy had not yet sprung into existence!

Mr. Kidder went to Brazil with his religious notions already formed, and with a predetermination not to be pleased with any thing not conformable to them. He went with a settled conviction that the Brazilians were sitting "in the region of the shadow of death," and that it would be a great mercy to endeavor to shed some light on their darkness. He went as a hired agent of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society, for the purpose of distributing Bibles and tracts among the benighted papists of Brazil; and, of course, it was his obvious interest to represent them as ignorant, as priest-ridden, as dark on the subject of the Bible as possible. We are quite confident we are doing him no injustice; we have traveled ourselves in Catholic countries; we have had for several years full opportunities of comparing what we knew to be the truth, with the false or miserably perverted statements of those very men of God who belong to Mr. Kidder's school; and we have come to the deliberate conclusion, that little or no reliance is to be placed on the statements of any among them all, whenever the Catholic religion is concerned. The notable "Memoranda of Foreign Travel" by the Rev. R. J. Breckinridge, the "Letters of Rev. Mr. Cheever," and the "Sketches of Brazil," — to say nothing of a hundred other books of the same kind with which our country is literally flooded,— are, all of them, little better than base libels on the religious character of the various people, among whom those Reverend missionaries temporarily sojourned.

But, after all, these devout emissaries do some good, not only to themselves, but incidentally at least to others. They encourage the publishers, and they spread out among the people some wholesome knowledge, cumbered though it be with much misrepresentation and prejudice. The truth sometimes peeps out from their pages almost, in spite of them; and they not unfrequently, in the most simple and good-natured manner imaginable, let out the secret of their own utter failure in the holy enterprise upon which they had embarked,— with a good round sum for an outfit, and high annual wages to console them in their labors. We shall see that Mr. Kidder does this; but before we come to this feature in his book, we must spread out before our readers some of the glaring evidences of his ignorance and prejudice, in regard to the religion of the Brazilians.

He deliberately repeats the silly and exploded falsehood, that the Brazilian Catholics are in the habit of *adoring* images! Thus he says, speaking of what he saw in the convent of St. Antonio at Rio: "The *adoration* of images was, *of course*, a prominent topic of remark."[1] "Of course" it was! Had not his grandmother told him, while he was yet in the nursery, that all Catholics adore images? And was not the mere presence of images in Catholic churches sufficient evidence to *his* mind to confirm this grave accusation? "Of course" it was! How could Catholics be supposed to have common sense enough, to distinguish between a bit of canvass or a piece of marble and the living God of heaven and earth? Shade of Raphael! how you would stand aghast at the prodigious

[1] Vol. i, 186.

acumen and taste of this modern tourist! Had he but invoked you, he might have received some information as to the emblematic meaning of those streams of blood issuing from the five sacred wounds of the Saviour, and descending "to a figure beneath, in the posture of devotion," which he saw represented in a painting in the same convent, and the explanation of which, he says, none of the good monks could give him![1] Probably they thought him an unfit subject for instruction, or they smiled at his ignorance, and were too polite to undeceive him; else they might have told him that those streams indicated the saving influence of the blood of Christ on the fervent Christian. Had he possessed but a very reasonable share of penetration, he might have found out this of himself without the trouble of asking.

A very moderate acquaintance with the Catholic Catechism and Church Calendar would have prevented him from exposing his ignorance on many other points, in which a Catholic child of ten years could have set him right. Thus he says, in the first volume, that Mass was celebrated during the hours of the evening;[2] and he had not grown a whit wiser when he reached the middle of the second, for he there made the startling discovery that a Catholic "novena is *a service of nine Masses* performed on as many successive days," and very late in the evening too, as the sequel of the passage shows![3] The veriest old woman in Brazil could have told him, that Mass is universally celebrated in the morning, and generally at a very early hour, as the officiating clergyman must be fasting; and we venture to say that, if his Sketches should ever be republished in Brazil, all the Brazilian women and children would indulge in a hearty and good natured laugh at his expense, for having supposed the Mass and evening devotions of the Lenten season identical; and the laugh would have grown louder and merrier when they would have found out, that our traveler actually identified the Mass with the popular festivals celebrated by the people in some localities with fire-rockets, illuminations, and other demonstrations, amid the thickening darkness of the evening! Mr. Kidder would really do well to study our religion, at least a little, before he undertakes again to travesty its worship and to caricature its observances: he should do this, even if it were only for his own sake, and to avoid making himself ridiculous.

By the way, his nerves were dreadfully shocked by the sound of those same fire-rockets let off in a popular festival, probably of the patron saint, at Parahiba; and,—oh! horrible desecration! on the evening of the Sabbath day! We will present an extract, for the double purpose of making our readers acquainted with the author's exquisitely delicate feelings on the subject, and of laying before them his description of certain popular sports which the church authorities have thought proper to tolerate, in connection with religious festivals in certain parts of Spanish and Portuguese America, to which we believe they are peculiar.

"I was induced to walk out in the evening to witness what was thought

1 Vol. i. 187. 2 Vol. i, 123. 3 Vol. ii. 184, 5.

could not fail to be deeply interesting. The Matriz church, at which the fête was held, was situated near by. It stood at one end of an oblong area. Its front was illuminated by candles hung in broken lanterns around the door, and burning before an image in a nitch attached to the cupola. Large fires were blazing in different parts of the area. Around them were groups of blacks, eager to fire off volleys of rockets at appropriate parts of the service that was going on within the church. After the novena was finished, all the people sallied out into the campo to witness the fire-works. These commenced about nine o'clock, and continued, I was told, till after midnight. . . . . One of the most painful impressions of the scene arose from seeing whole families, including mothers and their daughters, out in the damp air to gaze upon spectacles not only partaking of the most low and vulgar species of the ludicrous, but having a decidedly immoral tendency — and all this under the name of religion! I was glad to retire as early as those who accompanied me would consent to go, resolving never again voluntarily to witnesss such profanations of the Sabbath."[1]

The godly man! We almost fancy that we see him retiring in disgust from the vulgar crowd of publicans and sinners, assembled to amuse themselves with fire-works on a popular feast-day, after the religious services were over in the church; and hastening to his chamber, there to raise his pure eyes and hands to heaven, "to thank God that he is not like the rest of men," and "to resolve never again *voluntarily* (*!*) to witness such desecrations of the Sabbath: that is, we suppose, unless some ungodly Brazilian papist should take it into his head to drag the Reverend man to the scene of the festival, and to have his eyes propped wide open, so that he could not avoid looking on such popish abominations; then indeed it would be an *involuntary* act, and there would be no remedy except in submitting or dying a martyr,— which alternative seldom falls to the lot of our enlightened modern missionaries! And so it was a profanation of the Sabbath to fire off rockets on that holy day — though there is no Scripture against it that we know of — and it was no profanation to turn Pharisee on that day, to sneer at the neighbor, and worse still, to slander his religious character! How some people will "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel!" Now we do not like any profanation of the Sunday or Lord's day, — very pharisaically called the *Sabbath*, though the Jewish Sabbath has long since been done away with; — we love to see it kept holy as much as our brethren; but we cannot, for the life of us, see why our faces should be particularly lengthened on that day, or why we should grow sadder. Is it not a day of rest from toil, and also a day of rejoicing for the resurrection of our Lord? We confess we are not at all partial to fire-works on the Sunday, and they are certainly no part of our worship, nor is their use at all general in Catholic countries; but we are free to avow the conviction, based upon a careful examination of *both* sides of the question, that where all popular amusements are suppressed, and the pall of death is spread over the people on Sunday, there is really less piety and more vice, than where some innocent popular sports are

[1] Vol. ii, 185-6.

tolerated, when these are purified and elevated by religion. How does a very large portion of our own population in this great Bible land spend the Sunday? Do one half go to church on that day? Are the coffee houses, taverns, and gambling establishments empty? We rather think not. And how do some of our holiest people spend their Sunday evenings? Are unworthy gossip and foul slander of their neighbors not among their ordinary amusements? We opine that these are much worse than even fire-works. How we do detest and abhor the hollow hypocrisy and canting pharisaism of the day! Rather place our lot with the publicans and sinners who shoot crackers on Sunday, than with such saints as these!

We could not, of course, expect that a man so spiritual and so enlightened as Mr. Kidder should at all relish the Catholic ceremonial, or be impressed with its splendor and dramatic effect, especially during the holy week. To be sure, that magnificent worship has riveted the attention and excited the admiration of the greatest men of every age for long centuries back, without any distinction of creed or country; but the genius of our missionary throws all those great personages in the shade, and sets them down in the vulgar herd of the untasty and unenlightened. He would be much too holy, perhaps, to admire the *Miserere* of the Sixtine chapel, the chant of the Lamentations, or the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini,—services which have long drawn tears from the eyes, even of men whose hearts were steeled with prejudice against Catholicity. But what were they to Mr. Kidder! Listen to his closing remarks on the religious ceremonies at Rio during the holy week and on the great festivals, which, he intimates in another place, are almost as splendid as those of Rome itself:

"Amid the noise and confusion, the mirth and the parade of all these 'glorious,' 'splendid,' and 'pompous' celebrations, he must be a singularly devout man who can find any room for spiritual worship, not to say any incitement to it."[1]

He does not think proper to tell us whether he was one of those singularly devout men, who could be spiritual, in spite of all these carnal works, but he leaves us to guess it out for ourselves; though it requires no great shrewdness in the art to know which way he would have us think. Well, to oblige him, we will allow that he was eminently spiritual and eminently unimpressible, as well as a shrewd reckoner in matters of dollars and cents. He is almost as much shocked at the *expense* of these religious services, as he was at the fire-works. How stupid those popish Brazilians, for not having given to him for his Bibles the large amounts they yearly expended to decorate their splendid churches, and to keep up their grand ceremonial! How he would have liked to change slightly the wording of the following passage, which he quotes with implied censure from a discourse or report made by the president of a Brazilian province!

"It is a matter of the very first necessity to put in proper repair our mother churches, and to give *all possible splendor to divine worship*,[2] not merely as a duty, but as a means of giving the sublime principles of relig-

1 Vol. i, 156. 2 The italics are his.

ion more influence over the imagination, over the public morals, and consequently over the happiness of the state."[1]

To the honor of the Brazilians be it said, that they are a peculiarly religious people, even according to the showing of our prejudiced author. Their churches are beautiful and often splendidly decorated; their minds and hearts lead them to religious observances; and even their sports are interwoven with religion. You will see religious emblems and the sacred cross everywhere, — in churches, in convents, in the streets, on the public highways. The names of towns, rivers, and provinces, are often religious. Mr. Kidder is scandalized at this system of nomenclature. He would greatly prefer the old pagan names of the aborigines to these names of saints;[2] he says it would be in decidedly better taste: he means, of course, that it would be more in accordance with *his* taste, and he certainly ought to know. We will not quarrel with him for this; if his tastes are more pagan than Christian, be it so; he may be for all this the better qualified to be a missionary among the Brazilians!

He would have done much better, however, had he kept his ignorance to himself, when he asked a Brazilian to tell him what was meant by the festival of *Nossa Senhora des Neves*, or our Lady of the Snow;[3] for had he but opened the first prayer-book he met with, he would have discovered that this festival occurs on the fifth of August, is one of the most remarkable and well known in the year, and is in commemoration of the snow which, according to a very old and respectable tradition, fell in Rome on that day to designate the site of the old Liberian basilic, now St. Mary Majors. Again, had he calculated less upon the credulity of his readers, he would not probably have insulted their understandings with the nonsensical account of the manner in which the ants were once excommunicated in Brazil, which account he copies, as he does much other similar stuff, from that veracious court hireling, Southey![4] And had he taken a few elementary lessons in Catholicity from some old lady in Brazil, he would probably have understood something about the meaning of the ceremonies used in Catholic baptism, and he would not have indulged in the gross ribaldry which disgraces his account of a baptism at Rio.[5] Finally, had he only reflected that, in the matter of stabbings and homicides, we free citizens of this glorious republic have made at least as much progress as any of our neighbors, even in Spanish America, we would probably have been spared his comments on the murderous disposition of the people in a certain province of Brazil;[6] for he might have apprehended a retort, which would have forcibly reminded him of the old proverb about throwing stones at others from glass houses.

Mr. Kidder's mission to Brazil, as we have already seen, was to distribute Bibles and tracts among the benighted papists of that empire. What success attended his enterprise for the conversion of the natives thereabouts, we shall see presently. He certainly succeeded, to some extent

1 Vol. i, 144. 2 Vol. i, 264.
3 Vol. ii, 184. 4 Vol. i, 266 5 Ibid. 173. 6 Vol. ii, 188.

in scattering Bibles and tracts over the country; and we need not be surprised at this when we reflect that he often made the distribution with very little discrimination. Thus he gave a tract to a man whom he afterwards discovered to be an arrant thief;[1] and another to a boy who could not read a syllable.[2] This boy, by the way, must have been a particularly bright youth, and our author accordingly treats us to a conversation which he had with him. As he appears to present him as a sort of specimen of the Brazilian lads in general, we will quote the conference, which our readers will find interesting and conclusive enough:

"Have you any school in this vicinity?
Yes, one.
Where is it?
In the palace.
How many attend it?
Don't know; about three benches full.
Do you go at present?
No; I finished last year.
Do you know how to write?
No, nor to read either.
What then did you learn at school?
Nada! nothing at all!"[3]

Now this reminds us of a conversation we once had with a very bright youth whom we met, not in Brazil nor in any other "popish" country, but in this our own glorious native land of freedom and of open Bibles. The lad looked to be about thirteen years old; and after the preliminary civilities were over, we ventured to ask him: "My good boy, what is your name?" He opened his eyes and mouth very wide, as if the question had puzzled him not a little, and, after having duly scratched his head, probably to set his ideas in motion, he answered in these identical words: "*I ha'nt got no name; but they's gwine to call me Jim Russell!*" We were not a little amused at the adventure, but we never once dreamed of giving *him* as a specimen of our youth; and had we had a bushel of tracts, we should probably have thought it premature to entrust one to his keeping. And yet it is out of such materials as this, that our hired traveling missionaries in "popish" countries manufacture the most touching portions of their books.

We have read with great interest whatever Mr. Kidder says in reference to the distribution of the Bible in Brazil; and we will here present some reflections which struck us with force at the time we were perusing his "Sketches." Of course, when he makes an admission against himself, especially in connection with his darling scheme of scattering the Bible over the country, the reader will see it was wrested from him by the most stubborn evidence of truth alone; and he will be even inclined to suspect that there was probably something more than he dared acknowledge. It is hard for a man—even for as holy a one as our author—to admit a thing which makes against a favorite theory closely connected with his own interest.

1 Vol. i, 168. 2 Vol. ii, 181. 3 Ibid.

He admits that Bibles were sometimes met with even in "popish" and benighted Brazil! Thus he fell in with a military captain, near Olinda, who informed him "that Bibles were sometimes met with in his vicinity, and that he had one in his family."[1] And this, be it remembered, was far away in the interior of Brazil. Thus, also — would you believe it, gentle reader? — he actually found that Bible extracts were used in the public schools at San Paulo,[2] for the purpose of teaching the children to read. Speaking of this school, he says:

"The school was decidedly the most flourishing that I saw in the empire. It registered one hundred and fifty-six as scholars, most of whom were white, but a sprinkling of mulattoes and colored lads among them gave variety to the appearance of the company. The several classes answered the questions addressed to them in a sprightly and intelligent manner, giving evidence of good improvement. The Lancasterian system was in full operation; but the most pleasing circumstance I noticed was that cards, *exhibiting extracts from Scripture, were used in teaching the children to read. Very appropriate lessons had been selected*, according to the capacity of the little readers, and could not fail to exert a most happy influence over their heart as well as mind."[3]

To the same effect is his admission, that the Bible was not excluded from one of the principal colleges of Rio Janeiro. Speaking of one of its public exercises, he says:

"When all were appropriately seated, the director opened the exercises of the day by standing up and *reading from the Bible* five verses of the eighteenth chapter of Matthew. Then passing the Bible into the hands of the monitor general, the company were invited to kneel, while the monitor recited the prayers of Solomon at the dedication of the temple. 1 *Kings* viii, 23–54."[4]

Nay, more; he makes the painful avowal that, after all that has been said by the "no-popery" zealots about the opposition to the circulation of the Bible in the vernacular tongues by Catholic countries in general, and by South America in particular, the Bible was never proscribed in Brazil! True, he qualifies the admission in various ways; he seems to writhe with agony while making it, as if he feared to hurt the feelings of his employers, and to scandalize his dear readers; he wraps it up in an envelop of ambiguous, we had almost said, disingenuous language; but it is still there, clearly put down in his book:

"In fact, *although the Bible had never been proscribed in Brazil*, otherwise than in the usual regulations of the Romish church (!!), yet in the lack of all effort on the part of the priesthood to give it currency, it was, so far as the vulgar tongue was concerned, an effectually concealed and unknown book. . . . . But Portugal had never published the Bible, or countenanced its circulation, save in connection with notes and comments that had been approved by inquisitorial censorship!"[5]

That is, plainly, the Bible in the vulgar tongue *never was proscribed in Brazil;* and even Portugal, the mother country, published it, and

1 Vol. ii, 208.

2 One of the principal cities of Brazil, and the capital of province of the same name.

3 Vol. i, 302. 4 Vol. i, 173. 5 Vol. i, 137.

countenanced its circulation, provided it had some approved explanatory notes annexed. The Catholic discipline requires this latter condition, lest, as St. Peter warns us, "the unlearned and the unstable (the bulk of mankind) should wrest it to their own perdition;" as those very Bible men do, by extracting from it a thousand contradictory systems, quarreling continually about its meaning, and then boasting of their love of it, and sneering at that venerable Church from whose hands they originally received it, and which alone has always been uniform and consistent in its interpretation! Do not our Bible and tract societies exercise an "inquisitorial censorship" over the works they publish, the Bible itself not excepted? Did they not *expurgate* D'Aubigné's Reformation, and when a clamor was raised among their own co-religionists about that *expurgation*, did they not acknowledge that they were *in the habit* of serving most of the works they published in the same manner? Do they not continually put in requisition their "inquisitorial censorship" in deciding upon what version of the Bible they should print; and have not the Baptists threatened to leave, or actually left them, because they would not publish translations to suit the peculiar views of their sect? Yea, more; did not this same Bible Society, some years ago, publish a Spanish Bible with a glaring forgery and falsehood on its title-page, which stated that it was a reprint of an old and approved Catholic version, whereas it omitted entirely several books which the "inquisitors" choose to consider apocryphal? And yet these men prate about "Romish regulations" and "inquisitorial censorship!"

We do not know precisely what translation of the Old Testament Mr. Kidder sought to distribute among the Brazilians; whether it was a Catholic or a Protestant one; or whether, like the Spanish Bible just spoken of, it had a Catholic title-page and Protestant contents. Upon the translation of the New Testament he is more explicit; it purported to be a reprint of that rendered from the Latin vulgate by the Padre Antonio Pereira de Figueiredo, a standard orthodox version in Portugal. Mr. Kidder tells us that, "through some slanders circulated by an English Catholic priest residing at Rio, the suspicions of the old bishop were excited lest the translation was not actually what it purported to be, but had suffered alterations."[1] He adds, indeed, that "an examination was proposed," — by whom he is too cautious to state, — "but that either through inability, or willful neglect, it was not attempted." Very possibly the examination was challenged by the bishop of Rio, at the instance of the English Catholic priest, who was, no doubt, well acquainted with the pious frauds so frequently practised by these godly Bible societies, and thought it a duty to guard the unsuspecting Brazilians against them; or perhaps the bishop's mind was satisfied on the subject without a formal or public examination. We really would have been glad if our missionary had deemed it prudent to be a little more explicit on this matter.

One thing is, however, remarkable, that notwithstanding the well

1 Vol. i 826.

grounded suspicions just alluded to, Mr. Kidder met with very little opposition, either from the clergy or the people, in his attempt to circulate the Bible in Brazil. If we are to believe his own account, he was strongly encouraged in his enterprise by some of the first men in the country, including several Catholic priests. He was even emboldened to make a formal proposition on the subject, in the name of the New York Bible society, to the provincial government of San Paulo, and his proposals were received with great consideration; and, though never definitely acted upon, were yet advocated by some of the leading politicians of the province.[1] These facts may serve to show us that, after all, the Brazilian Catholics are not so much opposed to the circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular, as some of our opponents would seem to imagine. Mr. Kidder himself bears ample testimony to the liberality and religious toleration of the Brazilians:

"Yet the Brazilians, on their political disenthralment, adopted a liberal and tolerant constitution. Although it made the Roman Catholic apostolic religion that of the state, *yet it allowed all other forms of religion to be held and practised*, save in buildings 'having the exterior form of a temple.' It also forbade persecution on the ground of religious opinions."[2]

In another place he tells us:

"It is my firm conviction that there is not a Roman Catholic country on the face of the globe, where there prevails a greater degree of toleration, or a greater liberality of feeling towards Protestants."[3]

After these avowals from an open enemy, it will scarcely do for our Protestant ministers to continue ringing in our ears the old cry of Catholics being priest-ridden in Catholic countries, or of "popish" intolerance and bigotry. They had better first remove the stain from their own character, and acquire themselves a more liberal and charitable spirit, before they indulge in tirades so unjust against their neighbors.

Mr. Kidder often speaks in terms of high eulogy of the Catholic clergy whom he met with in his travels; and he does not say much about their immorality, upon which we suppose he would have dilated at great length had he had the slightest grounds for so doing. Though he was known as an agent of a foreign Bible society, yet he was everywhere received with politeness, sometimes with marked kindness, by the Catholic clergy:

"At one of those places, the individual to whom I was thus addressed, and by whom I was entertained, was a Roman Catholic priest;[4] and it affords me unfeigned satisfaction to say that the hospitality which I received under his roof was just what the stranger in a strange land would desire."[5]

The following tribute to Brazilian politeness and affability is enhanced by the well merited hit at the churlishness we often meet with in this "glorious Protestant land of open Bibles:"

"Within these coaches might be witnessed perfect specimens of

1 Vol. i, 323, seqq. 2 Vol. i, 137–8. 3 Vol. i, 143.
4 By a singular piece of legerdemain, he transforms this *priest* into a *deacon* two pages farther on.
5 Vol. i, 313.

Brazilian manners. A person accustomed to the distant and care-for-no-one airs which are generally observed in the New York stages, might be a little surprised that so much friendly attention and politeness could prevail among perfect strangers, who might happen to meet each other in these vehicles. It might be equally surprising to see that no one was excluded on account of color. Condition is the test of respectability in Brazil." [1]

There is a much stronger reason for this affability and politeness, so universal in Catholic countries, than many would be inclined to suspect; and the same reason explains the comparative coldness and selfishness of most Protestant people. The Catholic religion is eminently *social* in its very character; it draws people together; it merges the individual in the social feeling. Protestantism, on the contrary, is a system strongly anti-social in its tendency; it sets up every man for himself; it merges the social in the individual feeling; it leads to isolation, to selfishness.

Brazil is, we believe, the only country in South America where slavery exists; and our author admits that there, Catholicity often softens the hard lot of the slave, by infusing kindness and charity into the heart of the master or mistress. He furnishes us with the following picture of a very rich and pious Catholic widow, who lived near Rio:

"On the other side of us lived a Portuguese widow, advanced in life, also surrounded with a house full of slaves. She was a model of amiability, if not of piety. She treated her slaves as tenderly as though they had been her own children, and was specially punctilious in calling them together at vespers, and causing them to say their pater nosters, and chant a litany of moderate length. So well trained were they to this exercise, that their voices would not have done discredit to the music of some of the churches." [2]

We would be indeed curious to learn whether any of our southern planters, who own a large number of slaves, ever exhibit so much care for their spiritual improvement, or whether any of them keeps a chaplain expressly for their benefit. This is often the case in Brazil, where people still entertain the strange old "popish" idea, that a master is bound to care somewhat for the *souls* as well as for the *bodies* of his servants. Here is the testimony of our missionary, on what he saw at an extensive manufactory at some distance from San Paulo, and we commend it to the attention of our own enlightened citizens, whether manufacturers or planters:

"In the course of the evening, half an hour was devoted to vespers. I had observed a great number of the slaves entering, who, in succession, addressed us with crossed hands, and the pious salutation, — '*Seja louvado Nosso Senhor Jesus Christo*, — blessed be the (our?) Lord Jesus Christ.' Presently there commenced a chant in the adjoining room, when the padre who sat by my side, rising, said he supposed I did not pray, but that he was going to do so. I corrected this mistake, and he went out laughing, without, however, inviting any of us to accompany him. I was told that he attended these exercises merely as any other member of the family — the singing and prayers being taught and con-

1 Vol. i, 161. 2 Vol. 1, 159-60. By *vespers* he probably meant evening prayers.

ducted by an aged black man. The devotions of the evening consisted chiefly of a *novena!* It was really pleasant to hear the sound of a hundred voices mingling in this their chief religious exercise and privilege. This assembling the slaves, generally at evening, and sometimes both morning and evening, is said *to be common on plantations in the country*, and is not unfrequent among domestics in the cities. *Mistress and servant at these times meet on a level.* The pleasures afforded the latter by such opportunities, in connection with the numerous holydays enjoined by the Roman Catholic religion, form certainly a great mitigation of the hard lot of servitude!" [1]

One would almost feel inclined to think that our zealous missionaries, who move heaven and earth to make proselytes to their new-fangled notions, instead of going out to distant Catholic lands, to unsettle the long-cherished religious belief of the people, would do much better to stay at home, and to labor for the reformation of their own brethren, by introducing amongst them the above, and many similar religious and social improvements, which, to their shame be it said, are almost peculiar to Catholic lands. Perhaps these domestic missions would not be attended with so much *eclat*, nor turn out so profitable to those concerned in them! Among the ameliorations we allude to, they might introduce with great advantage the *Irmandades*, or charitable Brotherhoods, so abundant in Catholic countries, and no where more common than in Brazil. Our author devotes an entire chapter [2] to these Brotherhoods, and to other charities of Rio; and our only regret is, that our narrow limits will not allow us to present copious extracts from his extended account of them Yet we must quote a few passages:

"The Brotherhoods contribute to the erection and support of churches, provide for the sick, bury the dead, and support Masses for souls. In short, next after the state, they are the most efficient auxiliaries for supporting the religious establishment of the country. Many of them, in the lapse of years, have become rich by the receipt of donations and legacies, and membership in such is highly prized." [3]

"The most extensive hospital in the city is that called the Santa Casa da Misericordia, or the Holy House of Mercy. This establishment is located on the sea shore, under the brow of the Castello hill, and is open day and night for the reception of the sick and distressed. The best assistance in the power of the administration to give, is here rendered to all, male or female, black or white, Moor or Christian, — none of whom, even the most wretched, are under the necessity of seeking influence or recommendations in order to be received. From the statistics of this establishment, it appears that more than five thousand patients are annually received, of whom more than one thousand die. . . . In this hospital are treated *vast numbers of English and American seamen*, the subjects of sickness or accident on their arrival, or during their stay in the port. Indeed, there are few nations of the world which are not represented among the inmates of the Misericordia of Rio de Janeiro. . . . . The benevolence of this house is not confined to those within its infirmaries, but extends to the different prisons of the city, most of whose inmates receive food and medicine from the provisions of the Misericordia." [4]

This is truly a Catholic charity, well worthy of our admiration and

1 Vol. i, 246–7. 2 Chap. v, vol. i, p 79, seqq. 3 Vol. i, 159-60 4 Vol. ii, 46 7.

imitation. Mr. Kidder does not tell us, that there was organized at Rio a "native" party, the chief staple of whose tactics was the abuse of those "vast numbers" of foreigners, "English and American," who were received and sheltered in their sickness by the charity of the city. Very probably the good people of Rio have not yet become sufficiently enlightened, either to denounce "foreign paupers," or to burn down the churches of those who happen to differ with them in faith! They may yet learn something of this species of charity from their northern neighbors, especially if the itinerant missionaries, who are now visiting them, should happily succeed in rooting out the old faith, and substituting therefor their thousand and one new creeds, all right, yet all differing among themselves! When the Bible will have been fully introduced into Rio, we may perhaps hear of its being paraded through the streets as a party ensign, and of a commentary on its principles being written in fire and blood, as happened in Philadelphia under the happy auspices of the preachers!

But really we anticipate no such glorious results, unless, indeed, subsequent missionaries should succeed much better than did the Rev. Mr. Kidder and his associate, the Rev. Justin Spaulding. Mr. Kidder does not tell us of a single convert made either by himself or his worthy colleague; at least, if he does, it has entirely escaped our notice. The Rev. Justin Spaulding, his senior in the mission, was chiefly employed in teaching a common day school at Rio during the week; and he performed Protestant service on Sundays in a room, "where a respectable congregation, *chiefly composed of American and English residents*, regularly worshiped and listened to the preaching of the Gospel."[1] Mr. Kidder himself could not preach in Portuguese,[2] and, therefore, confined himself to the distribution of Bibles, Testaments, and tracts. He, in fact, with admirable simplicity, lets out the secret that his whole mission turned out pretty much of a failure: of course he does not say so in so many words, but he says so in substance. He tells us:

"Indeed, the whole system of means by which, in Protestant countries, access is had to the public mind, is unpractised and unknown (in Brazil.) The stranger, therefore, and especially the supposed heretic, who would labor for the promotion of true religion (!), must expect to avail himself of providential openings, rather than to rely on previously concerted plans. The missionary, in such circumstances, learns a lesson of great practical importance to himself: to-wit, that he should be grateful for any occasion, *however small*, of *attempting* to do good in the name of his Master. The romantic notions which some entertain of a mission field, may become chastened and humbled by contact WITH THE COLD REALITY OF FACTS; but the Christian heart will not be rendered harder, nor genuine faith less susceptible of an entire reliance on God."[3]

His resignation is almost as edifying, as his want of success is prominent and clearly marked. What surprises us most, is, that Protestants in this country will still consent to be deluded with the hope of *perverting*

1 Vol. i, 136. 2 Vol i, 190. 3 Vol. i, 312–13.

Catholic countries to their own novel and *cameleon* doctrines, in the face of such avowals as this, and after the notorious failure of all previous schemes for the same purpose. What astonishes us, is not the fact that Brother Jonathan has been gulled in the matter, — for every one knows that he is his own father's son in this amiable foible, — but that he has consented to draw so heavily on his pockets to support a bubble that has already burst so often, and must always burst in future, so sure as similar causes always produce similar effects under the same circumstances. Protestantism is doomed to barrenness. What nation or people has it ever converted from paganism to Christianity? What good has come of all the millions of money it has expended, and of the millions of Bibles and tracts it has circulated? Has the Bible, circulated among the people, ever converted a tribe or nation? If so, where is it to be found?

The Bible itself says, that "faith comes by *hearing;*"[1] and yet these Reverend missionaries, out of pure love for the Bible, seek to nullify this divine principle, and to prove that faith comes by *reading!* Can we, then, wonder at their repeated and total failures in converting the world? Besides, in attempting to circulate the Bible among Catholics in Catholic countries, they proceed on the glaring falsehood and calumny — already refuted a thousand times — that but for *their* efforts the Bible would be there a wholly unknown and sealed book! The Bible was known, and read, and loved by Catholics for long centuries before all these new and quarreling and self-glorifying and almost infinitely multiplied religious notions became current in the world. And still these new men, but of yesterday, would fain persuade the world that it is indebted to *them* for the Bible! Our Saviour commanded His apostles to *preach*, but never uttered a syllable about *writing;* and how can these new and self-sent apostles, who pursue a totally different course, hope for success?

We have seen that Mr. Kidder did not know Portuguese enough to be able to preach in that language. One would think that he ought to have learned the language before going to Brazil. He could not hope to do the service for which he was well paid without this necessary qualification. Like most other missionaries, he took his wife and family with him to share in the apostolic labors and rich emoluments of the mission, — for missionary wives receive salaries as well as their husbands, why not? they do at least as much good: — but just as he was about preparing himself to preach in Portuguese, his heart was rent with anguish by her sudden death, and he was compelled to return precipitately to America, "as a hopeful means of preserving the life of an infant son."[2] We heartily sympathize with him in his bereavement; but every one must see, from this tragic circumstance, that "if he had been unmarried he would have been without solicitude," and would not have been compelled to leave his mission so suddenly. When will these ministers learn to prize the example and follow the advice of St. Paul? "Art thou loosed from a wife? SEEK NOT A WIFE."[3]

1 Romans x. 2 Vol. ii, 351–3. 3 Corinth. vii, 27.

We had intended to make some more remarks: as for example to mention that *Feijo*, the pretended Brazilian bishop, who wrote the work against the celibacy of the clergy, pretty well known in this country, was never actually a bishop, but a very bad priest, who left the holy ministry, married, devoted himself wholly to politics, and wrote this work probably to defend his apostasy and sacrilegious violation of solemn vows. He was the Talleyrand of Brazil. We wished also to say that Mr. Kidder found schools every where throughout the Brazilian empire, — a pretty severe rebuke to those who are for ever inveighing against "popish" ignorance and superstition. But our paper is filled, and we must conclude, referring those who wish for additional information to the work itself.

XXXI. THE ORIENTAL CHURCHES.*

DR. DURBIN'S OBSERVATIONS IN THE EAST.

The present struggle in the East—The ancient episcopal Sees—Alexandria—Antioch—Jerusalem—Constantinople—Statistics of the eastern and western churches in the early ages—Ancient glory and present degradation of the Oriental Churches—A picture of desolation—A vast necropolis—Decrease of population—Testimonies of Dr. Frankland and Dr. Durbin—Number of Christians in the Turkish empire—Chastisement inflicted on the Greek schismatics—Their present forlorn condition—The only hope for their restoration—Their discipline in regard to the celibacy of the clergy—Their acknowledged agreement in doctrine with the Roman Catholics—Argument founded thereon in favor of the Catholic Church—Protestant missionaries in the East—Have they succeeded?—Dr. Durbin's admissions—His omissions supplied in regard to the Protestant missions of Hasbeja and Oroomiah—Disunion among the Protestant missionaries—Catholic missions in the East—Dr. Durbin's candid avowal—Statistics—The seven Apocalyptic churches—The church of Philadelphia—Downright popery—Christian charity recommended.

THE struggle for political ascendency, at present going on in the East between the Allied Powers and the Russian Czar, has directed the attention of the civilized world to that quarter, and has invested with special interest whatever is connected with the past history and present condition of the Oriental Christians. It is for this reason that we deem it opportune to republish our remarks on Dr. Durbin's Observations in the East, written some years ago, with such modifications as present circumstances may seem to demand.

Every student in ecclesiastical history is familiar with the early prosperity and splendor of the Oriental Churches. Built up, many of them, by the apostles themselves, or their immediate disciples, and often watered by their blood, they continued to increase and to flourish for centuries, and diffused throughout the entire east, together with the light of the Gospel, the inestimable benefit of Christian civilization. Episcopal sees were erected in all the principal cities; and, wherever they were established, there grew up around them those admirable institutions of learning and charity which have always followed in the train of Christianity, and which have contributed so powerfully to change the face of society. The great patriarchal sees of Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, and subsequently that of Constantinople, became the radiating points of a new literature and a new civilization, much more useful and permanent, if not more brilliant, than had been those of the ancient classical times.

During the first four centuries, Alexandria, the capital of Egypt, was

* *Observations in the East; chiefly in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor.* By John P. Durbin, D. D., late president of Dickinson college; author of "Observations in Europe," &c. In two volumes, 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1845.

the great commercial emporium of the east, as well as the principal seat of Christian philosophy and literature. Founded by St. Mark, the favored disciple of St. Peter, the patriarchal see of this city was the first in order and dignity after that of Rome — the see of St. Peter himself. Its Christian school, founded early in the third century, had produced a Clement, a Dionysius, and an Origen; and the see numbered among its illustrious occupants the glorious names of a St. Alexander, a St. Athanasius, and a St. Cyril.

Next in point of rank came Antioch, the ancient capital of Syria, the second city of the east, and the see of Peter during the first seven years of his primacy, before he removed it to Rome under the Emperor Claudius. Its Christians schools were likewise famous throughout Asia, and they exercised a powerful influence over theological studies.[1] The great St. John Chrysostom had been there trained to virtue and learning, and for many years of his early career, his voice had in this church eloquently proclaimed the magnificent beauties and impressive truths of Christianity; while the sainted Flavians and other great and good men had successively discharged therein the office of patriarch. The third of the oriental sees was that of Jerusalem, founded originally by St. James, and subsequently illustrated by the virtues and learning of the St. Cyrils and the Juvenals.

It was only in the fourth century that Constantinople, till then called Byzantium, attained to the dignity of even an episcopal see; and until near the close of that century, it was content to occupy the *fourth* place among the episcopal cities of the east, and the fifth counting Rome. It was only by a bold innovation on this ancient order of things, first attempted by the Greek bishops of the second general council held at Constantinople in 381, and pushed still farther by those of the fourth general council held at Chalcedon in 451, that this see was placed *second* after that of Rome.[2] The Roman Pontiffs and the western church, however, never approved of this innovation, which they viewed as both unjust to the other patriarchal sees, and fraught with danger to the peace of the Church. The event has, alas! but too sadly proved the wisdom of their forecast, and the justice of their forebodings! These ambitious steps of the Constantinopolitan bishops finally led to the deplorable Greek schism, with all its endless train of evils. But before it took place the see of Constantinople was rendered illustrious by such men as St. Gregory Nazianzen and St. John Chrysostom, to say nothing of many other great names.

The other distinguished episcopal sees of the east, in the early ages of Christianity, were those of Ephesus, Smyrna, Cæsarea, and Edessa; to say nothing of the other churches mentioned by St. John in the first chapters of the Apocalypse, and of those spoken of by St. Paul in his

1 This influence became, subsequently, of a dangerous character, from the growing rationalistic spirit which pervaded investigations allowed in the school. This remark is, to a certain extent, also true of the school of Alexandria. The school of Edessa, under the guidance of St. Ephraim, was much more unexceptionable. See Newman's "Essay on the Development," &c.

2 It must be observed, that this regulation had reference only to ecclesiastical rank, and that the famous 28th canon of the latter council was not subscribed by one-half of the bishops, nor by the legates of the Pope.

Epistles, and by St. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles. The great St. Basil, St. Ephraim, St. Gregory of Nyssa, Eusebius, the father of Church History, and a host of other illustrious writers, shed a flood of light and splendor on the early history of the Oriental Churches. *Their* fame is confined to no country and to no age; it belongs to all generations and to all Christendom.

We have no means of ascertaining with precision the Christian population of the eastern church in the fourth and following centuries; or what proportion it bore to that of the west. That it was immense, may be gathered from the fact, that the east then teemed with an abundant and overflowing population, the vast majority of which was Christian. By the beginning of the fifth century, paganism had so far declined, as to be almost reckoned among the things that were. Another fact may serve to give us some idea of the great extension of Christianity at that early period, and may also enable us to estimate the relative Christian population of the east and of the west. Learned Christian antiquaries inform us that, towards the close of the fourth century, there were about *eighteen hundred bishops* in all Christendom, of whom nearly a thousand belonged to the eastern church. The episcopal sees were then, however, much more limited in extension than they are at the present day, and therefore much more numerous in proportion to the population. This was more particularly the case in the east, and also in northern Africa. Thus we find, that of the eight hundred bishoprics in the west, about four hundred were in northern Africa alone. Yet no one would surely pretend to infer from this circumstance, that the Christian population in that small portion of Africa, was one half of that in the entire west.

Upon the whole we may, perhaps, conclude that, during the first five centuries, the number of Christians in the east and in the west was about equal. After the final conversion of the northern nations, effected successively in the fifth and following centuries down to the tenth, the western Church acquired an immense preponderance in numbers; and, since the final consummation of the Greek schism, in the eleventh century, this preponderance has gone on steadily increasing, until, at present, the western Church has nearly *four times* as many members as the eastern, including the Russian church and all the oriental sectaries. Ever since the schism, the Greek church has been steadily declining, and the Latin Church has been as steadily progressing.

But the glory of the Greek church during the early ages, belongs to the great body of Christians; for, during all that period, the eastern and the western churches were united into the one Catholic Church, — "the one sheepfold under the one Shepherd." Viewing the subject in this light, every Catholic heart must exult at the former splendor, and weep over the present fallen and forlorn condition, of the Oriental Churches. Could the great and illustrious bishops and saints, who once shed so brilliant a lustre upon that portion of Christendom, now arise from their tombs, how sad a prospect would break upon their vision! Would they recognize, in the

present desolate and degraded condition of the Oriental Christians, any traces of that prosperity which they had formerly witnessed, and to which they had, under Providence, so greatly contributed? Alas! how the face of things has changed. The glory of those time-honored and illustrious sees has faded for ever. For nearly four hundred years, has that once chosen portion of God's inheritance been groaning under an oppressive and a crushing Turkish slavery; many of her once flourishing cities blotted out from the face of the earth, others lying desolate and in ruins, and even those which remain, shorn of half their original splendor. Alas! for the uncertainty of human events! Alas! for those sins which brought down so terrible a chastisement of heaven!

It is, indeed, a sad thought, but one full of instruction for us, that what was once the blooming garden of Christian civilization has now become a dreary waste, a frightful wilderness; all its flowers blighted, all its fruits plucked. Asia Minor, once the Eden of the world, and the most refreshing spot in Christendom, is now strewn only with ruins and with tombs, and it has become a vast necropolis, or resting place for the ashes of the dead! Dr. Durbin draws the following graphic picture of this striking contrast:

"Our road lay directly over Mount Pagus, from the heights of which we descended by an ancient paved way, much broken up, into one of those incomparable valleys of Asia Minor, which to the eye seem to be completely shut in by high, broken gray mountains, and yet are connected with the adjacent valleys by narrow extensions between the mountains. . . . . Their wonderful fertility, when well cultivated, may be inferred from the fact that, in ancient times, the smallest of them sustained a city with its dependent towns, and each of the largest was adorned with several cities, some of which were remarkable for population and wealth. The names of most of these are preserved in history, but the sites of many are utterly unknown. Indeed, Asia Minor may be considered one vast solitude, rendered exceedingly impressive by the number of cemeteries which the traveler sees every few hours. No villages or towns are in sight of them. No groves of cypress or terebinth shade them. The former glory and power of the countless millions that sleep in them are indicated by the fragments of marbles, columns, pedestals, richly carved capitals, freizes, and sarcophagi, which lie half covered by the tangled thickets of shrubs, vines, and wild flowers, on which the flocks of the wandering Turkman occasionally browse. Indeed, all Asia Minor appears like one vast necropolis of the unknown and forgotten dead. The cemeteries of towns at present inhabited are usually adorned with groves of evergreens; the cypress is appropriated to the Moslems, the terebinth, or common fir, to the Armenians and Greeks, but the graves of the Jews, either by choice or from coercion, are unadorned even by an erect stone. Their grave-yards throughout the east are naked, stony fields, a striking picture of desolation and distress."[1]

This frightful desolation extends to the very heart of Asia Minor; to the banks of the Hemus, and to the once smiling borders of the Gygean lake. Hear again our Reverend tourist:

"They (the guides) were lost for four hours, during which we literally

1 Vol. ii, p. 118 and seqq.

wandered *among the tombs*, both ancient and comparatively modern; the former being the *tumuli* of the old Lydians, the latter, cemeteries of the Mohammedan population, which has long since disappeared from the Sardian plains. Nowhere did I feel so forcibly the desolation of Asia Minor as when I sat amid the foundations of Sardis, crossed those plains, now without an inhabitant, on which Cyrus, Xerxes, Darius, Alexander, Antiochus, and the Roman had marshaled their millions of warriors, and decided the fate of empires, and wandered amid those vast cemeteries which, for two thousand five hundred years, received the successive generations of cities and towns, of which now not a vestige remains."[1]

This desolation pervades the entire extent of the Turkish empire, both in Asia and in Europe. Everywhere the population is melting away under the influence of a ruthless and senseless depotism. The empire itself is fast tottering to its fall; and in this circumstance alone is found the principal hope of the speedy emancipation and more brilliant future of the Oriental Christians. Says Dr. Durbin:

"But the decrease of the population is the most marked symptom of decay. At first the decrease occurred chiefly among the native Christians, who melted away under the intolerable oppression of the Moslems; but for the last two centuries it has taken place among the Moslems themselves. The traveler is struck with astonishment and filled with melancholy, as he beholds the crowded and countless cemeteries amid vast solitudes, where, but a few generations past, flourished populous cities, towns and villages; the turbans on the tombstones testify that a Mohammedan and not a Christian population is buried there. So I found it everywhere in Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor, and so Mr. Walsh describes it for a distance of three hundred miles from the capital, through Roumelia to the Danube, naturally one of the most fertile portions of the earth."[2]

Captain Frankland, another tourist, to whose testimony he appeals, furnishes the following sad account of that once flourishing portion of the Turkish empire:

"From the banks of the Danube to the shores of the Propontis, the traveler will see fertile provinces lying waste, well inhabited cities of the dead (cemeteries,) but desolate and ruined abodes of the living. He will see the remains of the arts, and the civilization of a former and a better age, and but few marks of the present era, save such as denote barbarism and decay. The few towns that he will meet with in his long and dreary journey are rapidly falling into ruin, and the only road now existing, and which can put in any claim to such an appellation, is either of the Roman age, or that of the great Sultan Solyman; but even this pavement is almost worse than nothing. Wherever the Osmanli has trod, devastation and ruin mark his steps, civilization and the arts have fled, and made room for barbarism, and the silence of the desert and the tomb. 'Where the sultan's horse has trod, there grows no grass,' is a Turkish proverb, and a fatal truth."[3]

Dr. Durbin thus sums up his remarks on this subject:

"The extent of this decay of population cannot be accurately ascertained, as no census is ever taken. The various countries comprising the empire possess natural capabilities sufficient to support the declarations of history that they teemed with population at the time of their first subjec-

1 Vol ii, p. 152. 2 Ibid. pp. 259-60. 3 Ibid. p. 261.

tion to the Mohammedan power. Comparing their condition now with what it was then, we shall not exaggerate the decrease of population when we say that THREE-FOURTHS of it have disappeared, and the progress of decay is increasing rather than diminishing. It is impossible to approximate with certainty the present population of Turkey. Reid says that in the seventeenth century it was about forty-one millions; 'but at the present day, it is a matter of doubt if the Turkish sceptre *de facto* sways over eight millions of people.' C. B. Elliott estimates the present population at about twenty millions, and the natural capacity of the country sufficient to sustain four times twenty millions. Amid these conflicting estimates, one point stands forth undisputed, — the rapid and increasing decay of the Mohammedan empire."[1]

In spite of the long continued and grinding oppressions of the Turks, the Christians, even at this day, constitute considerably more than one-fourth of the entire population of the empire. This is, indeed, a consoling fact, and one that speaks favorably of the perseverance of the Christians there, in the midst of trials which have seldom fallen to the lot of any other body of men. It shows at least the utter powerlessness of persecution; if it does not even lead us to hope, that Providence has yet in store some great blessing for the Oriental Churches, and some high mission for them to accomplish. Says our Traveler:

"It is strange, that the western churches should be aroused by the more recent results of the researches of enterprising and intelligent travelers, who have established the fact, that more than one-fourth of the people of the Turkish empire are professed and steadfast Christians. Hassel sets down the Mohammedan population of all Asia at seventy millions, and the Christian at seventeen millions. But if we confine the comparison to the Turkish empire, it will be much more favorable to the Christians. Mr. Southgate estimates the Christian population of Turkey and Abyssinia at fifteen millions, more than one-fourth of the whole; and if the comparison were confined to Turkey in Europe and Asia, the Christian population would amount to perhaps one-third: it would certainly, if the Bedouins be excluded, and the comparison limited to those who dwell in permanent habitations. Turkey in Europe has a population of about seven millions, of which four millions are Christians. The Westminster Review, for January, 1841, estimates the Christian population of Syria at one-third of the whole."[2]

The interest of this fact is greatly enhanced by the circumstance, that the Christian population is distributed throughout the whole empire, chiefly in the largest cities, and at the most favorable and commanding points, where their influence is most likely to be felt; and also by the additional fact, that they are, in general, the most intelligent portion of the population. The Armenians, in particular, are the great merchants and bankers of the east. Add to this, that each Christian nation has a separate organization of its own, and is ruled by its own patriarch, and that all those in communion with the Roman Catholic Church — a large body as we shall soon see — are moreover under the special protection of France or of some other European Catholic power; and we may then be prepared to estimate the importance of the Christian population in the

1 Vol. ii, pp. 261-2. 2 Ibid, p. 276.

Turkish empire, and the weight it must necessarily have hereafter in deciding the political destinies of the east.

While the Moslem power is daily declining, that of the Christians is constantly on the increase; and the day, we hope, is not far distant, when this once haughty power shall be laid in the dust, and Christianity shall resume its ancient empire in western Asia. Fondly do we trust that God may hasten the coming of this happy day, the earlier dawn of which hath already appeared in the east. Fervently do we hope and pray that the cruel captivity of the Oriental Churches may at length cease; that they may again sit down with us in peace in the house of our Lord, in the unity of faith and of love; and that the Church may again have the consolation of witnessing — what she beheld during the first eight centuries — the union of the east and west in the same faith, in the same worship, and under the same spiritual government.

How is this result to be secured? And is there any reasonable hope that it will ever be realized? More unlikely revolutions have often occurred in history; and we know, that since the final consummation of the Greek schism, a re-union of the churches was temporarily effected at two different periods; once in the thirteenth, and once again in the fifteenth century. Why should it not take place again, and under more favorable auspices? Has not the Greek church been scourged long enough for its pride and disobedience? Should it not at length feel "humbled under the mighty hand of God?" After having been so long chastised, should it not finally learn wisdom, and return to the bosom of unity?

There is no doubt, that the forlorn condition of the Greek church, for many centuries past, is an effect of a divine retributive justice. The Greeks had ever been proud, disputatious, caviling, and insubordinate. Nearly all the heresies which troubled the repose of the primitive Church, originated amongst them, and were condemned by councils convened within their borders. And the worst feature in their religious errors was this, that, though generally of a speculative character, they were aimed at the very foundations of Christianity — at the doctrines of the Trinity and of the Incarnation. But the great reason of the signal chastisement inflicted on them, is found in the towering pride and ambition of the patriarchs of Constantinople. They could not brook the primacy of the Roman see, which, nevertheless, the Greek church had acknowledged for centuries; and God gave them up to a reprobate sense, and made them the slaves of the Grand Turk. They escaped from an imaginary, and fell into a real bondage. Their example is a striking commentary on the divine declarations: "pride goeth before a fall," and "every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled."

Two facts at least are undeniable; — all history proclaims their truth: the Greek church prospered so long as it was in communion with Rome; it has constantly declined since the date of its separation from Rome. God blessed it, while it was connected with that rock upon which Christ

built His Church; his malediction has lain heavily upon it, ever since it has been riven by schism from that rock. It is now like a branch torn from the living vine; deprived of the vital sap, it has withered and died. Christ never promised His grace or blessing to any but those who were humble, who heard the Church, and who walked in unity and charity. The signal punishment of the Greek church is an impressive commentary on this great truth.

Every one must be forcibly struck by the fact, that, while all the once flourishing and famous episcopal sees of the east are either entirely blotted out of existence, or are dragging out a miserable life in bondage and darkness; while Antioch and Ephesus have disappeared, and Alexandria, Smyrna, and Constantinople are covered with the pall of death; Rome, though time and revolution have dealt more severely with her than with any other city in the world, still remains, the same flourishing, vigorous, and "eternal" city,— the only one of the apostolical churches which has preserved its succession unbroken, and which can carry us back to the days when the apostles received their commission from the lips of the blessed Jesus. How explain this singular phenomenon, but by the principles indicated above? Is not the permanency of Rome, under all the circumstances, a most palpable fulfillment of Christ's prediction addressed to St. Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT?" It is impossible to explain it in any other way, unless we virtually deny an all-ruling Providence, and ascribe all the great results of history to a mere blind chance or fatality.

That the Greek church is reduced to a state of great ignorance and degradation, there is no doubt. Dr. Durbin bears evidence to the fact in many passages of his interesting "Observations." We must content ourselves with the following:

"The power of the priesthood over the people in the Oriental Churches is incredible, and it is often exercised in the most rigorous manner, particularly among the Greeks, whose clergy exact oppressive fees for the performance of every religious service — for marriages, funerals, and the sacraments — all of which are matters of barter, and are paid for according to the wealth of the party served. No preparation is required for entrance into the holy office of the ministry; and there are no schools for the prophets, in which they may obtain some knowledge of divine things, before they enter upon the service of the altar. This deplorable state of the oriental communions is not a matter of surprise, when we remember their long night of darkness, and the oppression under which they have been subjected."[1]

Their separation from Rome, we sincerely believe, has had at least as much to do with their present corruptions, as the long night of darkness and servitude in which they have been involved. Another cause of it is the marriage of the clergy, more or less in use among them. A married clergy cannot be expected to be so much separated from the world, so

1 Vol. ii, pp. 284-5.

much addicted to study, or so devoted to the interests of religion, as one that is single; and no one can travel in the east without being forcibly impressed with the difference, in all these respects, between that portion of the Greek clergy which leads a single life, and that which is involved in the troubles and solicitude attendant on providing for a family. Dr. Durbin is, however, not correct in stating, without any qualification, that the "Greeks reject the celibacy of the clergy:" for it is a notorious fact that they continue to prize celibacy as a state more perfect than that of matrimony, whenever it is embraced through those religious motives indicated by St. Paul.[1] This is apparent from the fact, that they universally require their monks and bishops to be celibitaries, that no priest is allowed to marry after ordination, and that no one is admitted to orders who has been married more than once, or who, in the language of St. Paul, to whom this discipline is ascribed, has been the husband of more than "one wife." Dr. Durbin should have stated these well known features in the orienta. discipline, in regard to celibacy.

He, however, bears willing testimony to another most remarkable fact, that *all* the Greek churches, no matter how much separated from each other by sectional feelings and sectarian prejudices, unanimously agree with one another, *and with the Roman Catholic Church*, in almost all those distinctive points of doctrine and discipline, in which Protestants differ from us. Here is his evidence:

"To the Protestant Christian there appears a wide spread blight upon this fair field of missionary hope and enterprise, in the almost universal corruption of all the oriental communions. It is not to be denied, that in all essential points of doctrine and order, the Greek, the Armenian, the Syrian, and the Nestorian churches agree substantially with the Roman Catholics of Europe. Some of the points of difference regard matters of discipline, as the supremacy of the Pope,[2] and the celibacy of the clergy, both of which the Oriental Churches[3] steadfastly reject; others are speculative, as, for instance, the doctrine of the Greek church with respect to the procession of the Holy Ghost from the *Father* only, and not from the Father *and the Son;* and that of the Syrians and Nestorians, who are Monophysites, (!) holding that there is but one nature in Christ. But in all essential elements of church government and doctrine, they agree with the Roman Catholics of Europe. They believe in the three separate orders of the ministry, regularly derived, by unbroken succession, from the apostles; and each principal church has its patriarch, which (who?) bears nearly the same relation to it, that the Pope does to the Latin Church. They believe in the seven sacraments, and in the same sense that the Romanists (!) do!"[4]

In proof of all this, he furnishes us with a literal translation from a portion of the catechism now used by the Armenian churches;[5] which translation was made out by one of the American Protestant missionaries. While we praise his candor in thus stating a fact which is notorious to all

1 Corinthians, ch. vii. 2 This is a *doctrine*, and not a mere matter of discipline.
3 He means, of course, those Oriental Churches which are not in communion with Rome, and, in a note, he excepts the Maronites. He might have excepted large bodies of Christians in almost all the other branches of the Oriental Church. 4 Vol ii, pp. 281-2. 5 Ibid.

persons of any information, but which has nevertheless been denied by the ignorant and superficial, we cannot but smile at his singular carelessness or ignorance in setting down the Nestorians as "Monophysites holding that there is but one nature in Christ." He probably meant the Eutychians, or Jacobites; for the Nestorians not only hold the precise contrary of this doctrine, but they even go farther, and maintain that there are *two distinct persons* in Christ, the one human, and the other divine. Every child who has glanced at church history is acquainted with this fact; and we are astonished that it escaped a Methodist doctor of divinity of some standing in his sect.

The Oriental Churches agree with us, not only in doctrine, but also in many of those religious observances which are most obnoxious to Protestants. Dr. Durbin also attests this, though in his testimony he indulges in the usual ignorant, self-sufficient, and slanderous cant, which Protestant preachers consider it their special privilege to employ, whenever they speak of what they are pleased to designate by the vulgar nicknames of Popery and *Romanism*. He says:

"Nor is the worship of the Oriental Churches freer from corruptions than that of the Roman Catholic. They worship pictures and the cross, as do the Latins, and pay a more constant and ardent devotion than the Catholics to the *Panagia* or 'Holy Virgin, mother of God.' Their reverence for saints is as profound, and their invocation of them as frequent, as among the Roman Catholics. Their public services consist almost entirely in daily matins, mass, and vespers; and when the host (or bread and wine after consecration) is carried among the people, they fall down and worship it with a grosser superstition than even the Latins."[1]

His feelings were often shocked by exhibitions of public worship, marked by all these objectionable traits; and from the tenor of his remarks interspersed throughout his work, we are inclined to infer that he considers the oriental communions more objectionable and "corrupt" than the Roman Catholic itself, and that he would even prefer the latter to the former. Nor is he the only Protestant traveler who has come to this conclusion. If the Roman Catholic Church be corrupt and erroneous in these things, then is the Greek church also, and to a much greater extent; and the conclusion is irresistible, that Christ permitted His whole Church, both east and west, to go to ruin and to apostatize from Him for many centuries, though He had pledged His solemn word "that the gates of hell should not prevail against it;" and though he had positively commanded all "to hear it," under the awful penalty of being reckoned "with heathens and publicans." If we could believe this, we would lose all faith in Christianity and in its divine Author. And accordingly we are not all surprised that enlightened Protestants are either returning to the bosom of Catholicity, or are rushing headlong into the frightful abyss of infidelity. There is no *rational* medium between the two.

How are we to explain the astonishing consent of the Greek communions and the Roman Catholic Church in maintaining all those distinctive doc-

1 Vol. ii, pp. 283-4.

trines and principles which Protestants unanimously reject? We can explain the phenomenon in only one of two ways: either by saying that the Greeks received these doctrines from the Latins, or the Latins from the Greeks; or that they both received them from a common source, dating back to a period prior to their separation. The former hypothesis is untenable and even absurd; for how is it to be believed that either of these churches so averse to each other would have consented quietly to abandon its ancient faith and discipline at the bidding, or through the influence, of a hated rival? Besides history is not only wholly silent as to this change, but it teaches precisely the contrary: that neither church borrowed any thing from the other after the schism. We are, then, compelled to fall back on the latter mode of explanation. But whither does it lead us? It leads us to the admission of the startling *fact*, that the whole Church of Christ, both Greek and Latin, unanimously held all these doctrines as early as the eighth century! And that, if the Roman Catholic Church be now wrong in maintaining them, the whole Church of Christ has been involved in fatal error, ever since that period!

But the chain of inference does not terminate with the eighth century; for the Nestorians and the Eutychians left the Church in the fifth century, and yet they unanimously hold the self-same principles! Then the corruption of the original doctrine, if it occurred at all, must have taken place before the beginning of the fifth century. The question returns: *When* did it take place? *Where? Under what circumstances? By whom? Who* were the opponents of the bold innovator? In *what council* of bishops was he condemned? Tell us all about it; for we wish to be informed. History tells us of the origin of every error and heresy, — of its author, of its circumstances, of its condemnation. Why should it not give us also the desired information on this other all important subject?

But the change took place silently and imperceptibly, and without any one being aware of it. If so, what evidence have you, that it took place at all? If no one perceived or knew it at the time it happened, how comes it that *you* perceive and know it centuries afterwards? This is the old excuse of the Jews: while the soldiers were asleep the disciples came and stole the body of the Lord! If the witnesses were asleep, how did they know the fact to which they testified? But you reason even more foolishly than did the Jews: they brought at least *sleeping* witnesses; you bring no witnesses at all! The conclusion reached above, then, returns in all its force: either the Catholic Church is true, or Christianity is not: there is no alternative.

Dr. Durbin relies chiefly on the labors of the Protestant missionaries in the east, for the purification and complete regeneration of the Oriental Churches. He devotes a comparatively large portion of his "Observations" to this subject. And yet, to read his own account, partial and exaggerated as it undoubtedly is, one would be inclined to suspect that, if this be the only hope of the oriental communions, the period of their deliverance is indeed very remote. He does not tell us of *a single church*

which the Protestant missionaries have erected for the benefit of their converts; nor, in fact, of anything that they have really done for the conversion of these benighted Christians of the east. Those missionaries, in fact, seem to be very prudent men, who take care to keep themselves out of harm's way, and who do not at all ambition the crown of martyrdom. Who ever heard of a Protestant missionary among the heathen that ever suffered martyrdom, if he could possibly help it? We have never yet read of one such. The Protestant missionaries in the east seem to confine themselves almost entirely to places of safety, such as the large towns, and the precincts of the European consulates: they issue forth only when everything is calm, and nothing is to be apprehended. Their labors at Smyrna, at Beirout, at Constantinople, seem to be confined almost entirely to European or American merchants and sailors. We have yet to learn of *one* congregation which they have organised among those for whose conversion they were specially sent out by the board, with a handsome outfit and a fat salary too, amply sufficient for their comfortable support and for that of their wives and families.

At Smyrna, Dr. Durbin says, they have "A chapel connected with the Dutch consulate, in which they perform divine service regularly;" and "the Protestant population numbers *perhaps* six hundred."[1] "This little leaven," he adds, "is operating *almost unobserved*, yet powerfully, on the ancient Greek and Armenian communities, *gradually* attracting their attention to a purer and more spiritual Christianity."

The usual cant: "gradually and unobserved," yet "powerfully!" Always doing, and yet never doing anything! The prospect always bright; the fields always white for the coming harvest; yet the realization of hope never coming, and the harvest never gathered in! Money, money, money! Give us more money, and we will convert the heathen, and the benighted Catholic and Greek; this is the battle-cry of the missionaries. The money is freely given; but the promise is never redeemed. The missionaries distribute a cargo of tracts and Testaments, and then they write home that they "hope" soon to convert the world, and that the only thing which is wanting is a little more money, and a few more zealous missionaries, male and female! Was there ever such an imposture as this — one that was so long kept up, though withal so very expensive?

Dr. Durbin virtually and substantially confirms the truth of these remarks. No one can read his work without being forcibly struck with the paucity of result attending Protestant missionary enterprise in the east. The missionaries always work "silently and unostentatiously;" nobody sees any thing they do; yet they do wonders, and they are on the eve of converting the east to Protestantism:

"It is this silent, unostentatious way of conducting the mission, that leads travelers to suppose, that no valuable results are obtained. They see *no churches, no congregations, as the fruit of many years' toil, and a large expenditure of money.* Could they look into the interior mind and

1 Vol. ii, p. 111.

feelings of the Oriental Churches, and note the symptoms of a new life and an approaching resuscitation, they would see that the seed sown is germinating, and it requires no great sagacity to predict a glorious harvest."[1]

And yet there are constantly employed in the Protestant missions of Turkey and Persia no less than ninety-two[2] missionaries, male and female, with excellent salaries!

The only two stations where the missionaries seemed to have any real prospect of success were Hasbeja on Mount Lebanon, and Oroomiah among the Nestorians of Persia. In both these places they have signally failed, and from both they have been ignominiously driven out. Dr. Durbin tells us a sad story in reference to the former place,[3] and the public newspapers have given us information in regard to the latter.

But neither Dr. Durbin nor the religious (!) prints of the day, tell us *half the truth* on either subject. They should have had the candor to say that, on the Lebanon, the American Protestant missionaries were in silent league with the infidel Druses and the fanatical Turks, who butchered in cold blood the Christian Maronites; that they were never molested by the former, while Catholic priests and monks and nuns were cruelly massacred; and that their property was as safe there as were their persons. They should also have told us, that among the Nestorians these same American Protestant missionaries became hateful for their intolerance and grasping ambition, which aimed at little less than a union of church and state; that they instigated the expulsion of the Catholic missionaries; and that they were themselves expelled in turn by an indignant and enraged people, who could no longer bear with their arrogant assumptions. They should have told us all these facts. And, moreover, they should have informed the world of another public and notorious fact, which no one can deny — that, throughout the entire east, these same missionaries are generally looked upon with distrust and even horror, as intriguers, and "wolves in sheep's clothing"[4] Dr. Durbin himself very delicately lets out this secret; as, for example, when he tells us, that "the Greek bishop, his clergy, and his people commenced a violent persecution against their Protestant brethren,"[5] &c. The east is an uncongenial soil for Protestantism; it can never flourish there; it must seek some *colder* and less radiant climate.

The great bane of the Protestant missions in the east, as elsewhere, is their want of unity and concert. One Protestant sect teaches one set of doctrines, another, another; one pursues a particular line of policy, another one diametrically opposite. They thus come into frequent collision with one another; and the result is that they render themselves the laughing-stock of the keen-sighted Orientals, already disposed to look

1 Vol. ii, pp. 296-9. 2 Ibid. 3 Ibid p. 100—note.

4 We have ourselves had ample opportunity to become acquainted with this fact, having for several years been thrown into constant intercourse with a great number of intelligent individuals, who were natives of almost all the different countries of the east. Their testimony on this subject was uniform and unanimous. 5 Vol. ii, p. 99.

on them with distrust, if not with positive contempt. Dr. Durbin freely admits and even proves, that the recent establishment by the English government of an Anglican bishopric in Jerusalem is entirely a political movement, designed to secure an increased English influence in the east.[1] The oriental Episcopal missions, both those managed from England and those sent out from America, seem to have little care for the *doctrinal* reformation of the Oriental Churches; they take them as they are, and seek only to extend their own influence by laboring to have themselves recognized as brethren; an attempt which has invariably turned out a complete failure. The Protestant missionaries of the American board, on the contrary, profess to aim at the *doctrinal* reform of those churches, but to do it "slowly and imperceptibly;" by the diffusion of Bibles, tracts, &c., among the people, by preaching, and by establishing schools. Their scheme has certainly worked very slowly and imperceptibly; and so far only has it been successful. Dr. Durbin refers as follows to the different modes of operation adopted by the Episcopal and the non-Episcopal missions in Turkey, and to the collision that has taken place between them:

"It is to be regretted that they have come into collision with each other in the midst of these ancient churches, and in presence of the Turk. The chief ground of collision is the validity and authority of their respective ministers, involving the vexed question of the apostolic succession. The Episcopal missions claim to have this in common with the Oriental Churches, and on this ground propose a union with them, presenting it as the essential bond between churches. The missionaries of the American board, on the other hand, while they insist on the validity of their orders, regard evangelical doctrine and worship as the essential ground of Christian unity. The one mission appears to aim chiefly at obtaining a recognition of its churches as truly apostolic; the other, at restoring the simplicity and purity of doctrine and worship in the oriental communions. It is most desirable that they should avoid collisions, which might be easily done, by each confining itself to the stations and provinces of which it first took possession, and by refusing to enter into the field already occupied by the other."[2]

It is plain to see that the Protestant missions in the east have entirely failed. But suppose, for a moment, that they should hereafter succeed, even beyond the most sanguine expectations of their friends; what beneficial results would follow? They would scatter throughout the east a hundred new warring sects, in addition to the few which already exist there, and they would thus render confusion worse confounded. Endless divisions would take the place of a comparative unity; and with the warm temperaments and ardent minds of the Orientals, these countless divisions in religion would infallibly lead to bitter feuds, civil broils, and even bloodshed. These would be most certainly the results of Evangelical Protestantism in the east, should it ever be established there, which, however, it never will or can be, for the reasons already indicated. Yes, we repeat it, the only hope for the complete regeneration of the Eastern

1 See vol. ii, p. 288, seqq. 2 Ibid. p. 298.

Churches lies in their re-union with the Roman Catholic Church. They flourished only so long as they continued in communion with Rome; they can hope for renewed prosperity only by a re-union with the Catholic Church. Thus only would they be brought into contact with the great body of Christendom; thus only could they be protected from a grinding Turkish oppression on the one hand, and the fear of falling into the hands of a no less ruthless despotism — that of Russia — on the other. The Turkish empire is doomed; it must fall; and then the Oriental Churches must either throw themselves into the arms of Catholic Europe, or into the bearish embrace of the monster Nicholas. There is no alternative; for as to Protestantism, it is out of the question.

That the Catholic missions in the east have been, at least to a great extent, successful, and that they have exercised a most beneficial influence on oriental civilization, Dr. Durbin freely admits. He says:

"These oriental papal communions feel that they are brought into direct sympathy with Europe by their communion with Rome, and hence they affect Frank manners and customs to some extent, and are regarded in the east as approximating the Franks in feelings, interests, and habits. Nor is it to be denied that their intercourse with the Roman Catholic Church *tends to elevate them in the scale of civilization*, as the priests sent to serve them, being generally educated men, diffuse European knowledge as well as manners among them. It is not possible to estimate the success of the Romish (!) missions to the Oriental Churches, but the general fact is clear, that they have divided them all, so that there is in Asia a Papal Greek church, a Papal Armenian church, a Papal church among the Nestorians, a Papal church among the Syrians, and also among the Copts in Egypt. They claim a communion of forty thousand among the Armenians, and fifteen thousand among the Syrians. To each of these papal communions there is a patriarch appointed by the Pope, and confirmed by the sultan." [1]

He forgot to mention the Catholic Chaldeans, who number nearly twenty thousand, and the Catholic Græco-Melchites, who are estimated at more than half a million. Whatever Dr. Durbin says to the contrary, "it *is* possible to estimate the success of the Catholic missions in the Oriental Churches." In Asia alone, the number of Christians in communion with Rome, according to accurate statistical statements lately sent to Rome by the Catholic missionaries, falls little short of a MILLION AND A HALF, most of whom are subjects of the Turkish empire. To these add more than ten thousand in Egypt, and about two hundred and sixty-five thousand within the limits of Turkey in Europe, and the whole number of Oriental Christians in communion with the Pope will amount to a *million and nearly eight hundred thousand*.[2]

We will conclude this paper, already long enough, with one more extract from Dr. Durbin's "Observations in the East." It is taken from what we found the most interesting portion of the whole work, that which gives a minute and detailed account of his visit to the seven Apocalyptic

1 Vol. ii. p 237.

2 We leave out of the account the Russian Catholics, who alone are estimated at more than five millions and a half.

churches referred to by St. John.[1] In the present forlorn condition of nearly all of these churches he beheld a striking fulfillment of the prophecies uttered by the beloved disciple in the name of Jesus Christ. The passage which we subjoin refers to the church of Philadelphia, the only one of the seven, except, perhaps, Smyrna, which is yet standing, at least in anything like its former condition:

"The promise of divine interposition in the hour of temptation is the distinguishing feature in this letter of Jesus to the Philadelphians; and wonderfully has it been fulfilled for the last eighteen hundred years. The candlestick has never been removed; the angel of the church has always been there. The altar of Jesus has been often shaken, both by the imperial pagan power, when Philadelphia supplied eleven martyrs as companions to Polycarp in the flames at Smyrna, and by the arms of the false prophet, when Bajazet and Tamerlane swept over Asia Minor like an inundation; yet it has never been overthrown. The crumbling walls of twenty ruined churches, and the swelling domes and towering minarets of a dozen mosques, attest the hours of fiery temptation; yet three thousand Christian Greeks, and half a dozen churches still kept in repair, and still vocal with praise to Jesus, attest that he has been faithful to his promise: 'I also will keep thee in the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.' Ephesus is desolate, and without a Christian temple or altar; Laodicea is without inhabitant, except the foxes and jackals that prowl amid her circus and her theatres; Sardis is represented by one Turkish and one Grecian hut; a handful of down-trodden Greek Christians worship in a subterranean chapel at Pergamos; but, in the language of Gibbon, 'Philadelphia alone has been saved by prophecy or courage. At a distance from the sea, forgotten by the emperor, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, SHE only among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia is still erect—a column in a scene of ruins.'"[2]

But our author adds:

"While the Christian traveler is struck with the wonderful preservation of the fundamental Christian faith and worship in Philadelphia, he is saddened when he enters the ancient sanctuaries and witnesses the worship (!) of the Virgin and the adoration (!) of saints, whose rude portraits hang on the walls. Nor is his sadness relieved, when he hears the offices of his holy religion performed in a tongue unknown to the people, who speak the Turkish language only, while the church service is in ancient Greek."[3]

The true Christian traveler, instead of stopping to slander the faith and worship of a venerable apostolic church, wonderfully preserved by a miracle in fulfillment of prophecy, would rather, we think, be struck and edified at the exact coincidence between that faith and that worship, and those of the Roman Catholic Church. The Philadelphians, like all the other Oriental Christians, are evidently more Catholic than Methodist or Protestant; hence the indignation and the sadness of our "Christian traveler." He would do well to learn a little more charity and truth, ere he again venture to write a book of "Observations" on Christian people living in foreign countries.

1 Dr. Durbin visited them all, except Laodicea, which he describes on the authority of other travelers. 2 Vol. ii, pp. 139, 40. 3 Ibid. p. 140.

XXXII. ROME,

AS SEEN BY A NEW YORKER.*

New York and Rome—Superficial books—Candid avowal—Inaccuracies—Colonnade in front of St. Peter's—The ball on the dome—St. Mary Major's—Popes preserving ancient monuments—Italian *Ciceroni*—Tricks on travelers—"The lynx-eyed sculptor"—Laughable mistakes—The Jews in Rome—The chair of St. Peter—Religious services in the Colisseum—Rome not sufficiently progressive—Picture of Rome as the capital of Christendom—Artistic genius of Italy—Liberality towards foreign artists—Overbeck—Paintings in churches—Roman churches never closed against worshipers—Roman charity—Beggars—Italian wines—Valuable suggestion—Italian monks—The Vatican—Villa Borghese—Education in Rome—Pope Gregory XVI.—The college of cardinals—General impression made by Rome on our New Yorker.

We took up the little volume of a New Yorker on Rome, with no slight feeling of curiosity to know what a citizen of our commercial emporium would make of the "eternal city," the ancient capital of the Cæsars, and the present metropolis of Christendom. "*Rome as seen by a New Yorker,*" we mused, must be a new Rome, altogether different from the old Rome we used to know, and in which we passed so many delightful years of our life. It must be very difficult for one who grew up amid the perpetual changes and daily progress of a city which sprang into existence but yesterday, but has already become a giant, to estimate aright the oldest city in the civilized world, and the most changeless one in modern times. Still more difficult is it, we thought, for a Protestant, reared with hereditary feelings of hostility to the mother church, to take an impartial view, and to form or present a correct estimate of the great center and capital of Catholicity. To perform this task with success, the visitor of Rome should be not only a Christian, but a Catholic; otherwise it were vain to expect that he would enter fully into the spirit of the place or of the people. He may, indeed, see what appears externally, but he cannot be expected to penetrate what is internal; he may examine and describe the mere shell of society; he cannot taste himself, nor exhibit to others the kernel.

Such were our musings and anticipations, when we entered on the perusal of the work before us. Nor were we wholly disappointed. The book is precisely what it purports to be, "*Rome as seen by a New Yorker,*" that is, as the author himself candidly acknowledges in the preface, Rome as seen "with the ideas, prepossessions, and prejudices of an American

* *Rome, as seen by a New Yorker in* 1843–4.

"Roma! Roma! Roma!
Non e piu come era prima."

New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 216.

and a New Yorker." It is also, as he admits with equal candor at the close of the work, a "superficial survey" of the "eternal city," though we could not understand why he adds that it was "necessarily" so.[1] Surely we had already superficial books in abundance, without adding another to the list. Our age is so vastly *enlightened*, that it would really seem as if no book could prove acceptable to it which is not superficial. We are learned enough already; we have little time, and less inclination, to think on difficult subjects, or even peruse those works which undertake to do our thinking for us, by going to the bottom of things.

Still the book has its merits, and merits of a high order. It is, in the main, honest, candid, and correct in its statements, as far as it goes; and it is marred by about as little prejudice, whether religious or political, as we could have reasonably expected. Catholics are so much accustomed to misrepresentation and abuse, that they generally feel grateful for very small favors, and are disposed to thank the writer who is honest enough to tell even a portion of the truth, and to abstain even ever so little from indulging in a rancorous and slanderous spirit. Yet we must say, that, with a little more attention and research, our New Yorker might have been more accurate in his descriptions, as well as in his statements of facts. He appears to have occasionally availed himself of a privilege claimed by our countrymen who dwell a little farther north,— of *guessing* at certain things, which he surely should have taken sufficient pains to ascertain with certainty, before he ventured on putting them in his book.

Thus, speaking of the grand colonnade in front of St. Peter's church, he says: "and the two *semicircles* of the embracing colonnade are formed by *three hundred* columns, forty feet high, sweeping around the *piazza* in quadruple rows, and crowned by colossal statues of saints."[2] There are several inaccuracies in this passage. Those sweeping arches are not semicircular, but elliptical; and the *foci* of the ellipsis are carefully marked on the pavement, so that when the spectator stands at either of those two points, the four rows of columns forming the circumference of the ellipsis appear as one. Few *ciceroni* fail to point out this phenomenon to travelers. Again, instead of three hundred, there are two hundred and eighty-four columns, and eighty-eight pilasters, making in all three hundred and seventy-two. We believe, also, that the columns are more than forty feet high; for the colonnade is eighty Roman palms, or about fifty-three of our feet in height. He might have added that the colonnade is eighty-two palms wide, (about fifty-five feet,) and that it is surmounted by one hundred and ninety-two statues of saints, fourteen palms high.[3]

His Yankee shrewdness, though put in requisition, was still more at fault in regard to St. Mary Major's, in which he puts nearly twice as many Ionic columns as had been placed there originally by the architects. He might, perhaps, have succeeded much better in calculating the amount of money annually expended by the Romans in purchasing church can-

1 Page 204. 2 Page 12.

3 For all these particulars, see *Vasi*— Itinerario Istruttivo di Roma. Page 454.

dles. "A Yankee," he says, "would feel inclined to calculate how much money they burn up every year in church candles. The interior of the *basilica* (of St. Mary Major's) consists of an immense nave, divided from the aisles by *seventy* Ionic columns of white marble." [1] *Forty* would have been much nearer the mark.[2]

Speaking of the ball which surmounts the dome of St. Peter's, he says:

"It is eight feet in diameter, and the guide says that it can hold sixteen people. A prudent man would rather not be one of the sixteen, for with only two friends and myself, it seemed to sway back and forth, and to yield to every gust of wind, and we could readily fancy that the thin sheet of copper of which it is made, might easily give way, or that our weight might topple it down from its proud eminence, and make it bound from lantern to dome, and from dome to roof, till it should at last strike the ground, with its precious contents, four hundred and thirty feet below its starting point." [3]

Now we do not lay claim to any great amount of prudence or courage, yet we can say that, having been one of a party of sixteen who entered the ball together, we entertained none of the apprehensions which tortured the fancy of our cautious New Yorker; but, on the contrary, we fancied that the brave old ball, which had defied the winds for centuries, might still survive our visit.

While he admits that "the later Popes have carefully and judiciously preserved and repaired the tottering walls of the coliseum, and sanctified it from future robberies, by consecrating it to the memory of the crowds of Christian martyrs who have perished in the arena," he very unwarrantably, we believe, charges the earlier Popes with having united with the Roman nobles and plebians, in stealing materials from it for their palaces and houses.[4] History will scarcely sustain this assertion. The coliseum was dilapidated partly by time, partly by the barbarians who so often spread desolation through the city, leveling to the ground its proudest monuments, and transforming it into a vast marble wilderness, and partly by the lawless rapacity of certain noble families, who long used it as a quarry for erecting their stately palaces. So far from its being true that the Popes shared in or even connived at this robbery, we may safely say that it took place in spite of them, and, to a certain extent at least, during their absence at Avignon. The cutting Roman proverb,—"What the *barbarians* did not do, the *Barberini* accomplished," [5]—while it points a well-merited satire at a certain noble Roman family, tells pretty nearly the whole truth about the causes of the present dilapidated condition of that ancient structure.

We suppose that our author was sometimes egregiously quizzed by certain mischief-loving Roman wags and *ciceroni;* for he tells us some stories which he would scarcely indorse or have us believe. We have occasion to know that there are in Rome, as elsewhere, a good many persons who like to play such tricks on travelers, especially when they fancy

1 Page 94. 2 See Vasi's work, *sup. cit.* 3 Pages 23-4. 4 Pages 32-3.
5 *Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini.*

that they have found one a little verdant. Some of the Italian *ciceroni* seem to be under the impression that their services are enhanced in value in proportion to the marvels they are able to disclose to their wondering employers; yet, when alone with their own set, chuckle heartily over the credulity that swallowed their stories. We suppose it was some such a wag as this, who recounted to our New Yorker the story which he has carefully put down in his book, about the Roman prince, who, having been long in the habit of pelting the Jews with stones, was requested by the Pope to pelt them rather with fruits or nuts, which recommendation he thought he complied with to the letter, by pelting them thenceforth with the *cones of pine trees!*[1]

On the same principle we may, perhaps, explain the saying of the waiter at a Roman *cafè*, in relation to the Jews of Rome: "Oh, they are very nice people; I can hit them a good rap on the head, and they never say a word back."[2] But we are really at a loss to account for the fact, that one so shrewd as a New Yorker, should have been really led to believe that the Romans suppose all the Americans to be negroes! The grounds of his belief are contained in the following humorous passage, in which he speaks of a young lady whom he met by chance in a crowd assembled at Christmas, near the church of *San Luigi dei Francesi:*

"She flattered my progress in Italian by guessing (!) me to be a Florentine, but expanded her immense black eyes to an inconceivable size, when she heard that I was from America, and exclaimed, '*Holy Virgin! you are as white as I am!*' In truth, I was rather whiter; but we are here *generally supposed* to be negroes; and the *cafè Americano*, in the *Piazza di Spagna*,[3] has an emblem of our country painted on its sign, in the head of a *blackamoor*, with woolly hair, flat nose, and Ethiopian lips."[4]

We suppose we may set down in the category of blunders, the assertion made by our author, that the famous Greek MS. New Testament, preserved in the Vatican library, dates back only to the *sixth* century:[5] we thought it was considered as old as the *fourth*, having been written out about the time of the first general council, held at Nice in 325. We are even inclined to suspect that our author was a little too credulous, when he believed, not from his own observation, which might easily have assured him of the real state of the case, but on the authority of a "lynx-eyed sculptor" whom he perhaps never saw, that the marks supposed to have been left on a stone, at the spot where Christ met St. Peter retreating from martyrdom, are those of *two right feet;* and that of course all the world was deceived for centuries by a very clumsy imposture, until this cunning sculptor — more "lynx-eyed" probably than Michael Angelo himself — happened to discover what no one had ever before even suspected![6]

Our New Yorker, however, makes some atonement for his occasional

1 Page 140. 2 Page 141.
3 This *cafe*, or another of the same name, was located in a different part of the city altogether, a few years ago 4 Page 94. 5 Page 74. 6 Page 60.

blunders, by telling us, in the most good-natured way imaginable, of some laughable mistakes into which he was betrayed in the article of eatables, in which a Yankee is seldom at fault. We give the following extract:

"There is, however, much uncertainty in this practical course of study, for in my self-instructing experiments, I once ordered *cucuzzole ripiene*, and it proved to be a stuffed gourd! Another day I had been looking at some ancient columns of *Cipollino* marble, and afterwards finding the same name in the dinner list, I called for it from curiosity, remembering that Franklin had made saw-dust pudding, and thinking that the Romans might, perhaps, make marble-dust pie, but the *Cipollino* appeared in the form of fried onions! It was thus that I initiated myself into the mysteries of the Italian kitchen, and you may now profit by my experience."[1]

Had he taken as much pains, and gone through as many "self-instructing experiments," he might have been much better initiated in the higher mysteries of Roman manners, faith and worship. He would then probably have found out, what we are confident every intelligent inhabitant of Rome already knew, that the "mission," given three times a year to the Jews dwelling in the Ghetto,[2] consists of something more than that procession of "hideous ghosts," chanting in lugubrious strains, and sometimes "bursting out into a yell worse than any Indian war-whoop," which he so graphically describes.[3] Had he taken the trouble to ask any of the old or young women or children living in that quarter of the city, they would have informed him, probably with an air of wonder at his ignorance, that the procession which so dreadfully shocked his nerves, was but the preparation for the "mission," which consisted of prayers for the conversion of the Jews, the regular service of the Church offered up for the same purpose, and eloquent discourses delivered by zealous and able men to reclaim them from the error of their ways. And the numerous yearly conversions in Rome even of that obdurate and stiff-necked race, effected under God by the means just indicated, prove that, instead of "being more likely to frighten children into fits than to entice the Jews to conversion," they are admirably suited to that end. The Jews of Rome are, in fact, better treated than they are any where else on the continent of Europe; and this truth is the basis of the current proverb: "Rome is the paradise of Jews."[4] The inscription from Isaiah, — which by the way is placed *opposite*, and not *beside* one of the gates of the Hebrew quarter, and which is, if our memory serve us, also given in Latin as well as in Hebrew, though in both these particulars our author seems to think differently, — is rather a solemn admonition to this rebellious people, than any evidence of a wish "to add insult to injury."[5]

If our readers should be inclined to think that, in noticing all these

1 Page 128 2 The quarter inhabited by the Jews of Rome 3 Page 142.

4 Roma e il paradiso dei Judei.

5 Our author is, we believe, slightly inaccurate in giving the inscription. In Latin it is as rendered by St. Paul (Romans x, 21): "Tota die expandi manus meas ad populum non credentem et contradicentem. All the day long I stretched forth my hands to a people unbelieving and contradicting *me*." Isaiah lxv, 2.

things, we are insisting too much on trifles, we hope they will form a different opinion of what follows. And first we will say a word on the subjoined extract:

"At the extreme end of the church (St. Peter's) four colossal statues, representing the principal doctors of the Greek and Latin churches, support a lofty throne and canopy of bronze, within which is preserved the patriarchal chair of St. Peter himself. It is shown to the people only for a moment, on great festivals, and is venerated by them as a true relic of the prince of the apostles; but unbelievers whisper that when the heretical French had possession of the city they found on the chair the Arabic inscription, 'There is but one God, and *Mahomet* is his prophet!' This makes it probable that the chair was brought from Palestine by some of the early crusaders."[1]

We believe it was Lady Morgan who first gave currency to this stupid and unfounded story, which, though triumphantly refuted by Dr. Wiseman and others, is still circulated and *believed* by those who would fain tax Catholics with excessive credulity! The chair upon which the "heretical French" discovered the inscription given above was at Venice and not at Rome; in St. Mark's church, and not in St. Peter's: and we suppose this makes a slight difference, especially as it was well known that that Venitian chair was presented to the church by one of the doges who had received it from the east. But yet Lady Morgan's fabrication was too good to be lost.[2]

We have likewise reason to complain of an unworthy prejudice against our Church, which peeps out occasionally from our New Yorker's pages. Thus he devotes one section to the following very homogeneous subjects indicated in the title prefixed: "Cardinals, monks, beggars, and robbers!" An appropriate juxtaposition truly, and in admirable taste! Again, speaking of the erection by the sovereign Pontiffs of the stations of the cross around the arena of the coliseum, and of the inducements they have thus held out to the faithful to visit the spot as consecrated to the memory of Christ crucified, and of those countless Christian martyrs who here poured out their blood for his sake, he says:

"The Pontiffs did not consider that this *tasteless obtrusion*, on such a scene, of the symbols of the *present religion* of the city, might sometimes lead the spectator to contrast the modern Romans with their ancestors, and perhaps to attribute part of their present degradation to the influence of the *superstitions* (!) *which are here so palpably thrust upon them.* Although the crimes and cruelties of the ancient Romans made their fall merited, yet their grandeur half excuses (!) their enormity."[3]

We scarcely know which predominates more in this passage, its utter want of taste, or its downright paganism. The author appears himself to have had some misgivings, for before he had got fairly to the end of his account of the fierce blood-thirstiness and remorseless cruelty of the old Roman *plebs*, so often exhibited on this very spot in their frantic shouts for

1 P. 15-6.

2 See Dr. Wiseman's pamphlet in reply to Lady Morgan, in which he clearly and fully refutes her false statement.

3 Page 33.

the blood of the Christians, he came to the conclusion that the change which he had so severely censured on the preceding page was after all for the better.

"But a *thousand* (he probably means *fifteen hundred*) years have purified the arena, and looking with the eyes of reality in the place of those of fancy, I saw only a procession of veiled nuns, with slow steps, pass unmolested through the arena, each in turn stopping at the cross in the center, to say a prayer for the souls of the martyred,[1] and to give the kiss which secured the promised 'indulgence.' *The warmest admirer of antiquity must confess that the change is much for the better,*"[2] &c.

We might set down the following under the head, "elegant extracts":

"As it (the holy cradle) passed, every one dropped on *their* (bad grammar) knees, and the soldiers and the priests, *the two great nuisances of Rome,* were strangely intermixed in picturesque confusion."[3]

Our author is not pleased with the stationary character of things in the eternal city, and he blames the Roman government for not pushing forward improvements with more rapidity. But surely Rome should not be judged by the same standard as New York or London. If Rome were in the hands of the New Yorkers for but half a century, our word for it, it would at the end of that short period be worse desecrated than it had ever been by Goth or Vandal in the long lapse of centuries. Its ancient monuments would probably disappear altogether, in order that they might not cumber the ground nor thwart speculations in up-town lots; its most valuable paintings and statutes would probably be sold for large sums, in order that the amount might be invested more profitably in commerce; its palaces would be turned into warehouses, and its studios into shops for the Wall street brokers; perhaps the rotunda itself might become a town hall, and even St. Peter's be turned into a state house, and the coliseum into a place for mass meetings:[4] in short, mammon would riot over the ruin of all that is most beautiful, magnificent, and precious in the "eternal city," and the desecration would be justified by the onward spirit of the age!

The impartial traveler should never lose sight of the fact, that Rome is the capital of Christendom, a religious more than a commercial city. And it is highly honorable to the Romans, that they think more of the other world than of this, more of their three hundred and sixty beautiful churches, than of their banks or shops. Rome is, in a certain sense, the great cloister of Catholicity, the austere and essentially unearthly city; her austerity, however, blended with majesty and tempered by mildness. She is very appropriately placed in the center of the dreary Campagna; for environs smiling with verdure would as ill become her gravity, as would the din, workshops, and smoky atmosphere of Birmingham. She is like an oasis in the desert, or like a bright jewel which receives addi-

1 This betrays a woeful ignorance of Catholic doctrine. Catholics never pray for the souls of "the martyred," and the veriest old woman in Rome could have told our author so.

2 P. 34. 3 P. 95.

4 Our author tells us of a New Yorker whose first exclamation on seeing the coliseum was:— "What a place for a mass meeting!"

tional lustre from its dark foil. Her purity would be sullied by the foul breath of modern mammonism, and her majestic genius would fly shrieking away from her classic ruins, before the first blast of steam or the deafening noise of machinery. Under the influence of our modern improvements, her attribute of the great monumental city would be torn from her escutcheon; and along with the spirit of the antique she would lose her very individuality, her identity itself. She would be no longer the grand mausoleum of the illustrious dead, nor the gigantic museum of ancient arts and monuments. Her monumental arches of Titus and Constantine, one of them marking the period of the fall of Judaism, and the other that of the great triumph of Christianity after centuries of bloody persecution, might no longer stand to tell of past revolutions, with their voiceless eloquence; nor would the modern Roman be any longer inclined to indulge in the proud boast that his Angelo had lifted up the ancient Pantheon and poised it two hundred feet in the air. Nor would he any longer look up to Saints Peter and Paul as the founders of the modern city, as truly as were Romulus and Remus of the ancient, and by means much more hallowed, because unstained with blood and rapine. The latter were suckled by the wolf, emblematic of the fierce and blood-thirsty character of ancient Rome; the former were nourished with the mystic manna from heaven, and feasted on the Lamb, a fit emblem of the characteristic meekness and mildness of the modern Christian capital.

Much do we regret that our author did not approach his subject with some such expanded ideas as these. In visiting Rome, he should have put off the spirit of a New Yorker, or even of a Byron, and have put on that of a Chateaubriand or a Geramb. He should have gone rather as an humble pilgrim, than as a sight-seeing, fault-finding, and *guessing* traveler. Then would he have been much better able to appreciate many things which he evidently did not understand; and he would have written a book more worthy his lofty theme.

But we now cheerfully dismiss his faults, and turn to his excellencies; and we will present some extracts which afforded us unmingled pleasure in their perusal, as being marked by truth and candor, obtaining the mastery over error and prejudice. Many of these passages are honorable to his head and heart, and prove him to be a man of considerable shrewdness and discrimination. Some of them embody reflections which we have seen in no previous American or English writer on Rome; while others contain avowals which are very valuable, as coming from a Protestant, who often is at little pains to conceal his prejudice.

He pays the following tribute to the artistic genius of modern Italy, and to the liberality of the Roman government in making no discrimination between natives and foreigners in its award of monumental honors; — he is speaking of a wing of the modern Capitol:

"On its ground floor eight rooms are filled with a series of busts of the most illustrious poets, painters, sculptors, architects, engineers, and musicians of modern Italy, and a native's breast must swell with pride

when he looks at the long and honorable array. In *the first room* are six busts of *eminent foreigners*, whose genius was considered naturalized by their long residence in Rome ; and among them, if his future progress be commensurate with the rank which he has already attained, may hereafter be found the bust of our own sculptor, Crawford."[1]

In another place[2] he furnishes us with an extract from a Roman paper, in which Crawford is highly eulogized, as well as the country which gave him birth, as follows :

"We hope very soon to learn that the country of this *valorous* sculptor, which raises so many monuments worthy of her power, has made use of the chisel of this young man to honor some of his fellow-citizens, and at the same time herself ; and that she has thus shown herself successful *above every other nation*, while it is given to her to exalt with honors and rewards the living who render her glorious, and at the same time to procure by the arts immortality for the dead."[3]

He gives us a very graphic and beautiful sketch of another illustrious foreigner, the German Overbeck, supposed by many to be the first painter in the world, at least since the death of Baron Camuccini :

"First among the painters is *Overbeck*, the German Raphael, or rather Perugino ; for he condemns the *later* manner of the prince of painters, and says, 'when Raphael forsook Perugino, God forsook Raphael.' Another apothegm attributed to him, is that 'no one can be a good painter who is not also a good man.' His own practice realizes his theory. He is a most devout Catholic, and consecrates all his genius to religious subjects, which he treats with the utmost purity and elevation of style, and with a simplicity and freshness which appeal directly to the heart. His studio (in the old Cenci palace) is open to visitors on Sundays for an hour in the afternoon, and each of his pictures preaches an eloquent sermon. He receives you with extreme courtesy, but you feel hushed into reverence by his gracious, introspective, and *saint-like* countenance. 'Himself the great original he draws,' he 'looks into his heart,' and paints. Upon his easel, at my first visit, stood a pencil cartoon of 'Christ reproving the Pharisees,' and the ideal propriety of expression was faultlessly perfect. As I examined the picture, Overbeck stood beside me, gazing earnestly on it, with clasped hands and parted lips, as if he was wholly absorbed in the subject."[4]

He admits the utility of paintings in churches in the following passage, in which he is speaking of the gallery of the Capitol :

"Many of the pictures are specimens of the early schools of art, hard and formal, yet possessing much simple sweetness. Most of this class are taken from old churches, in which they served as altar-pieces, or as decorations, preserving there the semblances of the saints, and *telling on the walls the stories of sacred history for the benefit of the pious unlearned, who could read them only when thus narrated in this universal language.*"[5]

Of the beauty and splendid decorations of the Italian churches he bears the following honorable testimony :

"The readers of travels in Italy become heartily tired of the churches, which are so often commended to their admiration, but they should

1 Page 33. 2 Page 191.
3 Il Tiberino ; Giornale Artistico. 17 Feb , 1810. 4 Page 179-80. 5 Page 40.

charitably call to mind that these edifices constitute a very large proportion of the intellectual food of the traveler. Little would need be said of them, if they were *such bare and tasteless barns* as are too many of the houses of worship in America, but in Italy the highest genius of the best architects, sculptors, and painters, has lavished on them centuries of its poetic labors. Kings have left their own palaces unfinished, and devoted their revenues to adorn the abode of the King of kings. The finest minds of the nation have left their impress on these shrines of magnificence; the noblest conceptions of the architect — that poet in stone — have been here imbodied; the painter has summoned his highest skill when called upon to represent some touching event in sacred history for the instruction and improvement of the unlearned devout; the sculptor has here left his masterpieces in the statues of the great men, heroes, divines, and poets — who lie beneath the marble pavement; and every church thus becomes an interesting volume in the history of the past, recording the great deeds of mind as well as of body. The churches of all Catholic countries are generally in the form of a cross.[1] At the extreme end is the high altar, and along the sides are arranged smaller ones (dedicated to various saints), over each of which hangs a sacred picture, oftentimes a masterpiece of art. No pews or benches cumber the marble pavement, but a few chairs are clustered before the altars. THE CHURCHES ARE NEVER CLOSED AGAINST WORSHIPERS, AND ENTER THEM AT WHAT HOUR YOU MAY, YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND SOME DEVOTEES KNEELING BEFORE THEIR FAVORITE ALTARS, AND SEEMINGLY ABSORBED IN THEIR PRAYERS. They are generally old women of the poorer class — for those who find little enjoyment in this world naturally seek for it in another; (!) but at high mass ladies of the highest wealth and birth kneel on the pavement beside the beggar; and at other times a fierce looking man is often seen prostrating himself on the altar steps, and apparently repenting most sincerely of some great crime." [2]

This is saying a great deal for the vital piety and religion of the Romans; much more, we venture to say, than could be said even by a Protestant in favor of the piety of any Protestant country in the world, our own not excepted. And we can testify, from our own observation during a residence of more than four years in Rome, that the above statement far from being exaggerated, falls very much short of the truth. Daily devotion in the churches is not confined to pious old ladies and fierce looking men; it pervades all classes and grades of society.

The Romans are as charitable as they are pious, as the following extract shows:

"But even admitting the faults of the Roman people to be as great and as numerous as their worst detractors charge, they would be made pardonable by their warm-hearted *charity*, 'which covereth a multitude of sins.' Their practical benevolence surpasses that of any other nation. The many poor among them share their mite with the poorer; the very beggar who has been fortunate in his alm-seeking, divides his gain with his less lucky comrade; the rich bestow bounteous and systematic charity; and the number and magnificence of charitable establishments for the relief of suffering humanity are unapproached in any other country of Europe. Hospitals for every form of disease, and for all

1 Rather doubtful; — the existence of lateral chapels does not always prove this.

2 Pages 45, 46.

classes of the wretched, abound in every city, and their inmates are zealously and kindly tended by self-sacrificing sisters of charity, who devote themselves to these painful duties, in the just belief that they are thus rendering the most acceptable religious service. Other charitable offices are performed by various confraternities, similar to the *misericordia* of Florence. Of these, one secretly sends relief to needy but respectable families; another pays off oppressive debts, contracted by the honest poor in times of sickness and accident; another relieves friendless prisoners; another seeks out the sick poor; and another still, when all other benevolent exertions have proved faithless, carries the dead with decent ceremony to the grave. When we find the feelings which prompt these manifold acts of kindness, extending through every class, we can pardon them their transgressions of some other points of the moral law."[1]

Most travelers in Italy complain of the annoyance occasioned by beggars; but had they as much charity as the Italians would seem to possess from the above testimony, they would not be so much annoyed at being asked for an alms in the usual humble and religious manner of the Italian beggars, who always approach you asking a pittance "*per l'amor di Dio* — for the love of God." There is this difference between the Italians and some other *more enlightened* nations, that whereas the former allow the poor to enjoy their personal freedom, and to seek, if they choose, relief from the well known and exhaustless charity of the public, the latter immure them in poor-houses, as if poverty were a crime! Our New Yorker joins in the general outcry against mendicants; but we were almost gratified to find that he was annoyed by English and American, as well as by Roman beggars, and this in Rome itself![2] It seems that English and American adventurers in Italy not unfrequently attempt to levy contributions on their countrymen in this way, and sometimes under false pretexts. We knew of one such case ourselves, in which the mendicant was a New Yorker. Our author did not, it seems, chance to fall in with the merry Roman beggar, who, on being refused an alms under the usual form — "*non c'è, caro mio* — I have nothing my dear sir," — exclaimed, laughing, "I wish I had been born in one of your pockets!" But in the following passage we recognize another old acquaintance, pretty faithfully drawn, with the exception, perhaps, of the decorations borrowed from dame rumor:

"Many of them have regular stations, and the grand flight of steps leading up to the *Trinità dei monti* is occupied by a jolly old fellow, who runs about the landing places on his hands and knees, to which are strapped pieces of wood. He bids a cheerful good morning to every one who comes down or up the *scala*, and clatters up to them[3] on his wooden shod extremities, expressing his pleasure that they are going to have such a fine day to see the beautiful city, and finishing his gossip with the laughing inquiry, 'and how much is your generous excellency going to give me this morning?' Half a cent makes him very contented, and he will readily change a whole one, returning a half cent with profuse thanks. He is said to have become quite rich at this business, and to have lately given his daughter a wedding portion of five hundred dollars."[4]

1 Pages 200, 201.
2 Page 159-60.
3 Another grammatical error.
4 Page 158-9.

Speaking of the Italian wines, our author makes a very judicious remark, which has often struck us with great force, as to the influence of their general use on the great cause of temperance. Drunkenness is a vice almost unknown in France, Spain, Italy, and other wine countries; and we have no doubt that this circumstance, together with the greater cheerfulness and sociability of the people, is owing in a great measure to the general use of wine, not so much as a beverage as an article of diet. He says:

"The great cause of temperance among us would receive extensive and permanent benefit from the cheap manufacture, from our native grapes, of similar beverages, as harmless, if not beneficial, in their effects, as they are agreeable in their flavor."[1]

He admits also — though we really cannot award him much credit for the admission — that "the monasteries were the asylums of learning during the dark ages;" and adds: "Nothing has been made in vain — not even monks — and few bodies of laymen have left behind them more titles to the gratitude of posterty than the much abused wearers of the monastic robe and cowl." Of the mendicant friars he does not entertain so high an opinion, though he admits that "they conduct themselves with extreme outward propriety, and are seldom seen in the streets after dark, or in any place of public amusement;" and that "though much is said of their immorality, nothing is proven."[2] One would think that Christians, and especially charitable Christians, should not charge on others crimes of a grievous nature, without sufficient proof, and on mere suspicion; yet the contrary practice prevails to a deplorable extent, and this is precisely the reason why most of our fashionable books of travels paint Catholic countries in colors so dark and hideous.

Our New Yorker devotes a chapter to the Vatican, of which he furnishes us with perhaps as good an account as could have been given in so contracted a space:

"By the side of St. Peter's stands the Vatican palace; and it is a worthy companion of the great cathedral, not so much for its architecture, or its extent, ... as for its unparalleled collections of sculpture and painting. The statues from Greece and ancient Rome, the antique sarcophagi, vases, candelabra, altars, and inscriptions, the paintings of the 'divine Raphael,' and the like, here fill galleries, saloons, halls, and temples, worthy of the priceless treasures, and have all been collected into this focus of splendor by the liberality and taste of successive Popes, who have thus made the Vatican even more famous as a metropolis of art, than it was in former days of the spiritual forge from which were fulminated the terrible bulls against heresies and insubordination, which 'with fear of change perplexed monarchs.'"[3]

Were all these invaluable treasures to be found in England or America, no one would probably be admitted to see them, unless on condition of paying a good round sum for admittance. Thanks to the liberality of the papal government, and to the fact that it has not advanced so rapidly as

1 Page 129 2 Page 154-5. 3 Page 67

its neighbors in the *golden* career of enlightenment, this is not the case at Rome, nor in any other Catholic country with which we are acquainted. The curious traveler may visit all the churches, palaces, villas, libraries and museums of Rome, without paying one dollar. Thus the Vatican museum, decidedly the richest in the world, is thrown open to the public on the evenings of two days in each week, Mondays and Thursdays. In the magnificent villa Borghese there is a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:

"The guardian of the villa Borghese makes this proclamation: Whoever thou art, if free, do not here fear the shackles of the law. *Go where thou wilt, seek what thou wishest, depart when thou pleasest. These things are prepared for strangers rather than the master.* He forbids me to impose severe restrictions on a well-mannered guest. Let good intents here be the only laws for a friend. But if any one willfully, knowingly, maliciously, should break the golden laws of urbanity, let him beware lest the provoked keeper should in turn break his *tessera* of friendship."[1]

If one of the haughty English aristocracy, or even if one of our own nobility of wealth and rank should issue any such proclamation as this, how we would all stare, and how unmeasured the strains in which his praises would be sounded by every mouth! It would, indeed, be a moral phenomenon; a refreshing exception to the iron-hearted mammonism which freezes the sympathies, withers the feelings, and crushes the very heart of our *enlightened* age.

Our author says that, with the exception of theological study and its cognate branches, "every other species of knowledge is not merely neglected, but positively discouraged;"[2] yet, in almost the same breath, he admits that "instruction in the mere elements of knowledge — reading, writing, arithmetic — and religion is indeed bestowed on the people with great copiousness, since in Rome, with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, (nearer one hundred and sixty thousand,) there are *three hundred and eighty primary schools*, which employ four hundred and eighty teachers, and receive fourteen thousand scholars;"[3] and he might have added that Rome has, moreover, twenty-four colleges, one university, and many excellent schools of the fine arts. He attempts to explain away this palpable contradiction between his theory and his facts, by the assertion that those schools are "under the direction of the priesthood," who take this singular means to discourage learning and keep the people in ignorance!

Of the late Pope he says:

"His Holiness, Gregory XVI, is an old man of seventy-eight, with very white hair, and a rubicund face, from which projects a long and red truly *Roman* nose.[4] His benevolence, learning, and honesty of purpose, have secured to him the love and respect of the people in an unusual degree, but he is too feeble and infirm to hope to enjoy it much longer. As he entered he blessed us all, making the sign of the cross in the air with his finger, kneeled a moment before the altar, and was then assisted to mount his episcopal throne. . . . . Each of the cardinals in turn, with their

1 Page 167. 2 Page 195. 3 Page 196.
4 We believe his nose is neither peculiarly *red* nor *Roman*.

trains unfolded by their valets, slowly walked up to the Pope, kissed his hand (not his toe), and returned to their seats. Then followed the music of the famous Sixtine choir, unparalleled in any other part of the world."[1]

Of the cardinals he says:

"There are seventy cardinals,[2] most of whom were present, and displayed a venerable array of grave, intellectual heads, framed, as it were, in their gorgeous vestments.[3] . . . . Most of them are of a highly dignified and noble presence, but among them was a small, quick moving personage, with a face full of queer knobs and angles, who was pointed out to me as Cardinal Mezzofanti, the most accomplished linguist in the world. He is said to be master of an incredible number of languages, and he speaks English, the most difficult of all, with wonderful correctness. His words are each uttered separately with the most perfect precision, though he says that his only teacher has been Sheridan's Pronouncing Dictionary, and it is by the cadences of his sentences alone that he can be detected as a foreigner."[4]

We can confirm these statements, and we are quite sure that if our author had chanced to make the acquaintance of Cardinal Mezzofanti, his opinion of his prodigious talents would have been even increased.

We had marked several other passages for quotation or animadversion; but we have already transcended our prescribed limits, and we close our notice with the concluding remarks of the author, which contain a sort of *resumè* of his work:

"We have now concluded our survey of the leading objects of curiosity in the eternal city; and, superficial as it has necessarily been, we may yet readily conceive how *each day, which an American passes in Rome, adds a year to his intellectual life.* He comes from a world discovered only three and a half centuries ago, to a city the history of which goes back twenty six hundred years, and which has impressed its characteristics in each epoch of that long period upon still existing reliques, scattered over the vast area once covered by its monuments. Everywhere he is met by thrilling memorials of great events, which he had read of in childhood, as of things of another world. Each day is crowded with incidents; and the differences of customs, and the power of associations, lend a charm to even the most common place occurrences. He finds the flood of new ideas so copious and rushing as to be actually oppressive. His mind is stimulated and heated almost to the excitement of fever. Even in the churches he cannot find relaxation; for the striking ceremonies of the ritual are inconceivably powerful in impressing the soul through the eye and the ear. If he enters even when the altars are deserted by their officiating ministers, his eye will be caught and his admiration aroused by some masterpiece of painting. The fine arts, whose trophies meet him everywhere, indeed create in him a new sense; and, far from palling on his appetite, their beauty grows more and more upon him as his acquaintance with them increases, till they become at last so indispensable to his enjoyment, that their want leaves an aching void in his daily life. The noble language, too, is no small item among his minor pleasures, and he learns to love its very sound, as with a personal affection. The attributes of the people harmonize with it, and he receives constant and exquisite gratification from the general development of beauty and grace, which is an almost universal result of that innate sensitiveness to their elements and their

1 Page 92. 2 When there are no vacant hats.—Ed. 3 Page 91. 4 Page 153.

effects, which pervades all ranks. 'With slow, reluctant, amorous delay,' he leaves the paradise of taste, and, although he has learned to prize more highly than ever the political and religious privileges of his own free land, still, when he calls to mind the proud memories which have been inherited by the Romans — the bounties lavished by nature upon their lovely country — the genius and beauty which seem their birthright — what they have been and what they may again be, and, beyond, all doubt, eventually will be — he is tempted to exclaim, in imitation of Alexander to Diogenes: 'If I were not an American, I would be a Roman.'"[1]

1 Pp. 204–5.

XXXIII. THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.*

The late Roman revolution—Character of Pius IX.—His measures of reform—How received by his subjects—Base ingratitude—Assassination of Rossi and Palma—A reign of terror—Zambianchi and his band of assassins—Mazzini and his idea of liberty—Europe indignant—The Pontiff restored by the Catholic powers—Whose fault was it that Pius IX. did not succeed in effecting political reform?—Monarchy and mob rule—Origin of the papal states—Did the Popes usurp temporal dominion?—Advantages of their being independent sovereigns—Mr. Headley's Outline Sketch——Statistics of the papal territory—The government an elective monarchy—How the administration is conducted—Mr. Headley's mistakes and omissions—Board to redress grievances—The Sacra Consulta—Municipal regulations—Opinion of Lunadoro—The Sacra Ruota—An incident—The advocate of the poor—Charitable and educational institutions cherished by the Papal government.

Almost every one is familiar with the history of the late Roman revolution, which drove the illustrious Pius IX. into exile, and, for a brief period, threatened the papal states with anarchy and utter destruction, moral, financial, and social. Of course, the events themselves, as well as the personages who figured most prominently in them, are viewed differently by different persons, according to the extent of their information, or the amount of their prejudice. We believe, however, that no impartial man, who has at all studied the subject, will be disposed to dissent from the following summary statement of facts.

1. Pope Pius IX. is a man of liberal views and great benevolence of character. His election was hailed with rapturous acclamations by his people. He showed, from the very commencement of his administration, a disposition to do everything in his power to promote the welfare of his subjects. He did not wait to be petitioned; the first of all European sovereigns, he took the initiative in the work of reform, of his own free will and choice. His first official act was the granting of the Amnesty; by which those who had been exiled from his states for political offenses were restored to their country and to the bosom of their families. By this deed of mercy, he indicated at once the liberal policy of his government, and threw himself with confidence into the arms of his people, relying on their gratitude to uphold his throne. But this was only the beginning: measures of civil reform and social amelioration followed one another in rapid succession;—so rapid, indeed, that many sober-minded politicians, who did not place so much reliance on popular gratitude or discretion as did the noble-hearted Pontiff, become alarmed for the conse-

* *The Democratic Review. July*, 1844. *Outline Sketch of the Government and Administration of Rome and the Papal States.* By J. H. Headley.

quences. Without heeding the remonstrances of his regular advisers, the Pontiff continued in his career of civil reform, until there seemed to be nothing left to be granted to his subjects in the way of liberal government, unless, indeed, he would consent to descend quietly from his throne, and resign altogether those rights which he had sworn to maintain.

2. How were his liberal and benevolent measures for the public good received and requited? The answer is at hand. The more he gave, the less were his people satisfied; and the very men, to whom he had extended so signal a mercy, were the first to turn dissatisfied agitators and political demagogues! Forgetting the solemn promises they had made on their return from exile, they directed all their powers of intrigue against their sovereign benefactor, and artfully stirred up the populace against him. The tragical sequel is too well known; it is written in letters of blood. The revolution, inaugurated by the cowardly assassination of Count Rossi, the prime minister of the Pontiff, was continued by the assassination of Monsignor Palma, his private secretary, who was shot down almost by his side by an armed and infuriate mob besieging his palace; and it was consummated by the expulsion of the Pontiff, who was forced by ruffian violence to fly from those to whom he had been so signal a benefactor! A reign of terror was now established; and a republic was proclaimed, after the model of that which had caused so many scenes of horror in France in 1792. The armed freebooters of Garibaldi were turned loose upon the holy city; assassination, confiscation of property, and lawless violence were the order of the day. A mortal terror seized upon the hearts of all the good; no man's life nor property was safe. Mazzini had under his orders a band of hired assassins commanded by Zambianchi, to whose tender mercies holy priests of God, and all others whom the new Robespierre deemed obnoxious, were handed over for summary execution, without any evidence of guilt or form of trial! Not in Rome only, but in Ancona, and in almost all the other cities and towns of the Roman States, assassination was the principal weapon wielded by the new government, for enforcing obedience and striking terror into the hearts of all real or supposed gainsayers. Such was the idea these men had of LIBERTY!

3. This state of anarchy and bloody violence could not be of long continuance. All Europe stood aghast at the horrors enacted at Rome, in the hallowed name of *liberty*. The Catholic powers determined at once to put an end to this state of things, by restoring the exiled Pontiff. France, itself at that time a republic, led the way. Garibaldi, with his soldiery, recruited from the disaffected, and red republicans of Italy and of all Europe, made a desperate stand behind the walls of Rome; but nothing could resist the valor and science of the French troops: the rebels were conquered and expelled, and the Pontiff, who had always deprecated bloodshed and raised his voice in favor of mercy, was reinstated on his throne.

Such is a brief summary of facts in regard to the late Roman revolution. Was it the fault of Pius IX., that his liberal policy was not successful?

Was it his fault, that his people, seduced by unprincipled demagogues, were ungrateful for all his kindness, and in requital thereof drove him from Rome? Are we to lay at his door, too, the horrible excesses perpetrated by the self-styled republican party of Rome, both before and after his departure? Was it a crime in him, that he returned to the throne from which he had been so unjustly and disgracefully expelled? It was in the interests of common humanity so flagrantly outraged, rather than of monarchy as against republicanism, that France and the other Catholic powers of Europe decided to reinstate the Pontiff; and those only will blame either them or him, who prefer anarchy to government, and a reign of terror, in which there is no safety to either property or life, to a mild and paternal monarchy which secures both, without greatly infringing individual liberty. Dearly as we prize political liberty, we are free to avow, that we greatly prefer the worst monarchy on the face of the earth — not excepting even that of the Russian Czar — to such a republic as Mazzini and his gang attempted to establish in Rome. Better far be ruled by one tyrant than by a thousand; better the knout of the Czar than the dagger of the hired assassin; better some government, no matter how strong, than anarchy and mob rule, setting all law and all government at defiance.[1]

But was the Papal Government which the Roman revolutionists overthrew, and which has since been restored, with some important ameliorations, so very bad as its enemies have represented? We propose briefly to examine this question in the present paper, in which we shall review the "Outline Sketch" of the Papal Government, written by J. H. Headley in 1844.

For more than a thousand years the Popes have been the temporal sovereigns of a small territory adjoining the eternal city. It is not our purpose, at present, to inquire at any great length into the origin and history of this temporal dominion, to establish its justice, or to assert its utility. Suffice it to say, that no government of Europe, or, perhaps, of the world, can boast a more ancient, a more bloodless, or a more honorable origin, or can ground its claims to justice on more unquestionable titles. The Popes did not usurp this dominion; it was freely bestowed on them by those who had conquered it in a just war against fierce barbarians, who had themselves seized on it by ruthless violence, after having

1 We might easily establish by undeniable evidence all the statements made above in regard to the Roman revolution. On occasion of a late visit to Rome, we had abundant opportunities to become acquainted with the facts, and to hear the general expression of indignation uttered against the monsters, who so cruelly abused the name of liberty. We visited the monastary of Saint Calixtus beyond the Tiber, where the band of assassins headed by Zambianchi had their head quarters; and where they shot without trial all whom Mazzini was pleased to denounce as enemies of the republic. From one pit in the adjoining gardens, the bodies of *eight priests*, who had been thus inhumanly butchered, were taken out after the revolutionary troubles had ceased. Ample evidence establishing the general prevalence of assassination during the revolution is accumulated in a Volume in octavo, entitled: "Fatti atroci dello spirito demagogico negli Stati Romani: Racconto estratto dai Processi Originali—1853—Atrocious facts concerning the demagogical spirit in the Roman States: a statement extracted from the original trials." American readers may also peruse with advantage a work on the subject in two volumes, published by Murphy of Baltimore, styled "The Jew of Verona:" a translation from the Italian, a book of masterly ability. In the number of Brownson's Review for July, 1854, is found a well written article on the subject, from the pen of one who was an eye-witness of the facts he so well relates.

butchered, expelled, or subjugated the original inhabitants. The Popes did not even ambition temporal sovereignty ; it was thrust on them by circumstances almost beyond their control.

In accepting the splendid donation made by the chivalrous Frank conqueror, Pepin le Bref, they did no injustice to the Greek emperors, hitherto the nominal sovereigns of Italy ; for the imbecile and perfidious court of Constantinople had almost entirely abandoned Italy to its fate for nearly two centuries, notwithstanding that its people, massacred or ruined by successive barbarian hordes, continually raised their hands in humble supplication, and cried aloud for succor. Crushed by the barbarians, and abandoned in the hour of their greatest need by their natural protectors, the Italians, especially those in the vicinity of Rome, turned their eyes towards the Roman Pontiffs, who were finally compelled to call in the Franks to settle the affairs of their distracted country. No one, who has read the history of the period in question, will be disposed to question any of these facts.[1]

The Popes have been often accused of inordinate worldly ambition. But there is one circumstance in the history of their temporal dominion, which wholly disproves this accusation. Their territory is as contracted now as it was at its origin, or at any period of its history ; it has even been somewhat curtailed of its proportions. The Popes have lost some of their districts and cities ; they have gained not an inch of territory by conquest, during the long period of a thousand years. Had they been the ambitious men their enemies represent them, they surely might have greatly extended their dominions during the middle ages, when circumstances bestowed on them great political influence over the affairs of Europe. The truth is, they had no such ambition ; unlike most other temporal sovereigns, they were content with what they had. Eminently pacific in their character and policy, they abhorred war, and cultivated the arts of peace.[2] They did not wish to have more civil subjects than their predecessors ; they sought rather to promote the temporal happiness of those over whom they already ruled, by adopting a system of wise and moderate government.

We view it as a particular dispensation of divine Providence, that the Popes are temporal sovereigns, and also that their sovereignty extends over so limited a territory. Their dominion is just ample enough to make them independent ; it is not sufficiently extended to make them great, powerful, or ambitious, or to impart to them any considerable political influence. Had they been able to rank with the greatest sovereigns of Europe, they might have been too much absorbed in worldly affairs, and might have been induced to neglect the weightier spiritual duties of their office. Had they been in possession of no temporal

1 Perhaps the best work on this subject is the treatise of Orsi — Del Dominio Temporale dei Papi. 1 vol 12mo. See also Muratori, Annali di Italia, etc.

2 Almost the only exception to this remark is Julius II. ; but if Julius II. was warlike, it was chiefly to repel the aggressions of the Venitians, who, he thought, were seeking to encroach on his territory

dominion whatever, they would have become necessarily the subjects of one or another of the great European sovereigns, and would have been in consequence grievously embarrassed in the discharge of their spiritual office as chief pastors of Christendom.

These general preliminary remarks introduce us to the brief essay of Mr. Headley quoted above. This writer offers to the readers of the Democratic Review a rapid sketch of the Papal Government, as it was administered ten years ago. As he does not profess to furnish anything more than a mere "outline" of the more prominent features in "the government and administration of Rome and the papal states," we cannot well blame him for having omitted a great many things which we, however, would have thought very useful, if not wholly necessary, in a sketch of the kind. But we do blame him for having written his essay with so much haste and looseness, for having hazarded some statements either very doubtful, or wholly unfounded in fact; and for having interwoven with his exposition some commentaries of his own, which we deem entirely unwarranted. His production would have been much more satisfactory, had he taken the trouble to inform us concerning the sources from which he derived his facts, and the authorities upon which he relied. From the fact that his statements are, in the main, tolerably accurate as far as they go, we presume that he must have had access to some, at least, of the proper channels of information; and from the additional circumstance, that the spirit in which his remarks are presented is generally unexceptionable, we are led to infer that he was not inclined to garble or willfully to make an improper use of his documents. Yet he has certainly fallen into some important errors, both of omission and commission, which we will feel it to be our duty to point out as we proceed.

He starts out with the following statement:

"Authors differ as to the number of square miles in the papal states. The government generally makes the superficial area about 13,000 Italian square miles, of sixty to a degree. The raccolta, or census, of 1833, makes the population of this territory 2,732,736. Poor as the inhabitants are, only one third of this territory is cultivated."

Assuming these figures to be correct, we perceive that there are, to each square mile in the States of the Church, 210 inhabitants — a number greater than that of Tuscany, France, England, or any other country in Europe, perhaps, except Belgium. This teeming population subsists almost entirely on the productions of the soil; they export at least as much as they import, and yet we are gravely told that "only one-third of this territory is cultivated!" This great discovery must have been made by some flying traveler from his coach window! We will not pause here to examine the incidental statement, that, in estimating Italian square miles, sixty are reckoned to the degree. This we believe to be incorrect. An Italian is considerably less than an English mile, and every child knows that sixty-nine and a half English miles are reckoned to the degree.

The writer gives us the following account of the distinctive feature in the Papal Government:

"The government of the kingdom is an elective hierarchy, the Pope being its head. He is chosen by the college of cardinals, whose number is limited to seventy, though it has never yet reached, we believe, that number. When the Pope dies, they are shut up in the papal palace on the Quirinal, and are not allowed to come out, or to communicate with each other, except to cast their ballots, until the Pope is elected. A majority of two-thirds is necessary to a choice, Austria, France, and Spain, having the power to put each its veto on one candidate."

This we believe to be correct, except, perhaps, that portion of it which seems to restrict the election to the Quirinal palace, the usual place of the conclave, and the remark that the cardinal electors are forbidden all intercourse except in casting their ballots. But we will let this pass:

"The administration of the government," he tells us, "is carried on under the Pope, by a cardinal Secretary of State, and several boards, or, as they are called, congregazioni, viz: the Camera Apostolica, or financial department, the Cancellaria, the Diataria (*dataria?*), and the Penitenziera (*penitenzeria?*), or secret inquisition. . . . . The Cancellaria, mentioned above, is the chancery court, and the Dataria, a court for ecclesiastical benefices. To these might be added the Buon Governo for the municipal police, the congregazione Dei Monti for the public debts, and the Sacra Consulta."

This passage proves to us, that the writer had very indistinct and inaccurate ideas of the complexion of the Papal Government, and of the distinctive characters and functions of the various congregations, or standing committees of cardinals for carrying it on. He makes a sad jumble of those congregations the jurisdiction of which is confined to spiritual and church matters relating to the whole Catholic world, with those the jurisdiction of which is restricted to the temporal business of the papal states. Neither the Dataria, nor, much less, the Penitenzeria, has any thing whatever to do with the Papal Government. The former is a court appointed for inquiring into ecclesiastical matters appertaining to the external forum, and for expediting bulls or briefs regarding matrimonial dispensations and benefices; the latter, which is not an inquisition of any kind, takes cognizance only of cases of conscience connected with the sacrament of penance. Both are councils of advice to the Pope, not as a temporal sovereign, but as spiritual head of the Church; and neither has any thing more to do with the administration of the papal states, than with that of any other state in Christendom.[1]

Nor was the writer more happy, in apprehending the true character of those boards which attend to the administration of merely temporal affairs. Thus he tells us, that the Congregation del Buon Governo was instituted "for the municipal police;" but if this be one of its objects, it is not

1 For a full and accurate account of the nature and office of these and of the other congregations see the excellent work of Lunadoro—Lo Stato Presente, ossia la Relazione della Corte die Roma—2 vols 12 mo. This work was written and published at Rome itself, and it is a standard authority on the matters of which it treats.

certainly a principal one. The congregation was established by Clement VIII., not for supervising the police, but for promoting the economical collection and expenditure of the public revenue, especially that accruing from the provinces:[1] and strangely enough, Mr. Headly himself admits this in the very next column of his paper. The chevalier Lunadoro speaks as follows of the objects for which the Buon Governo was instituted:

"The duty of the congregation is to ward off and to prevent those evils which might outrage the economy of the state; and for this purpose, it prescribes to the communes the manner of administering their revenues, it examines their condition, the expenses, the alienations of property they make, the obligations they take upon themselves," &c.

And he proceeds to state, that it supervises the imposition of taxes and the collection of the revenue, and decides on all controversies and redresses all grievances in the premises.

There is another congregation for the especial redress of grievances, of which Mr. Headley makes no mention whatever in his *Outline Sketch;* it is that Dei Gravami, or of grievances, established by the energetic Sixtus V. The functions of this congregation are thus sketched by Lunadoro:

"Their office is to see that subjects be not unjustly oppressed by heavy burdens, imposts, or exorbitant taxes; to investigate the modes in which these exactions are made, to take cognizance of injuries inflicted by tax-gatherers, and of the extortions of commissioners; — and if such controversies cannot be terminated by the congregation, they are referred to his Holiness," &c.[2]

We may also add, that there is a separate congregation, which holds its sessions in the apartments of the treasurer, and the duty of which is to audit and examine the accounts and returns of the public officers.[3] Of this, too, Mr. Headley says nothing. The congregation Dei Monti has more to do with the public savings banks, than with the public debts,— Mr. Headley's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.[4]

Mr. Headley barely mentions the Congregation della Sacra Consulta, and places it the last on the list of those erected for the administration of the papal dominion. This, too, proves that he had not very accurate information, or very clear ideas, on the Papal Government. The Sacra Consulta occupies, perhaps, the most conspicuous and important position of all the congregations which preside over the papal administration. It possesses both civil and criminal jurisdiction of the most ample kind; it is a high court of appeal, and one of the principal tribunals for the redress of grievances. Lunadoro gives the following account of its functions:

It has supreme jurisdiction, both criminal and civil; . . . . it hears the complaints of the people against the governors, presidents, and other officers of the state; it remedies the unjust grievances of the subjects; it hears the complaints of tenants against the local barons, and wisely removes the causes which gave rise to them; sometimes it takes cognizance of controversies arising between neighboring barons . . .; it watches over

1 See the Constitution of Clement VIII. *Pro commisso*, quoted by Lunadoro—vol. ii, p. 123.
2 Vol. ii, p. 131. 3 Id. Ib. p. 132. 4 Ibid. pp. 129-30

the health of the provinces, and dispenses the necessary orders for warding off from them contagious diseases which threaten them; it makes all the necessary dispositions for securing the tranquillity of the state, in order that it may not be harassed by alarms and tumults, or torn by troubles or enmities; it receives the informations and processes of criminal causes made by the governors and presidents of the state, who are bound to send to it exact accounts; it supervises the proprietorship and administration of lands, castles, and towns, the relative pre-eminence of governors, and superintends the election of public ministers," &c.[1]

We believe that the statement of Mr. Headley concerning the details of the municipal regulations and of the judicial system of the Papal Government, though very imperfect, is in general accurate enough. We can find room for but one or two extracts on this branch of the subject, which takes up the greater portion of his essay:

"These districts are again divided into communes, with their council, corresponding to our common councils, presided over by the town gonfaliere, or mayor, elected out of the council, and holding his place for two years. He is assisted by anziani, or aldermen, from two to six, according to the size of the town, half of whom retire every two years with the gonfaliere, or mayor. This council assesses the rates, &c., and an annual budget is presented them by the mayor, which, after it receives their sanction, is submitted to the delegate, who in his turn sends it to the Buon Governo, which is composed of twelve cardinals and prelates, after which it is returned to the commune and becomes law. The municipal authorities can discharge no account whatever without this formality, and not a dollar can be raised without it, even for local purposes. This is not, perhaps, an ill-balanced system on the whole, and were it not in a tyrannical (!) government, might work well, though slowly. But the difficulty is, one spirit pervades the whole, and the checks on the people are not from the people, but from the Pope, so that there is the semblance of freedom, without its enjoyment."

This remark is as unjust, as it was uncalled for. We have often heard the Papal Government censured for being too lenient, paternal, and inefficient; but this is the first time, until the late attempted revolution, that we remember to have heard it called tyrannical, even by an enemy. Does not Mr. Headley himself assure us, that the taxes are assessed by the council of each commune, and that the budget must "receive their sanction" ere it can possibly become binding? And are not the members of this council from the people, and chosen by the people? Can any government be pointed out in the whole world, which presents so many checks to unjust and exorbitant taxation, or which takes so much pains to prevent the people from being oppressed, or to redress their grievances? And yet we are to be told that it is a tyrannical government! The bulk of the people in the Pope's states, we have reason to *know*, do not think so. Let us hear what Lunadoro, certainly a competent witness, says on this subject:

"This government, though it be an elective monarchy, is believed to be one of the most happy. Holy and wise personages are elected with

1 Vol. ii, pp. 119-20.

the special assistance of heaven,— as has been often clearly manifested,— and for this reason it is that, while they confirm the prudent laws of their predecessors, reforming them according to the exigences of the times, while they love the welfare of their subjects, and seek to bestow blessings upon them, to administer justice, and to exalt nobility and virtue, the state is seen to be full of peace, and the people live tranquil lives in the midst of perpetual security." [1]

We will not venture to say that the Papal Government has no faults; were it wholly faultless, it would not be a merely human institution. Faults it has, but they are generally on the right side. Besides those indicated above, and which evidently come under this category, we think that the machinery of the government is too cumbrous and complex; it has too many formalities and too little simplicity, to work with ease or efficiency. But we must remember that it is an old government, and that these forms have been accumulating for centuries. The Roman court is remarkably tenacious of ancient observance and of precedent; it dreads all innovation, even in temporal matters; it proceeds slowly and cautiously in the work of change, and seems to have caught the spirit of Rome's ancient Fabius Maximus, who by wise delay saved his country — *cunctando restituit rem.* But, as we have already had occasion to see, this very cumbrousness of the government machinery is, in a great measure, the result of an anxious wish entertained by successive Pontiffs to ameliorate the condition of the people, and to provide means for redressing their just grievances.

We have never, however, heard of any defaulters under the Roman government; we have never heard of broken banks there, nor of the doctrine of repudiation. And we must have something more than Mr. Headley's bare assertion, before we can believe that it requires "the fifth of the entire receipts to collect the revenue of the government." We cannot believe a syllable of this. The prices of provisions and of labor, as well as the salaries of public officers, are much lower in Rome than in England or this country; the public officers are at least as honest, and the number of them is not much greater in proportion to the population. How then can it be, that the expense of collecting the revenue is so enormous? Mr. Headley admits that the Pope gets only "a small portion" of the three hundred thousand dollars, which he says are annually expended to keep up the court, and that "many an English bishop is better secured in his pecuniary emoluments than the Pope himself." We believe the annual salary of the Pope, as temporal sovereign, is seventy-five thousand dollars; the greater portion of which is, however, expended by him in charitable purposes.

The late illustrious Pontiff Gregory XVI. made most important ameliorations in the municipal administration of the provinces, allowing the people of the communes and città much more ample privileges than they ever had before. The documents containing these improvements

1 Ibid. vol. i. p. 5. "Ripieno di pace lo stato si vede, e vive il popolo giammai tranquillo in mezzo ad una sicurezza perpetua."

were public and official; why is it that Mr. Headley makes no allusion whatever to them?

Of the highest tribunal known in the judicial system of the Papal Government,— the Sacra Ruota,— Mr. Headley discourses as follows:

"If it be decided that the suit shall still be prosecuted, it goes into the Sacra Ruota, formerly the supreme court of Christendom, on whose decisions the civilized world waited with awe and deference. Probably no court of the world has ever had such sway, and commanded such respect as this Sacra Ruota. It still overshadows the Papal states, and extends its influence into the Catholic countries of Europe. It is composed of twelve prelates," &c.

We believe that the Ruota was fully entitled to all the respect and deference it ever received from the Christian world. Its decisions were seldom, if ever, reversed. They were based upon such wisdom and consummate prudence, as no mere human tribunal has ever exhibited. The Ruota knew no exception of persons. It was above princely influence, and it scorned all species of bribery. Its twelve judges, selected from among the most eminent jurists of Europe, were as little accessible to human respect, or undue influence, as any judge that ever sat upon a bench. It furnishes, even now, continual instances of its noble wisdom and disinterestedness. A few years ago it decided a most important case in favor of a poor orphan, and against one of the first noblemen of the state. The people welcomed the decision with shouts of exultation and triumph.

In furnishing details regarding this tribunal, we find that Mr. Headley, as usual, differs widely from Lunadoro.[1] It may be a mere childish prejudice in us, but we candidly admit that, in such grave matters, we prefer to be guided by the Italian chevalier.

In one thing, if in no other, Mr. Headley praises the Papal Government,— for its having had the charity to provide for the defense of the poor in actions at law:

"Government provides a sort of attorney general, whose services the accused can always command. He is appointed by the Pope, and supported by a salary, and called the *avvocato dei poveri* (advocate of the poor.) This would not be a bad plan for us to adopt. An attorney general to *defend* the poor, rather than one to accuse them, would, we think, better subserve the ends of justice."

This is but one out of a thousand instances of the generous charity of the Roman government towards the poor. The Roman Pontiff is still, what he was in the days of the Leos and the Gregories,— the father of the poor. If he is popular with the Roman people generally, he is doubly dear to the poor. As he passes by, these often raise the cry: "*Santo padre! pane e bajocchi!*"[2] And they never raise it in vain. In cases of famine, drought, pestilence, or any other calamity, the Roman government always manifests a princely charity for the sufferers. Thus, when a few years ago an earthquake visited a portion of Umbria, and

1 Vol. ii. pp. 286. 7.

2 Holy father! Bread and Cents

spread ruin among the peasantry of a few towns and villages, the Roman government instantly sent twelve thousand dollars for the relief of the sufferers, and the Roman people sent an equally large sum. What noble institutions of charity has not the government scattered through Rome and throughout the whole States of the Church? What character of disease or affliction is there for which it has not provided a comfortable assylum? Perhaps there is no government in the world,— there is certainly no one of the same size and population,— which has founded as many or as splendid charitable institutions. Where else, for example, will you find any charitable institutions equaling the hospital of Santo Spirito, or the Ospizio of San Michele, in Rome? They as much surpass every other establishment of the kind, as St. Peter's church surpasses every other church in Christendom.

We are aware that *habeas corpus* is not secured by the modern Roman law, which is, in fact, the old civil law, as modified by the canon law and local statutes. But we cannot believe the statement of Mr. Headley, that in Rome "the suspected person may be imprisoned *merely on suspicion, ad indefinitum.*" If he cannot sue out a regular *habeas corpus*, he may obtain redress in many other ways. As Mr. Headley did *not* tell his readers, there are in Rome tribunals for the redress of *all* grievances, and of that of too long or unjust imprisonment amongst the rest. The mercies of the Roman government are above all its works; and we defy Mr. Headley to produce one single instance, in modern times, of the iniquitous imprisonment he complains of. When the Bolognese territory revolted a few years ago, did not Austria openly complain of the excessive leniency of the Roman government towards the ringleaders of the rebellion? Instead of suffering the death of traitors, as would certainly have been the case in any other European government, they were, with but few exceptions, merely imprisoned for a time or banished the territory! When the Austrian army reached Bologna, and when the French army took possession of Ancona, the proceedings against the disaffected were much more rigorous and summary. Finally, in Rome, there exist regular charitable associations, the leading purpose of which is to visit and console the imprisoned. Where else, in the world, will you meet with such a charity as this?

Mr. Headley admits that "about three-fourths of the children of Rome receive gratuitous instruction;" and yet he asserts, oddly enough, that "education is in a low state, and the ignorance of the poor most deplorable!" He also says, without any warrant whatever, and against the positive facts of the case, that "there is no provision for educating the females!" Has he ever heard of the schools established for this purpose by St. Joseph Calasanzio?

We take our leave of Mr. Headley for the present, hoping that he will not receive in an unkind part anything we have said; and that he will study his subject better, and be more sure of his ground, ere he again attempt to write an "Outline Sketch."

XXXIV. THE PHILADELPHIA RIOTS.*

THE NATIVE AMERICAN PARTY.

Dreadful scenes—Will they occur again?—Signs of the times—*Accident* and *choice*—Fearless Protestant writers—Letter to Mayor Harper—Remote causes of the Riots—Union of hatred—What Catholicity has done for liberty and civilization—And what for this country—Real and nominal freedom—Forecast of Thomas Jefferson—His opinion—Glance at the history of bigotry in the United States—Burning of the Ursuline convent—Rev. Lyman Beecher—And other Protestant ministers—Maria Monk—The Protestant Association—A picture of its spirit and proceedings drawn by a Protestant—Immediate causes of the Riots—Native Americans—"Spare the Bible"—Doings of the party—A slander refuted—True State of the case—*Ex parte* evidence—Attempt to evade responsibility—Agency of the Protestant ministers—Burke's estimate of the Catholic clergy—Address to the Protestant community—And to the Catholics—The Church indestructible.

Ten years have elapsed since the second city of our union was disgraced by riots, which caused murder and arson to walk forth, like hideous specters, in its streets; and for a time threatened to subvert all social order, and to substitute lawless anarchy for conservative government. Hatred of the Catholic religion and of its professors was the cause of these fearful civil commotions; and the Catholic Church became the victim of a violent and bloody persecution, till then unparalleled in the history of the country.

The Catholic beheld the long gathering and long threatening clouds of religious bigotry break at length in a terrific storm over his Church, leaving behind it ruins and devastation which appalled him by their

* 1 *A Letter on the moral causes that have produced the evil spirit of the times; addressed to the Hon. James Harper, mayor of New York, including a vindication of the author from the infamous charges made against him by James Gordon Bennett, William L. Stone and others.* By the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes, bishop of New York. J. Winchester.

2 *Address of the Catholic lay citizens of the city and county of Philadelphia to their fellow citizens, in reply to the Presentment of the Grand Jury of the court of Quarter Sessions of May term, 1844, in regard to the causes of the late riots in Philadelphia.* Baltimore: Metropolitan Tract Society.

3 *The Olive Branch, or an Earnest Appeal in behalf of religion, the supremacy of law and social order, with documents relating to the late disturbances in Philadelphia.* Philadelphia: M. Fithian.

4 *Catholicism compatible with republican Government, and in full accordance with popular institutions; or reflections upon a premium treatise issued by the American Protestant Society under the signature of "Civis."* By Fenelon. New York: Edward Dunigan.

5. *The Warning of Thomas Jefferson, or a brief exposition of the dangers to be apprehended to our civil and religious liberty from Presbyterianism.* By Justus E. Moore Philadelphia: J. Cunningham.

magnitude and atrocity. He was made to witness scenes harrowing to the tenderest feelings of his heart; scenes such as his darkest forebodings would scarcely have anticipated: his churches burned to the ground by infuriated mobs; the ministers of his holy religion threatened with assassination, and trembling for their lives; seminaries of learning, residences of the clergy, valuable libraries, all consumed in the ruthless flames; and, what is far more dreadful still, the solemn quietude and sanctity of the tomb itself invaded, the last sacred resting places of the dead torn up by the hands of the living: and all these atrocities perpetrated in the nineteenth century, in a country which had hitherto justly boasted of its enlightenment and liberality, in a city the second in the union for population and resources, and hitherto deemed the first in point of social order and morality; and all done too in the sacred name of a religion of love, and for the defence of the Bible!

God grant that such scenes as these may never again pollute the soil of this happy republic! Yet we are far from being sanguine on the subject. The signs of the times indicate a spirit of lawless bigotry, precisely similar to that which destroyed our churches in Philadelphia; and this spirit, far from courting concealment, stalks forth boldly in the light of day, and openly avows its settled purpose of putting down Catholicity in this *free* country. The organization of the Know Nothings; the countenance given in many of our principal cities to the violent and obscene harangues of unprincipled street preachers; the disturbances which have thence arisen; the recent destruction of several of our churches in the east; and the late disgraceful riots on occasion of the visit to this country of the Popes's Nuncio, all point to the same result which was aimed at by the Philadelphia rioters. The enemies of the Catholic Church have somewhat changed their tactics, but their spirit has remained the same. Hence it is deemed not inopportune, at the present time, to present again to the American public a rapid survey of the causes which led to the Philadelphia riots, and of the fearful scenes then enacted, together with such reflections thereon as the subject may seem to demand.

This is what the writer of the present paper will attempt briefly to do. Himself a native American, with an ancestry which has been for many generations in the country, and justly proud of the fortunate *accident* which gave him birth in a republic so great and flourishing, he dearly loves and warmly cherishes the institutions of his country. But he at the same time is free to avow that, if native Americanism must be appreciated by the narrow-minded and proscriptive policy lately pursued towards those whom *choice* and not *accident* has made American citizens, and by the incendiary, bloody, and inhuman doings of the truculent faction bearing that name in Philadelphia, he for one would blush to wear it, and would freely resign the glory and privileges of being an American citizen. But, thank God! the native faction, as it was exhibited in Philadelphia, is no index of the true American character; it is rather a foul stain on its

noble escutcheon. It is a vile excrescence on the surface of our body politic: beneath that surface there lie solid *strata* of sounder sense and better feeling; yea, mines of rich and priceless value. When the proscriptive and bloody doings of nativism shall have been forgotten, or remembered only with disgust and contempt, the true American character, wise, moderate, liberal and expansive, will still continue to stand forth firm and immovable in its integrity and noble manliness.

At the beginning of our paper we have placed the titles of a few among those publications to which the Riots gave birth. As the contents of these pamphlets are already familiar to most of our readers, it will not be necessary to dwell at any length on their respective characters and worth. Three out of five of them, the last three on our list, are the productions of Protestant pens: and it is highly honorable to the heads and hearts of our Protestant fellow citizens that, while Catholics, through a spirit of forbearance, through prudence, or through well grounded fear, abstained most of them from vindicating their own cause, Protestants stepped forth thus nobly to the defense of their outraged institutions and liberties. Such examples are indeed encouraging in the midst of scenes of such bitterness and strife; when the enemies of Catholicity were so numerous and so active; and when those who did not take an active part in the Riots, in general, either folded their arms and looked quietly on, or perhaps secretly applauded the doings of the mob. The names of the authors of the three pamphlets alluded to should be dear not only to every Catholic in the union, but to every citizen who loves the right, or has chivalry enough left to admire the moral courage which generously and magnanimously volunteers to defend the weak against the strong, a small and trembling minority against an omnipotent and ruthless majority.

To these names we will add that of a man who perhaps deserves as much credit as any of them all; who nobly breasted the storm when at its highest fury; who dared tell the truth in the face of triumphant mobs, and with the threat of ruin hanging over his head; whom neither bribes, nor menaces, nor insults could drive from his position; who dared to beard the lion in his den, and to tell of his sanguinary doings, heedless of his angry roaring: need we name J. Stephenson Du Solle, the talented, the unwavering editor of the "Spirit of the Times." Honor to the man who thus nobly stood up for the right in the midst of the most adverse circumstances, and at the risk even of his life; who remained faithful to the banner of truth when many other editors either abandoned it altogether by their ominous silence, or, what is still worse, reared in its stead the opposition standard of error and falsehood.

We shall have occasion in the sequel to refer more than once to the publications to which we have just adverted; but we cannot pass farther on, without saying one word concerning the noble and manly, yet temperate and dignified letter of the Bishop of New York to Mayor Harper. Seldom has there appeared, in this union at least, a document more timely, more eloquent, more triumphant, more happy in its effects on the public

mind. It was written under a threat of assassination, immediately after the fearful May Riots of Philadelphia, and at a moment when there was every reason to apprehend similar or worse outbreaks in New York. The bishop took just the stand which the emergency required; he assumed the bold and fearless tone which best suits the American character; and his words had almost a magic effect on the popular mind. Never was a document more eagerly sought for or more greedily read; it is estimated that in New York alone one hundred and fifty thousand persons read it within forty-eight hours after its first publication.[1] The effect was almost instantaneous; the excitement which had before reached a maddening height, almost immediately subsided, and New York was saved from the outrages which had just disgraced a sister city.

In his Letter, Bishop Hughes vindicates himself triumphantly from the foul charges made and reiterated against him by an inflammatory and unprincipled press; and he boldly challenges James Gordon Bennett, William L. Stone and others, to establish the contrary of the following propositions:

"1*st proposition.* I have never in my life done one action, or uttered a sentiment tending to abridge any human being of all or any of the rights of conscience which I claim to enjoy myself under the American constitution.

"2*d.* I have never asked or wished that any denomination should be deprived of the Bible, or such version of the Bible as that denomination conscientiously approved, in our common or public schools.

"3*d.* I have never entered into intrigue or collusion with any political party or individual, and no political party or individual ever approached me with so insulting a proposition.

"4*th.* I have never requested or authorized the 'blackening of the public school books' in the city of New York.

"5*th.* In all my public life in New York, I have done no action, uttered no sentiment unworthy of a Christian bishop and an American citizen."[2]

After putting the same or similar propositions in an affirmative form, and stated them as public, notorious *facts*, which he held himself prepared to prove, he thus boldly addresses his revilers:

"Now, therefore, James Gordon Bennett, William L. Stone, and ye other deceivers of the public, stand forth and meet Bishop Hughes. But then come forth in no quibbling capacity; come forth as honest men, as true American citizens, with truth in your hearts and candor on your lips. I know you can write well, and can multiply words and misrepresent truth; this is not the thing that will serve you now. Come forth with your FACTS. Bishop Hughes places himself in the simple panoply of an honest man, before the American people. He asks no favor, but he simply asks whether the opinion of Bishop White is true, that with the American people no man can be put down by calumny."[3]

Well, James Gordon Bennett and William L. Stone did attempt "to stand forth:" but we think it will be universally allowed that they proved

1 See the New York Freeman's Journal for May, 1844. 2 Letter, pp. 15, 16.
3 Ibid. pp. 16, 17.

no match for the bishop; that they dealt in idle declamation and in personal abuse; in "words, words, words;" while *he* called for and dealt in *facts*. The result of the discussion was most happy; it contributed in a great measure to clear away the dark clouds of calumny which had been for years gathering about our great commercial emporium; and it left Bishop Hughes and the Catholics in a proud position.

We cannot dismiss this letter of Bishop Hughes without presenting one more brief extract, in which he beautifully and touchingly alludes to the American flag:

"I can even now remember my reflections on first beholding the American flag. It never crossed my mind that a time might come when that flag, the emblem of the freedom just alluded to, should be divided by apportioning its *stars* to the citizens of native birth, and its *stripes* only as the portion of the foreigner. I was of course but young and inexperienced; and yet even, recent events have not diminished my confidence in that ensign of civil and religious liberty. It is possible I was mistaken; but still I cling to the delusion, if it be one, and as I trusted to that flag on a *nation's faith*, I think it more likely that its stripes will disappear altogether; and that before it shall be employed as an instrument of bad faith towards the foreigners of every land, the white portions will blush into crimson, and then the glorious stars alone will remain."[1]

In attempting to account for the Riots themselves, with all the appalling outrages which attended them, we assume no difficult task. Never was there an effect more clearly traceable to its causes. Between the latter and the former there is as close and necessary a connection, as there is between the application of a match and the explosion of a powder magazine. The inflammatory passions of an ignorant populace were the magazine; religious bigotry and hatred of Catholics the match, and the application of the latter to the former was made by unprincipled demagogues and *ministers of the religion of peace and of love!!*

It would, however, be a false and narrow view of the subject to suppose that the riots were merely the result of a sudden outbreak of the populace smarting under a sudden wrong, and goaded into madness by inflammatory appeals of unscrupulous leaders. Though there was some sudden excitement in the case, and perhaps some wrong to give rise to it, yet it is certain that influences directly leading to such outrages had been long at work in the community; and that without those influences the riots would in all probability never have occurred.

For more than ten years previously the "no popery" cry had been raised from one end of the union to the other; from the cold and puritanical north, to the warm and chivalrous south. The outcry resounded from the pulpit and the press; its notes were fierce and sanguinary; they were worthy of the palmiest days of Titus Oates and of Lord George Gordon, both immortal for the relentless and *burning* hatred they bore their Christian brethren of the Roman Catholic Church. Can we wonder then that it produced similar results? When we reflect how long that bitter

[1] Letter, p. 7.

outcry continued; how talented and influential and untiring were many of those engaged in raising it; how many different forms and complexions it assumed; now boasting of its zeal for the purity of religion, now parading its solicitude for the preservation of our noble republican institutions threatened with destruction by an insidious *foreign* influence when we reflect how very unscrupulous were the men engaged in this crusade against Catholicity, how many glaring untruths they boldly published both from the pulpit and the press, how many base forgeries, — subsequently admitted to be such, — they unblushingly perpetrated in the full light of day, and with the intelligence of the nineteenth century beaming in their faces; when we reflect that all this warfare against Catholics was openly conducted with a well concerted action and a regular *conspiracy* among almost all the rich and powerful Protestant sects of the country, with the avowed purpose of crushing a part cular denomination, and that this *conspiracy* was kept alive by synodical enactments, by Protestant associations, and by the untiring energy and relentless zeal of perhaps the richest and most powerful sect in the country, which ever appeared as the leader of the movement: — when we reflect on all these undoubted facts, can we be any longer surprised at the fearful scenes which lately set the stigma of everlasting disgrace on the second city of the union?

He that would be surprised at such a result, must be indeed but slightly acquainted with the philosophy of the human heart; must be but little versed in the history of the human race. All that surprises us is, that the Riots were so limited in their ravages, and so soon suppressed. Other countries and other times have witnessed much more dreadful scenes under the operation of causes far more slight: but other countries, gleaning experience from past times, have learned the duty and *necessity* of promptly and efficiently checking whatever might lead to a repetition of such atrocities. And we too will soon learn, if we have not yet learned, this wholesome lesson.

To show that the statement just given is not unfounded or even exaggerated in point of fact, we will here present some Protestant authority on the subject. Our first witness will be the excellent and distinguished author of the "Olive Branch;" believed to be a venerable and eminent clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church in Philadelphia.[1] He has grown up and lived amidst the scenes which he describes; he had been long a close observer of passing events; he is a competent, and surely an impartial witness. Here is what he says:

"Distressing as it truly is to record it, yet the truth cannot be disguised, that in a land, the adopted constitution of which, together with all the statutes that have been based upon it, most substantially confers, not a toleration of creeds, but a perfect liberty of religious profession, there have been the most proscriptive measures pursued against a distinct individual communion of Christians, that it has been denounced throughout the length and breadth of the land, that its members have been

1 The same gentleman is believed to be the author of the "Truth Unveiled," and 'Catholicism compatible with republican institutions," etc.

hunted and driven like outlaws before popular fury, that its altars have been desecrated, its temples fired by incendiary rioters. No age nor country, since the advent of man's Redeemer, perhaps, has beheld a more vindictive spirit roaming in lawless violence over the world, and with the watchword of religion, than is now seen in this our day, and in our own midst; save and except those primitive times when demons of imperial Rome led on their legions to the massacre of early believers. But it was then the wholesale butchery of Christian congregations by gentile murderers; it is now — may heaven arrest the wicked spirit — it is now the Christian that wars with Christian in worse than heathen fury."[1]

No, we cannot disguise it; it is a sober and afflicting fact that, for many years past, an untiring and systematic effort has been made to put down Catholicity in this *free* and glorious republic; and that this has been attempted too by means the most foul and unhallowed. An attempt has been made by a coalition, as powerful as it is ruthless and bigoted, to shut out from the glorious privileges of our noble constitution a minority of our citizens, who have been guilty of no fault save that of adhering with steadiness, and in the midst of much obloquy, to the religion of their forefathers and of the *forefathers of their very persecutors:* to the religion which stood alone for the first fifteen hundred years of the Christian era in her championship of Christianity and of the Bible; to the religion which, single-handed and alone, struggled successfully for centuries against the old Roman paganism, against the barbarism with which the Northmen overspread Europe, against Mohammedanism which, for a thousand years, threatened the independence and the very existence of the civilized world; in a word, against despotism in every form, and error in every hue and shape; to the religion of the Alfreds, of the Charlemagnes, of the Columbuses, of the Fenelons, and the Las Casas! We cannot disguise it, that for their firm adherence to this venerable and time-honored religion; to this mother of heroes and of statesmen; to this mother of the old republics of the middle ages; to this mother of civilization and of the arts; to this mother who brought *all* the nations of Europe into the blessed light of Christianity from the darkness of paganism: — for the *crime* of revering, obeying, and loving this venerable mother, Catholics have been denounced and branded with infamy throughout our country!

Have we merited this treatment? Did our American Catholic forefathers merit it for us? Who, we would ask, first reared in triumph the broad banner of universal freedom on this North American continent? Who first proclaimed in this new world a truth, too wide and expansive to enter into the head of, or to be comprehended by, the narrow-minded Puritan of New England,— a truth, till then new to all the infant colonies, that every man should be free to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience? Who, while the Puritans of New England, and the religious bigots of the other Protestant colonies, were engaged in persecuting brother Protestants, in boring with red hot irons the tongues

1 Pages 14, 15.

of the inoffensive Quakers, in burning witches and enacting "blue laws;" — who, we would ask, while these things were going on in most of the early Protestant colonies of North America, *first* proclaimed on this broad continent the glorious principles of universal freedom? Read Bancroft, read Goodrich, read Frost, read every Protestant historian of our country, and you will see there inscribed, on the historic page, a FACT which reflects immortal honor on our American Catholic ancestry, — that Lord Baltimore and his Catholic colonists of Maryland were the *first* to announce, as the basis of their legislation, the great and noble principle, that no man's faith or conscience should be a bar to his holding any office, or enjoying any civil privilege of the community.

And yet Catholics are to be ruthlessly denounced as the allies of foreign despots, as the foes of freedom! When was it known, that a Catholic ever persecuted a Protestant in this country? When was it known, that a Catholic mob ever burned Protestant schools, burned Protestant churches, attacked, at the dead hour of night, defenseless Protestant females, and drove them out from their burning dwellings, amidst hisses and hootings and unmanly revilings? When were Catholics known to burn precious libraries to the ground, or to invade the holy sanctuaries of the dead, in order to satiate their avarice with the ornaments which filial, parental, or conjugal piety, had carefully placed around the last sad abode of the dear departed? When were they known to riot, with fiendish delight and exultation, amidst the ruins which their own fury had strewn around them, and to add insult to injury, calumny to outrages on persons and property? Yes, it must be avowed, our bitterest enemies must avow it, that Catholics have done none of all these things, and that in these things, as well as in many others, the glory and the *burning* shame, are all on the side of their enemies!

At the darkest hour of our revolutionary struggle, when all was gloom and despondency, when the stoutest hearts quailed and dreaded the final issue, who, we would ask, came nobly to our succor, and secured triumph to our otherwise almost hopeless cause? Let it never be forgotten, that while we were engaged in the death-struggle for our independence with a *Protestant* government, and with every odds against us, *Catholic* France came generously to our assistance with her treasury, her fleets, and her armies, and that her liberal aid insured our speedy triumph. Let even blind bigotry never forget this.

What American can soon forget the names of Rochambeau, De Grasse, De Kalb, Pulaski, La Fayette, Kosciusko! Without the aid of these noble Catholic heroes, and of the brave troops whom they led on to victory, would we have succeeded at all in our great revolutionary contest? Men of the clearest heads and of the greatest political forecast, living at that time, thought not, at least they deemed the result exceedingly doubtful.

And, during the whole war of the revolution, who ever heard of a Catholic coward, or of a Catholic traitor? When the Protestant General

Gates fled from the battle-field of Camden, with the Protestant militia of North Carolina and Virginia, who but Catholics stood firm at their posts, and fought and died with the brave old Catholic hero, De Kalb? the veteran who, when others ingloriously fled, seized his good sword, and cried out to the brave old Maryland and Pennsylvania lines, "Stand firm, for I am too old to fly!" Who ever heard of a Catholic Arnold? And who has not heard of the brave Irish and German soldiers who, at a somewhat later period, mainly composed the invincible army of the impetuous "Mad Anthony" Wayne, and constituted the great bulwark of our defense against the savage invasions which threatened our whole north-western frontier with devastation and ruin?

Have all these facts, and many more of a similar kind which might be alleged, so soon passed away from the memory of American citizens? Is dark ingratitude to be the foulest stigma on the character of our own, as it it was on that of most ancient republics? Can Americans so soon forget, that the man who periled most in signing the declaration of independence was a Roman Catholic, and that when Charles Carroll of Carrolton put his name to that instrument, Benjamin Franklin observed: "There goes a cool million in support of the cause?" Can they so soon forget the very honorable testimony which the great and the good Washington bore to the valor, zeal, and services of Catholics during the revolutionary war, and that he named the Irish Catholic Barry the first commodore to form our infant navy? Can Philadelphians have so soon forgotten the name of the Catholic Fitzsimmons, one of their own delegates to the convention which ratified our national constitution?

Alas! all these things *have* been forgotten, or but slightly remembered. How have Catholics been repaid for all the blood and treasure, which they shed and expended to secure our independence? Their services have been requited with outrage and indignity. They claimed no exclusive privileges whatever; all they asked was — what they had ever been willing to award to others — civil and religious liberty. They asked to be put on an equality with their Protestant fellow citizens, with whom they had fought side by side in the great battles of freedom. Did they obtain this just and equitable *right*, which the great Washington, in the letter just referred to, declared was theirs?

To be sure, an amendment to the constitution was adopted, by which congress stood pledged to make no law infringing the perfect freedom of conscience; and most of the states adopted similar articles in their constitutions, from which the dark stain of colonial intolerance was thus, in general, blotted out. But these wise enactments were all on paper; were they sustained and carried out by the spirit of the people?

Had the people been left to themselves, we firmly believe that their intelligence and liberality would have kept pace with legislative enactments. Time was, when everything bade fair to make this a glorious republic, *in deed* as it was *in name*. Time was, when the United States promised to be the peaceful home and happy resting place of the oppressed

of every nation, of the exile from every country. Time was, when our young republic presented to the forlorn of every clime the idea of an earthly paradise, in which all were to meet, and commingle, and be happy, on terms of perfect equality; where the voice of contention and strife should not be heard, and where all that were sheltered under the American flag should be as free, as the air which stirred its ample folds.

But, alas! this beautiful vision was soon dissipated, and the poor stranger was awakened to a sense of the sad reality! The serpent of religious bigotry soon entered into this fair paradise, marring its beauty, infecting its hitherto virgin atmosphere with its poisonous breath, and breaking the spell of its sanctuary quietude with horrible hissings. The charm was broken; the stranger *felt* that, instead of being in an earthly paradise, he had been cast out, like his first parents, into a frightful wilderness; that, instead of being at home, he was in a *strange* country, where he was branded as an alien and an enemy.

The far-reaching forecast of the patriot Jefferson enabled him to foresee this sad result of the deplorable combination of causes. The "mystery of iniquity" was already beginning to work even in his day, and his strong mind foresaw and predicted its fatal consequences, and even pointed to the very place in which these results were to be exhibited, and to the very sect to whose agency they were to be mainly attributable? Let us read, and ponder well, the prophetic warning of the statesman who drafted our declaration of independence, and who, whatever we may think of his religious opinions, was, at any rate, a true patriot, and, in this instance at least, something of a prophet:

The atmosphere of our country is unquestionably charged with a threatening cloud of fanaticism, lighter in some parts, denser in others, but too heavy in all. I had no idea, however, *that in Pennsylvania*, the cradle of toleration and freedom of opinion, it could have risen to the height you describe. *This must be owing to the growth of Presbyterianism.* . . . . . Their ambition and tyranny would tolerate no rival if they had the power. *Systematical at grasping at an ascendency over all other sects* they aim at engrossing the education of the country; are hostile to every institution they do not direct; are jealous at seeing others begin to attend at all to that object."[1]

In another letter to William Short,[2] he thus enlarges on the same subject:

"The Presbyterian clergy are the loudest, the most intolerant of all sects, the most tyrannical and ambitious; ready at the word of a lawgiver, if such a word could now be obtained, to put the torch to the pile, and to rekindle in this virgin hemisphere the flames with which their oracle, Calvin, consumed the poor Servetus, because he could not subscribe the proposition of Calvin, that magistrates have a right to exterminate all heretics to the Calvinistic creed. They *pant to re-establish by law that holy inquisition, which they can now only infuse into public opinion.*"

It must prove instructive, though it will be painful, to trace the origin, the growth, the progress, and the terrible devastations of the "threatening

1 Jefferson's Works, vol. iv., p. 358. 2 Ibid., p. 322.

cloud of fanaticism" of which the statesman of Monticello speaks; and, also, to examine the means employed "to infuse into public opinion" the foul spirit of proscription and persecution. We need not speak at any great length of the *remote* causes which gradually prepared the way for this unhappy state of things; of the hereditary hatred of Catholicity, transmitted as a fatal heir-loom from Protestant sire to son, for the last three centuries; of English bigotry transplanted to our virgin hemisphere; of the "no popery" cry, raised originally by Luther and his associate reformers, and repeated by his followers, in every form and shape, until it has become insipid and stale; of the turbid torrent of calumny and misrepresentation of every person and thing Catholic, rolling on and accumulating strength until, like the waters of another deluge, it has almost overwhelmed the world; of false statements regarding Catholics reiterated from the pulpit and through the press ten thousand times, and, though triumphantly refuted as often, still reiterated with renewed boldness. All these means of tainting public opinion had been long employed with fatal and murderous effect; but people had grown tired of the constant repetition of the same mischievous trickery.

It was deemed necessary by the American leaders of the "no popery" movement, to season the persecution of slander with some new and more exciting condiments. An occasion soon presented itself in the capital of the cold and puritanical north, where a flourishing branch of the Ursuline convent had been established, having annexed to it a most prosperous female academy, in which the daughters of some among the first families of New England were educated. The old calumnies about the abominations of convents were revived in the commuuity; maddening appeals to the very worst passions of the human bosom were made by reverend preachers from the pulpit; horrible disclosures about a certain escaped nun were gotten up specially for the occasion; the minds of the ignorant were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement; the sanctimonious already gloated, by anticipation, over the coming devastation; and, in this state of the public mind, a preacher of great talents and reputation harangued the multitude in his meeting-house, till he became hoarse, on the abominations of popery in general, and of convents in particular.

The effect was electrical; it was like applying the match to combustible matter; the congregation organized itself into a lawless mob *at the very church door*, and soon the spectator might have seen, by the light of a splendid literary institution burning brightly in the dead of night, the forms of a vast multitude of fiends in human shape, busy in hastening the destruction of the burning edifice, and *in tearing up the graves of the adjoining cemetery;* and he might have seen too the half clad forms of little girls and of women, as they fled shrieking through that pitiless mob, to take shelter for the night in the adjoining fields!

Well, after all this savage work had been done, a committee of investigation, composed of intelligent Protestants of Boston, examined fully into all the grounds of complaint against the convent, and reported that there

was no foundation whatever for any of them all! But the mischief had been done; the spirit of bitter persecution had been "infused into public opinion;" the ringleaders in the riot were acquitted by popular acclamation, and a number of pious and accomplished religious ladies were, for conscience's sake, literally *burned* out of New England!

Shame on this unmanly attack, by night too, on inoffensive females! Those who participated in this atrocious outrage, as well as those who approved it, showed themselves the worthy descendants of those who had burned the witches, exterminated the poor Indians, and enacted the "blue laws." And did not, and does not Massachusetts, at least tacitly, approve of that outrage? Else why has she pertinaciously refused up to this very day, to grant indemnity to the sufferers? Why do the ruins of Mount Benedict "still cumber the summit of Bunker Hill, and cast a dark shade over the soil of Massachusetts?" Why are there *two* monuments on Bunker's Hill, one commemorating the noble first struggle of freedom, and the other the base triumph of bigotry?

But we must hasten on. The Reverend incendiary, who instigated the burning of the convent in Boston, soon left the theater where he had already won glory enough, and traveled westward, to repose under the shade of his laurels! Here, too, he soon distinguished himself by the unscrupulous means he employed to put down Catholicity. He published a book called, oddly enough, a "Plea for the West," but, in reality, a plea for his own pocket, and an inflammatory attack on Catholics, whom he represented as leagued with the despots of Europe in a conspiracy for the subversion of our liberties, as Judge Hall,[1] a distinguished Protestant, abundantly proved at the time, in a searching review of the work. Whether, and to what extent, he succeeded in raising money by his "Plea," we are not able to say: — one thing is certain, the tocsin of alarm which he sounded elicited no responsive echo; and the sound soon died away; people were not yet prepared to be gulled by palpable absurdities.

Something new was now required, or else the "no popery" excitement was in imminent danger of dying out for want of aliment. Accordingly, the old slanders about convents were renewed under more favorable auspices. A wandering preacher picked up a strolling woman in the streets of Montreal, and soon a terrible book of "Awful Disclosures," the scene of which lay in the "Hotel Dieu" nunnery of Montreal, made its appearance in New York. A storm of excitement ensued, and though the book was denounced as a base imposture by *all* the press of Montreal and of Canada, and by nearly all the press of New York, yet two editions, of nearly forty thousand copies each, were rapidly struck off and sold. The sale continued, even after every one had found out that the book was a tissue of base slanders from beginning to end; and it was only after the sales had been completed, and the money coolly pocketed by the preachers — not, however, until after they had tried a suit at law about the division of

1 In the Western Monthy Magazine, a most ably conducted periodical.

the spoils — that even the notorious Rev. William C. Brownlee, hitherto the main champion of the book, came out in the "Protestant Vindicator," and quietly acknowledged that the whole was a forgery!

And these men were preachers of the gospel; and the good natured public, though thus basely deceived by them, and gulled out of their money, were still not fully undeceived as to the real character and motives of those men who put themselves forward in the crusade against Catholics. It is said that John Bull is the most gullible of animals; but he has a son named Jonathan, who shows that, in this respect at least, if in no other, he is his father's son.

The Maria Monk speculation turned out so very profitable to those who had embarked in it, that soon there was quite a number of other speculators in the same field. First, the preachers who had charge of Maria Monk, tried to get up another set of "Awful Disclosures," the scene of which was to be placed in the United States; but their plot was detected and exposed, and they signally failed. Then came another *immaculate* lady from Canada, named Frances Partridge; she declared that Maria Monk was an impostor who had usurped her name, and that *she* was the real *Simon Pure*. But this, too, proved an utter failure. Finally, the imbecile renegade Smith came out, and published another book of the kind, called Rosamond Culbertson, teeming with filth and obscenity: but the thing was already overdone; the market was more than glutted; the people were tired of being sported with; and the preachers began to *feel* that their reckless mendacity was recoiling on themselves.

This theme was worn out; something new must be started. But what that something should be, they were sadly puzzled to find out. The old Church had been attacked from the pulpit, attacked from the press, attacked by individual preachers, attacked by whole synods assembled; a regular conspiracy had been organized throughout the union to vilify and abuse her; itinerant lecturers had been employed to traverse the country to preach her down; and itinerant mountebanks had been salaried to distribute among the people obscene or inflammatory tracts against her: — and yet she bravely stood her ground; she seemed to bear a charmed life, and even to flourish under the lash of persecution. The Breckenridges, the Brownlees, the Cheevers, the Bergs, the Sparrys, *et id genus omne*, had made almost superhuman exertions to put down "Romanism;" but the tough old shield of Romanism, which had been proof against stronger missiles, sent by stronger and more skillful hands, for eighteen hundred long years, was proof also against *their* feeble darts, which recoiled upon their own heads. The Catholic Church still stood proudly erect, and whenever she had come into fair and open collision with her motley and jarring antagonists, she had more than maintained her position.

What was to be done? Appeals to the worst passions had been tried, and they had failed; proscription, denunciation, *forgery*, had been tried, and they had all failed. Was the contest to be given up in despair? This would not do. The stern and relentless spirit of Calvinism, which had

ever been conspicuous in the anti-catholic warfare, could not brook the thought for a moment. A new and desperate effort must be made; Protestant associations must be formed throughout the country; a systematic attempt must be made to blacken, not only the religion, but the character of Catholics; and they are to be represented as the enemies of God and man. How dare they breathe the breath of life in this free *Protestant* country? How dare they claim equal civil privileges and immunities with the Protestant lords of this blessed Protestant soil? Are they not the base slaves of a foreign despot, the Pope? Are they not the enemies of freedom? Are they not the enemies of the Bible? Can they, under these circumstances, be even tolerated in a *free* country?

Well, the Protestant Association was organized throughout the country; in Philadelphia, its leading men were the most untiring in their zeal, and the most ferocious in their bigotry. About eighteen Protestant preachers, ministers of the God of peace and of love, enrolled their names as members; and the notes of fierce denunciation against Catholics were soon heard to ring from the various pulpits of the "city of brotherly love!"

"Congregations, instead of being taught from the pulpit to adorn their profession by all the lovely graces of the gospel," — it is a distinguished Protestant minister of Philadelphia whom we are quoting, — "by kind and affectionate bearing in the world, by earnest and ever active endeavors to secure for themselves and others the blessings of peace, were annoyed with inflammatory harangues upon the 'great schism,' and upon the 'abominations of the Roman Church.' The Pope, and the Pope, and the Pope, was the beginning and the end of sermons in certain churches, and women and children were frightened with details of him at Rome, whilst they who were of the stature of men were held breathless captives, when they were addressed by these orators on the subject of papal usurpations, and the ecclesiastical domination contemplated by 'antichrist' in America. They were told that there was not a Catholic Church that had not underneath it prepared cells for Protestant heretics; that every priest was a Jesuit in disguise; that the Pope was coming to this country with an army of cassocked followers, and that each would be trebly armed with weapons concealed under the folds of 'Babylonish robes.' Never did Titus Oates detail more horrid conspiracies than did these clerical sentinels; and all that was wanting was the power, and such a judge as Jeffries" (or Calvin), "to make every Roman Catholic expiate his abominable heresy on the scaffold."

The same candid and impartial writer continues:

"It was a melancholy state of affairs which the prosecution of this association brought about in this city, once known and acknowledged to be foremost in social harmony and order. The peace of the community was disturbed; families were made to break asunder the bonds of fellowship; Protestants were warned against associations with Catholics for any purpose; and from almost every desk, on the day consecrated to holy rest, even from the agitation of human passions, intemperate declamations against the 'evils of Romanism,' were sure to be heard. 'No compromise with Rome,' and no peace to her 'degraded subjects,' were the watchwords of these Protestant crusaders. All discussions among themselves were now hushed. The angry passions of differing Christians were

stilled, and for the season to be concentrated upon one object with increased energy and force."[1]

The association soon distinguished itself by an unmanly attack on poor Catholic servants, and on the forlorn orphan! Let us hear the indignant rebuke administered by the same reverend gentleman, whose words we have last quoted:

"In the excess of zeal on the part of its managers, there has been exhibited a perfect contempt for the plainest duties of humanity, a positive disregard to the first principles of morals, and which *barbarous savages would shrink from disobeying.* In the first address issued by the association, the question is formally and calmly submitted to the public — to the Christian public, mark ye — whether Protestants do right when they listen to appeals in behalf of Catholic orphans; and that they may hereafter be guarded in the bestowal of their charities, it is intimated that these orphans may, through wrongly directed benevolence, become priests or nuns. And this has been done in the nineteenth century, in a Christian land, and by Christian ministers! Such are the effects of a blind, sectarian spirit; such the port, and bearing, and manners of sectarian intolerance! Orphans may perish in the highways and ditches, may be cast into lazar houses or prisons, may be denied all sympathy — for sympathy will partake of sin, when directed to fatherless Catholic children — from a holy fear that they may become priests before Christian altars, or cloistered nuns, in after-life! Alas, and alas! what will not blind bigotry do towards closing the well-springs of religion and goodness in the human heart, even after it has submitted to a Saviour's reign?"[2]

This wofully blind bigotry of the Protestant preachers in Philadelphia, reminds us of serpents near the close of summer, when they become blind with excessive venom, and strike recklessly at every object that presents itself, often inflicting mortal wounds on themselves. It forcibly calls to our mind too a graphic picture of bigotry, drawn by the Irish orator, Philipps. Here it is:

"Bigotry has no head, and cannot think; she has no heart, and cannot feel; when she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amid ruin; her prayers are curses; her communion is death; her vengeance is eternity; her decalogue is written in the blood of victims; if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock, to whet her fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desperation."

Notwithstanding the almost superhuman exertions of its leaders, the association soon began to languish, and its discordant notes of hatred were fast dying away. Sober and considerate men of all denominations began to be astounded at the blind malignity of the preachers, who figured in its meetings; they turned in disgust from the loathsome spectacle of Christian ministers openly warring against the widow and the orphan; and they thanked their God that these men were not natives of Philadelphia, but most of them from the cold and puritanical north.

The league against Catholicity was on the eve of its dissolution, when

1 Quoted by the author of "The Warning of Thomas Jefferson," from the "Truth Unveiled," the first offering of the Rev. Mr. Goodman on the altar of truth, charity, and peace.

2 Olive Branch, p. 17, 18.

suddenly a new and more exciting element of strife was infused into its almost lifeless body. "The Bible, the Bible! oh! spare the Bible from the foreign papists!" — now became the watch-word of the association. Rumors became rife in the community, that the Catholics wished to exclude the Bible from the common schools; the changes were rung upon this charge from the pulpit and the press; immense meetings were held in the public squares of the city, to defend the Bible from the attacks of "foreign papists," and a new *politico-religious* party was organized, called the Native American, for the special defense of the Bible!

The new party was headed by a notorious demagogue, "a renegade English Jew," who had left behind him no enviable reputation in the various states in which he had successively sojourned.[1] It held large and tumultuous meetings, and made maddening appeals to the passions of the ignorant; in a word, it became the servile tool, the base, fawning slave of the Protestant Association, ready to do its bidding, and to accomplish all its dirty work![2] The Bible was paraded in processions, as the ensign of the new party, and dark threats were afloat in the community against those who dared, in this *free* country, still to persevere in professing the religion of their fathers. Reverend preachers were seen to desert their pulpits, to come down into the political arena, and to harangue tumultuous multitudes on the "abominations of popery," and on the dangers to our republican institutions from "foreign papists!" The community was thrown into a state of excitement bordering on madness; Catholics, and especially the Catholic clergy, were scarcely safe, either in their persons or their property; and everything was ripe for an outbreak.

The rest of the sad story is known, and we need not dwell on its sickening details. Under the circumstances which we have thus far endeavored feebly to state, it would have been wonderful, indeed, if terrible riots had not ensued in Philadelphia. They did ensue, at two different times, and the ravages they left behind them are thus summed up by the excellent author of the "Olive Branch," already quoted:

"The Native American party has existed for a period hardly reaching five months, and in that time of its being, what has been seen? Two Catholic churches burnt, one thrice fired and desecrated, a Catholic seminary and retreat consumed by the torches of an incendiary mob, two

1 He had resided, we are told, in Nashville, Louisville, and Baltimore.

2 That we do no injustice to the Native American party, in ascribing its origin to the darkest religious bigotry, will appear from the following considerations, in addition to the proofs contained in the text. 1st. A Protestant grand jury openly asserted that the party had originated in a solicitude for the protection of the Bible. 2d. Though the party affected to assail foreigners, yet Irish Orangemen, and other bitter *foreign* enemies of Catholicity, were among its most conspicuous and active members; a dirty Orange flag was placed on the top of the market-house during the Kensington riots; the violent Orange air, "the Boyne Water," was played in triumph, while the flames were consuming St. Michael's church; and a notorious Orangeman was actually paraded through the streets of Philadelphia, in the "temple of liberty," which was carried in procession on the 4th of July. 3d. The speeches of Levin, and those of the other leaders, teemed with abuse of Catholics: this, in fact, was the main staple in which those fiendish demagogues dealt, in order to inflame public resentment! 4th. The very cry of the mob, "To the nunnery! to the church!" proved conclusively which way the party had inclined and taught them to go. This incident alone speaks volumes, as to the end and aim and animating principle of the whole party.

rectories and a most valuable library destroyed, forty dwellings in ruins, about forty human lives sacrificed, and sixty of our fellow citizens wounded; riot, and rebellion, and treason, rampant on two occasions in our midst; the laws boldly set at defiance, and peace and order prostrated by ruffian violence."

The mischief was all done; the enemies of Catholicity were reveling amidst the ruins of our churches, and a Protestant grand jury, appointed to inquire into the causes of the riots, and composed, we are told, chiefly of Presbyterians,[1] openly laid the whole blame of their origin upon the Catholics, and asserted that the native American party had been formed in consequence of efforts made by "a portion of the community to exclude the Bible from the public schools." The Catholics immediately held a meeting, and an Address, penned by William A. Stokes, Esq., was unanimously adopted, in which the assertion of the grand jury was proved to be utterly false, and totally unfounded in fact, by the combined testimony of the Protestant directors of the public schools. Thus was a base and wicked falsehood, which had been the source of such incalculable mischief, even before it had been indorsed by a Protestant grand jury, nailed forever to the counter.[2] The Catholics stood forth triumphantly vindicated; their enemies who had no answer to give, save their silence and certain vague declamations in their tumultuous meetings, were completely worsted in public opinion; and the members of the grand jury must have blushed for very shame, if they had yet any warm and honest blood tingling in their veins.

To make certainty doubly sure, the 26th annual report of the controllers of the public schools in Philadelphia city and county, officially declared that "no attempt had ever been made by any one in that board, nor had the controllers ever been asked by any sect, person, or persons, to exclude the Bible from the common schools."[3] This official declaration set the question at rest forever, and left the Protestant and Native American bigots no alternative, but to plead guilty, to repent, and to hide their faces with very shame.

The plain state of the case was simply this. The Catholics of Philadelphia, who were taxed for the support of the public schools equally with their Protestant fellow citizens, wished to enjoy equal rights and equal liberty of conscience with them in the education of their children. They claimed no exclusive privilege whatever; they never asked that the Bible should be excluded from the schools, but merely that their own children, if forced to read the Bible at all, might be allowed to use the Catholic version. Nothing could have been more reasonable; and the Protestant directors of the schools thought so. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* Hence the bitter rage of the bigots who wished to cram their own exclusive notions down the throats of others; and thought that, because they had a numerical majority, they could have everything in their own way.

1 Jefferson's Warning, pp 31, 32

2 See the certificates appended to the Address.

3 See Olive Branch, p 34.

To show how utterly absurd and unchristian was their conduct, let us for a moment reverse the case. Suppose that Catholics had been in a majority, and Protestants in a minority in Philadelphia; and that the former had wished to compel the children of the latter to read the Catholic Bible in the public schools, though their parents strongly remonstrated against it; what an outcry would have been immediately raised! How the preachers would have exclaimed against the tyranny of the Pope, the dungeons of the inquisition, &c. Is there not, in that very Bible about which so much noise was made, some such a maxim as this: — "All things whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do you also to them?"[1]

It is thus a remarkable fact, and as sad as it is remarkable, that whenever the enemies of Catholicity have succeeded in getting up an extraordinary excitement against it, or in causing it great mischief, they have succeeded by open falsehood and forgery; and by what they have themselves afterwards been compelled, in almost every instance, to admit as such! The Rebecca Reed and Maria Monk forgeries, and this base falsehood about the Bible in Philadelphia, to pass over many other less glaring instances, are all cases in point. One thing alone surprises us, that the people have not sooner found out and more generally distrusted the men, who have so often and so vilely sported with their credulity; men, professing to be ministers of Christ, who, while they charge on Catholics the adoption of the maxim, "the end justifies the means," themselves adopt it and reduce it to practice every day!

What, we would here ask, is to be thought of religious sects, which cannot be defended but by such unhallowed means; and what opinion, on the contrary, should considerate men hold concerning a religion which never has been, and never can be, assailed with any effect, without a resort to falsehood and forgery? What should be thought of a religion, which has always come out unscathed from every ordeal; which slander and persecution have not been able to crush during eighteen long centuries; and which, though nailed to the cross with Christ, will yet always rise again with Christ from the tomb to which her enemies had so triumphantly consigned her! But we must return.

Let us not be told, as the Grand Jury declared, from avowedly *ex parte* testimony, that the Irish Catholics of Kensington disturbed and fired on a quiet and lawful political meeting; and that consequently they alone were to blame for all the subsequent outrages. We know this is the popular view of the subject; and we have even heard of an honorable judge on the bench, who feelingly spoke of the blood boiling in his veins, when he thought of this vile attack of foreigners on native citizens! We know, too, that a portion of the public press sustained this view; but we have lost all confidence in the press, especially in times of great excitement, and when nothing is to be gained, and much to be lost by telling the *whole* truth.

[1] St. Matthew, vii. 12.

The evidence elicited during the trial of John Daly clearly establishes the fact, that the native meeting of Kensington was an armed one, and that it fired first on the Irish. The first shot was fired by a *native*, and the first man wounded was Patrick Fisher, an Irishman and a Catholic. This is abundantly proved by the sworn testimony of Alfred M. Clark, Andrew Hague, Joseph Wood, John Matheys, R. G. Fougeray, William F. Small, George H. Martin, and others; all of them neither Catholics nor Irishmen, nor belonging to any particular party.[1]

That there was some wrong on the part of the Irish residents in Kensington, particularly in the disturbance of the small and paltry meeting of Native Americans on the 3d of May, 1844, we freely admit; and we cheerfully coincide with an able cotemporary in granting that it was an act of rashness, if not of insanity, in the Irish to attend that meeting at all; for they might have known that there their passions would be aroused by wanton abuse of their country and of their religion. But the disturbance was after all only such, as very unfortunately often occurs at meetings where deeply exciting topics are discussed; no fire-arms were used, and the candid will admit that the Irish had very great provocation. As to the story of the American flag being trampled on by Irish papists, it was a wicked and malicious fabrication gotten up for effect, like the falsehood about the Bible. The fact is, the natives were determined to have a fight, no matter what might be the consequences.

But even admitting, for the sake of argument, the truth of the very worst charges alleged against the Irish Catholics by their enemies, what harm, we would ask, had the churches and the altars of the living God done, that they should be burnt down? What harm had the schools and the libraries done, that they too should be ruthlessly destroyed? What harm had the deceased done, that they should be disturbed in their graves? What harm had the Sisters of Charity done, that they should be exposed to unmanly insults in the streets? These questions can be put much more easily than they can be answered. They show at a glance, what were the scope and aim and animating principles of the whole movement. They show that religious fanaticism of the very worst kind was the basis of nativism.

The attempts of the native party to prove, that they had no agency in the outrages that marked the riots are indeed ludicrous enough. Did not their leaders goad the people into frenzy by their frothy declamation and their furious tirades from the press? Did not their organs in Philadelphia excuse, and even openly defend the church burners? While the trials were going on, did not the party make every effort to screen from punishment those among the rioters of their own party who had been arrested? And when the jury rendered the verdict of "guilty" against Isaac Hare, did not murmurs arise in open court, and were not the independent jurymen saluted with hisses and threats of personal violence, on leaving the court room?

1 See their testimony in the "Warning of Thomas Jefferson," p. 24, *et seq.*

These are all stubborn facts, which speak more than volumes of vapid declamation by those who showed themselves so willing to resort to calumny, to forgery. They *forged* a letter purporting to be from Bishop Kenrick to his flock, in order to carry out their wicked purposes. True, the leaders of the party made some efforts to save St. Philip's church from being burned down, during the July riots. But they had discovered that church burning would ruin their party, and they had already so far excited the passions of the populace, that their interposition, feebly and reluctantly given, was insufficient, and the military had to be called in to save the church. The native leaders had raised a storm which they could not control, and calm was not restored but after bloodshed, and treason, and open civil war had rioted in the streets of Philadelphia!

And was not the great leader of the party himself arrested by order of Governor Porter, for violent and seditious articles published in his paper, on occasion of the Southwark riots! Was he not a candidate for the penitentiary, as well as a member of congress? In short, the efforts of the Native Americans to prevent the burning of St. Philip's church, forcibly remind us of a choleric old gentleman, who once, in a fit of rage, set fire to his own house; but afterwards when he discovered the flames progressing, became alarmed, and calling out at the top of his voice, "Fire! Fire!" aroused the whole neighborhood, and had the flames extinguished! So the native leaders had kindled up a raging fire in the bosoms of the populace, which it required the whole executive authority of the state, and the military strength of the city and adjoining counties, to extinguish!

But the worst feature in the whole history of the riots, is the active participation of Protestant preachers in the painful scenes of excitement which led to them. We verily believe that, if fanatical ministers from the north had not been in the city, there would have been no riots. We find preachers, time after time, haranguing the multitudes in the streets; we find preachers, on the very day that the Kensington riots began, preparing and presenting resolutions of a most inflammatory character; we find preachers fanning the flame from the pulpit and through the press; we find preachers, everywhere in Philadelphia, the life and the soul of the riots! It is as lamentable as it is true.

The hypocrisy of these men, was only exceeded by their hatred of Catholics. They pretended an unbounded love of the Bible, while they were trampling under foot the most sacred requirements of the holy volume. They vaunted their love of liberty, while they were lending their influence to have a portion of their fellow citizens deprived of the most sacred privileges and ruthlessly trodden in the dust. They were wont to profess great zeal for the "poor benighted papists;" but when these same "poor benighted papists" once came within the sphere of their influence, instead of attempting to enlighten them, they drove them from their door, and bitterly denounced them as "minions of the Pope," and enemies of republican government! They were forever falsely

denouncing the Roman Catholic priesthood for interfering in politics, and ere the sound of the calumny had died away, they themselves were seen descending from the desk into the political arena, and preaching up doctrines which directly led, and which they must have perceived would directly lead to treason, to arson, to murder! O bigotry! how blind and inconsistent thou art! O hypocrisy! how subtle and wicked! No wonder the blessed Jesus, so meek and so gentle on all other occasions, should have dealt in withering invective and in woes, when he rebuked the hypocrisy of the Pharisees.

One of the chief artifices resorted to by the preachers, both before and since the riots, in order to get up or increase the excitement against Catholics, was the constant repetition of the charge that Catholic priests, and especially Irish Catholic priests, exercise an undue political influence over their flocks. Catholics were denounced as the "minions of the Pope," and the old gentleman at Rome was supposed to hold them captive, body and soul, through the agency of the priests. Catholics were represented as the mere slaves of the priests, without whose bidding they could neither move, nor live, nor think.

Now let us see, what one of the most eminent and intelligent Protestants of the last century says, in regard to the relative influence of the Catholic and Protestant clergy over their respective flocks. The vapid declamation of a thousand preachers would not weigh a feather, in comparison with the testimony of such a man as the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke. The extract we furnish is from a letter of the distinguished Irish orator and statesman to his son;[1] and it treats of the relative influence of the Catholic and Protestant clergy of Ireland. Every one will perceive that his remarks apply with still greater force to the state of things in this country:

"Gentlemen who call themselves Protestants, (*I do not know what that word means, and nobody ever would or could inform me*) are dupes of their own calumnious representations, which serve to mislead them, and irritate those against whom they are made. In order to render the Catholics contemptible, they have ever represented them as men, in all cases, incapable of forming any ideas or opinions, or even wishes of their own; but that their bodies and souls were at the entire disposal of their priests. These miserable creatures, the zealots of the ascendency, have been fed with this stuff as their nurse's pap, and it is never to be got out of their habit. Their low and senseless malice makes them utterly incapable of forming a right judgment on anything. Such is their notion. But I, who know the Catholics of Ireland better than these gentlemen who never have conversed with them, and who, of course, are more ignorant of the real state of their own country than that of Japan, know that at no time within my observation have the Catholic clergy had a great deal of influence over the Catholic people. I have never known an instance (until a few of them were called into action by the manœuvres of the castles) that in secular concerns they took any part at all."

In another part of the same letter he says, speaking of the Catholic clergy of Ireland:

1 Found in his lately published correspondence, in four volumes.

"At present, being stripped of all adventitious aids, and having nothing but the mere credit belonging to them, I think that, though certainly not without influence (and God forbid they or any clergy should), they have rather less than any other clergy I know. You and I have talked over this matter. To those who are acquainted with the prescript form to which the Church of Rome binds its clergy, both as to opinions and the exercise of their functions (which dogmas, forms, and rules are just as well known to laity as to priests), it will easily appear that they have not that range of influence which doctors have who can teach just what they please, and what they think is most likely, for the time being, to be acceptable and to please the people. No Roman Catholic priest can make a pleasing discovery to his congregation. He and his congregation are bound by the authority of their whole Church in all times and in all countries, whose general and collective authority infinitely lessens the individual authority of every private pastor, as the strictness of other laws lessens the power of individual magistrates. Whereas most of us, who examine critically, feel as little as any of them, and for the greater part, think less about it, and are indeed incapable of doing so, we do and must receive our doctrine from our priest, who himself is not bound up to anything beyond his own ideas; and consequently the mass of us depend more upon the individual pastor."

This paper has already extended to a sufficient length, and yet we have not said one-half of those things which we had intended to say. To those who might be disposed to think that our remarks have been unnecessarily harsh and severe, we beg leave to say that we have thought it better to call things by their true names, and to be plain and direct. We believe that we have hazarded no statement, without the strongest and most incontestable evidence. Of course, we have been compelled to confine our remarks to the general facts and views of the subject we have attempted to treat, and we believe that we can have given offense to none, save those whom every honest man is compelled to offend, if he would tell the truth. If the facts are painful, we have the consolation to say that we did not assist in making them *facts;* we have barely recorded them. Let those look to it who made them.

To our Protestant fellow-citizens we would address, in conclusion, the language of a Protestant writer already quoted:

"In the fullness of a heart deeply wounded by a sense of degradation by the recent horrible events, the writer appeals to his fellow-citizens to cast far from them, and forever, this religious rancor, this sectarian intolerance, this anti-Christian ultraism. What has it not done from the beginning? What woe and ruin and disgrace has it not caused among us, and at our very doors, within the last few months? Enough of blood, assuredly, has been shed; enough of wretchedness and misery brought upon families and individuals. Far and wide-spread enough are the desolations which can be beheld within our borders. Is it not now time to pause and reflect? Are we not called by a voice from the insulted Majesty on high, to stop in our mad career of bold, high-handed iniquity? . . . . . Let pulpits no more ring with terms of reproach and asperity; let the religious periodicals abate their fierce contentions, and let the conductors of the public press be silent on such topics. Let Christians no longer cast about them odious and irritating terms of

reproach against any other denomination ; no vulgar epithets against our brethren, how far soever removed from us in doctrinal faith. Let us all determine before God, and angels, and men, that, so far as in us lies, we 'will live peaceably with all men ;' that we will show the beauty and influence of our Christianity in its power to make all to be our brethren, in bonds of a divine charity. Let us cling to and support the constitution of our country in its just and impartial principles of religious toleration and liberty ; and, in a word, let us 'bless them that curse us, and pray for them that despitedly use us and persecute us.'"[1]

We commend this last advice of our blessed Lord, in a special manner, to our Catholic brethren ; and we can point to no better example of a compliance with its letter and its spirit, than that presented by the Catholic bishop, clergy, and people of Philadelphia, who, in the midst of trials and sufferings, such as have never before fallen to the lot of any portion of our citizens, have exhibited a patience and forbearance honorable to their holy religion, and worthy of primitive Christianity.

Persecution has ever been the lot of the true Church of Christ ; the "disciple is not above the Master ;" if the blessed Jesus was persecuted, may not we expect to be ? Let us not be discouraged or downcast ; if the storms and vicissitudes and persecutions of eighteen centuries have not overturned our Church, the riots of Philadelphia, and a hundred more, will not compass its destruction. If the Diocletians and the Julians, and the Luthers and the Calvins could not destroy our Church, is it likely that its destruction will be brought about by such pigmies as the Bergs, the Brownlees, the Cheevers, the Sparries, and the Breckenridges ? The Gordon riots in London were much more terrible and destructive than were the native riots of Philadelphia ; but the Gordon riots, instead of annihilating our Church in England, mark the precise date of its incipient growth and prosperity. May we not believe that, with the blessing of God, a similar result will follow the Philadelphia riots ? One thing is certain, a God has pledged his solemn word that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against his Church."

[1] Olive Branch, p. 20, 21.

XXXV. A CHAPTER ON MOBS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Can Mobs put down truth and virtue?—Nothing new under the sun—Historical retrospect—Past trials and triumphs of the Church—The first Mob crucified Christ—The second stoned St. Stephen—Mobs during the first three centuries—Nero the first instigator of them—Mobs a principal feature in the early persecutions—How they were gotten up—Persecution of slander—Forgery—Early Christians branded as aliens and traitors—Tertullian's pointed sarcasm—Mob spirit contagious—The great Roman Mob under Diocletian—St. Basil's graphic description—Sepulchral monument to Christianity—Fate of the persecutors—Mobs powerless—The Cross triumphant—Unalterable meekness of early Christians under persecution—Mobs since the reformation—Are they not similar in spirit to those directed against Christianity during the first three centuries?—A parting word to American Catholics.

Why have the nations raged, and the people devised vain things? . . . . . He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh at them; and the Lord shall deride them.—*Psalm* ii, 1, 4.

Blessed are you when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake; rejoice and be exceeding glad, for your reward is very great in heaven.—*Matt.* v. 11, 12.

In contemplating the appalling scenes presented by the Philadelphia riots, and by those later exhibitions of the mob spirit which have disgraced many of our principal cities, the Christian philosopher is filled with amazement, and is inclined to drop a tear over the sad perverseness of human nature, when its passions are lashed into fury by maddening appeals, and are unchecked by reason or religion. But, however much he may be afflicted at the spectacle, he will not despair. The sacred cause of truth and justice, though trampled under foot, and crushed for a time, will and must ultimately triumph over reckless falsehood and atrocious oppression. The cause of truth, like that of liberty,

"Though baffled oft, is ever won"

The base arts of the slanderer and persecutor sooner or later recoil, with fatal effect, on their own heads; and the indignation which they have temporarily excited against the innocent and the virtuous ultimately falls, with a hundred fold force, on themselves. Truth, obscured and hidden for a time by the dark intervening clouds of prejudice and misrepresentation, always breaks forth again with renewed lustre and brilliancy; even as the sun bursts forth from the clouds which have for a time concealed his beams. Persecution can no more blot out the truth, than clouds can blot out the sun from the heavens.

It has ever been so. The annals of history proclaim the fact, in language not to be misunderstood, that falsehood and brute violence have

never yet destroyed a good, nor firmly established a bad cause. Thanks to the wise and benevolent Author of our nature, there is inherent in its constitution a reactive energy, which powerfully stimulates it, when led astray by passion and misrepresentation, to return once more to the right path. And though falsehood, in its fierce and unprincipled grappling with truth, may, even for a long time, seem to retain the mastery, yet truth will, and must, in the nature of things, ultimately regain the ascendency. Philosophy, religion, and history combine to sustain this position.

The wisest of men has said: "There is nothing new under the sun." Human nature has been the same in every age; the same in its passions, in its prejudices, in its capabilities both for good and for evil. If we search the annals of history we will find that recent occurrences, which at first struck us as new and startling, are really but old things under a new form. Similar events have occurred hundreds of times before, and often, too, under circumstances of much deeper atrocity. The Philadelphia riots were bad enough, but they might have been much worse, of much longer continuance, and much more extensive in their ravages. There are many instances in the history of the past, in which the efforts of slander and of brute force to crush the truth have been marked by much greater fierceness, and by much more appalling and wide spread ruin. The Catholic Church has in past ages triumphed, again and again, over much more formidable opposition; she has come out unscathed from much more fiery ordeals. She has triumphed over flood and conflagration, over devastation and ruin, over time and revolution, over barbarian incursion and the desperate efforts made for two hundred and fifty years by the all-powerful iron empire of Rome to crush her; and is it likely that the puny efforts of modern bigots, and the burning of a few of her churches will now put her down? No, no. "He who dwelleth in heaven shall laugh at them; and the Lord shall deride them." He whose word cannot pass away, though heaven and earth may pass away, hath built His church on a rock, and hath pledged His eternal veracity that "the gates of hell shall *not* prevail against it."

To enable our readers the more easily to take this rapid retrospective glance at the past, is the object of this brief Chapter on Mobs. One lesson we will glean, if no other, from this historical retrospect—that we need never despond nor yield even slightly to discouragement under persecution, no matter how galling it may be; no matter how seemingly hopeless, humanly speaking, may be the prospect of escape or redress. Still darker clouds have often hung over the pathway of our Catholic ancestors, and yet they despaired not, and those clouds have passed away. What has been will be again. Persecution has ever been the heritage of truth; it was the lot of Him, the pure and spotless Lamb of God, who was Himself "the way, and the *truth*, and the life." And He foretold that it should be the lot of His disciples; He led us to expect it as a thing of course; He consoled us under its anticipated or present pressure with the golden declaration: "The disciple is not above the Master."

The first Mob of which we read in the annals of sacred history, was that which fiercely clamored for the blood of the Man-God, and made the streets of Jerusalem ring with the maddening and demonical shout: "Crucify him! crucify him!!" The first Mob in Christian times imbrued its hands in the blood of a God, and was guilty of the monstrous crime of deicide! And be it remembered, too, that those who composed that first Mob were goaded into reckless fury by inflammatory appeals made to their worst passions, by men who made a parade of their sanctity, boasted of their superior righteousness, and wore the sacred garb of God's ministers! The awful crime of deicide was committed in the name of religion, for the defense of religion, at the instance of men who were the ministers of religion!

And how was this dreadful result brought about? How was that giddy multitude which had, but five days before, filled the streets of the sacred city with joyous hosannas to the Son of David, so suddenly changed in feeling and sentiment? The change was brought about by the busy circulation of base slanders affecting the character of the Son of God,—slanders as baseless and as wholly unfounded in truth, as they were fatal in their results. What but the shouts of that vile Mob, and the pusillanimous fear of displeasing them and of being deemed an enemy of Cæsar, induced the weak governor of Judea reluctantly to sign the fatal sentence, the crying injustice of which his own conscience fully testified?

But let the disciple of Christ ever bear in mind, for the strengthening of his faith, and for his consolation under persecution, that though a Mob compassed the death of the blessed Jesus, and consigned Him, in fiendish triumph, to the tomb, yet it could not prevent His speedy triumph over death, and His glorious resurrection. In spite of all the watchfulness and precautions of His enemies; in spite of Pharisaic spies and Roman guards, He rose again, as He had clearly predicted, on the third day; He arose to die no more; His triumph was permanent and eternal. In Him truth triumphed most signally over error, innocence over slander, virtue over persecution. And His unalterable meekness and patience under suffering and death, and His glorious triumph over His enemies, present a type of what was subsequently to happen to His disciples and to His Church. The Church might expect to be slandered, to be persecuted, to be nailed to the cross with her blessed Founder and Spouse; like Him, she was to bear all these indignities without a murmur; and like Him, too, she was to arise again, with renewed life and vigor, from the tomb to which her enemies had thought, in the folly of their hearts, that they had forever consigned her. As we shall soon see, the history of the Church clearly establishes this great leading fact.

The next Mob of which we read in sacred history was that which compassed the death of the blessed Stephen, the great Christian protomartyr. This noble youth was privileged, the first of all the disciples of Christ, to drink of the bitter chalice of his divine Master; to show forth *His* meekness and patience under suffering, and to share in *His* posthumous glories. He dazzled all by the splendor of his miracles, and confounded

his adversaries by his surpassing eloquence. They were convinced, but not persuaded. Instead of yielding to the truth, they were filled with rage at the triumphant arguments of the young Christian deacon. They were discomfited; they could not answer argument by argument; and hence they summoned to their aid the brute force of an ignorant and excitable multitude.

"They stirred up, therefore, *people*, and the ancients, and the scribes; and running together, they took him, and brought him before the council And they set up false witnesses who said: this man ceaseth not to speak words against the holy place and the law. . . . And all they who sat in the council, looking earnestly upon him, saw his face as it were the face of an angel."[1]

The result is known. The noble eloquence and triumphant defense of Stephen availed him nothing; it mattered not that he had "the face," and the eloquence, too, "of an angel:" the Mob whom he addressed, like all other Mobs in ancient and modern times, were both deaf and blind; they were filled with rage at his splendid appearance, commanding eloquence, and unanswerable arguments; and, "hearing these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed with their teeth at him. . . . And they, crying out with a loud voice, *stopped their ears*, and with one accord rushed violently upon him. And having cast him out of the city, they stoned him."[2] Stephen, with his last breath, wafted to heaven, which was already open to his view, a prayer for his persecutors and assassins: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep in the Lord."[3]

We need not dwell on the many fierce Mobs which were excited against St. Paul at Philippi, at Ephesus, at Lystra, and in other places. They are all recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and they present almost the same features as the other Mobs of which we have already spoken, and as those of which we shall speak in the sequel.

Come we now to the period of the Church's greatest trials and sufferings. During the first three centuries of the Christian era, the sword of persecution was seldom returned to the scabbard. From the time that the imperial monster Nero declared a war of extermination against the Christian name, in the year 64, to the close of the persecution under Diocletian and his colleagues, in the year 313, there was but little respite to the sufferings of the Christians. They were hunted down like wild beasts, by day and by night; they were plied with the rack; they were torn by flesh-hooks and by pincers; they were nailed to crosses; they were cast to wild beasts; they were roasted on gridirons. During that period of two hundred and fifty years, ten successive Roman emperors, wielding the omnipotent scepter of the Cæsars, and controlling the destinies of the world, issued edicts for the total extirpation of the Christian religion from the face of the earth. The execution of those bloody laws was entrusted to willing instruments — to proconsuls, prætors, and governors, scattered over the various provinces of the vast empire —

1 Acts vi. 12, 13, 15. 2 Acts vii, 54, 56, 57. 3 Ibid. 59.

to men who panted by their obedience to ingratiate themselves with their imperial masters, and who, besides, often had some private passions of their own, of revenge, of bloodthirstiness, or of avarice, to gratify.

Christians were persecuted chiefly in two ways, by legal prosecution and by mob violence. Both methods were as terrific in their results as they were appalling in their cruelty. The attempt to enforce the iniquitous edicts by the means of law was, in general, but a cruel mockery of even the forms of justice. But, atrocious as it was, this method of exterminating the Christians was too slow in its operation to meet the wishes, or to satisfy the malignity of their enemies. Hence popular violence was invoked, and all who professed the religion of the blessed Jesus were doomed to wholesale massacre at the hands of infuriate Mobs. The first persecution under Nero was carried out by a Mob, and the last persecution under Diocletian was consummated by a series of Mobs. During the intervening period, the most appalling scenes of persecution were precisely those, in which ruthless Mobs figured as the mad executioners of the imperial edicts. We will present a few facts on this subject, to show that we have not misrepresented nor exaggerated in the statements just made.

As Tertullian remarks, with his usual energy and point, it was appropriately permitted by divine Providence, that the bloody Nero, the matricide and the uxoricide, the heartless murderer of his mother Agrippina and of his wife Octavia, should be the first to wage war with Christ and his saints. And we have the authority of the pagan historian, Tacitus, for the fact that Nero began and consummated the persecution by inflaming popular resentment, and by stirring up the ignorant and inflammable Roman Mob against the Christians. Rome had been set on fire, and, ere the conflagration could be arrested, a large portion of the splendid marble city of the Cæsars had been left a shapeless heap of mouldering and smoking ruins. A band of lawless desparadoes, who openly proclaimed that they acted *on authority*, had, by casting firebrands, greatly contributed to extend the flames.

When the Romans awoke from the first stupor of their astonishment, and beheld their noble city in ruins, the well grounded suspicion crossed their minds that Nero himself had ordered the conflagration! Popular indignation had arisen against the monster, and, to avert it from himself, he immediately resolved to turn it into another channel. For this purpose he employed a number of reckless minions of his own, who openly proclaimed that the Christians had fired the city; and, to give additional weight to their testimony, and to cause the multitude to believe in their "awful disclosures," they unblushingly stated that they themselves were Christians, privy to all the dark secrets and truculent purposes of that odious body. The artifice succeeded, and the streets of Rome rang with fierce clamors for the blood of the Christians. The terrible sequel is well known. Tacitus, on whose authority we have stated the above particulars, relates in the following words:[1]

1 We have followed the not inelegant but somewhat free translation by Dr. Miley, in his "Rome as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes," vol. i, p. 191–2.

"On their information (of the informers above named,) an immense multitude (*ingens multitudo*) were convicted, not indeed of setting fire to the city, but of being the enemies of the human race. They were put to the most cruel deaths; their torments were imbittered by derision, and turned into sources of sport and merriment for Nero and the *Mob*. They covered their bodies with the skins of wild beasts, that they might be worried and torn to pieces by dogs; they nailed them on crosses, made bonfires of their bodies, having smeared them all over with a mixture of lard and pitch, and fastened them in such a manner on pedestals, or in conspicuous places, that the flames issuing from them served to light up the imperial gardens, and to shed lustre on the games and public entertainments which were blended with the persecution of the Christians. Nero had ordered the imperial pleasure grounds of the Vatican to be thrown open for this exhibition, which was set off by chariot races and other sports of the circus on the grandest scale. Those games were also due to the munificence of the emperor, who appeared himself dressed as a charioteer, by turns careering on the course at furious speed, and mingling with the *Mob* on foot."[1]

The pagan slanderer of the Christian adds that a reaction subsequently took place in popular feeling, and that even the fierce and bloodthirsty Roman Mob was filled with compunction and commiseration on beholding the dreadful sufferings of the Christians. But their compassion came too late; the mischief had been done; the fiercest passions of the human bosom had been unchained against the innocent and the helpless; and an *immense multitude* of the latter had fallen victims to blind popular fury. A fire had been enkindled in the bosom of the Roman populace, far more awful and desolating in its ravages than that which had consumed their fair and queenly city.

Scenes very similar to that just described continued to be enacted over the whole length and breadth of the Roman empire throughout the entire period of the persecutions. From theater and circus, from basilica and forum, the maddening shout went forth: "The Christians to the lions! Death to the Christians!!" The shout was renewed at frequent intervals, and it resounded through the capital and through the provinces, through the towns and the hamlets, through the hills and the valleys of the empire. Everywhere it was the signal for a furious onslaught on the Christians, for their death and extermination. It was not a mere idle threat; it proclaimed the settled purpose to do deadly mischief. Twice was it raised in the streets of Lyons, and twice did those streets run with Christian blood. On the latter of these two occasions, under the emperor Septimius Severus, about the year 202, St. Irenæus, the illustrious bishop of the city, and nineteen thousand of his flock, were butchered by the Mob! Similar scenes occurred about the same time in Africa and the other provinces. They were renewed with still greater fury under Decius, under Maximin, under Valerian, and under Aurelian. As we shall presently see, they became yet more frequent and terrible towards the close of the persecutions under Diocletian.

How are we to account for these astonishing facts? How explain this

1 Tacitus. Annal., lib. xv, c 44.

insatiate fury of the Mob? Had the Christians done anything to merit this treatment, to draw down on their heads this dreadful popular wrath? Was there anything, either in their principles or in their practice, which tended to make them thus odious in the eyes of the populace? Were not their doctrines pure and holy, their lives innocent and inoffensive? Were they not always good citizens, ready to serve in the armies, and to die for their country? Were they not meek and forgiving, and were they not in the habit of praying daily for the emperors, and even for their most bitter persecutors? If so, why were they persecuted and hunted down with a fury so abiding and so relentless?

It requires but a glance at the history of that epoch to answer this last question. The persecution of slander preceded and caused that of mob violence. The Christians were first atrociously slandered, and then set on by ruthless Mobs. Christ had been thus treated, and his disciples were made to drink with him the bitter chalice of suffering for justice' sake. We have already heard the pagan historian Tacitus denominating the Christians "the enemies of the human race;" and, in the same passage, he calls them "a herd of wretches addicted to flagitious practices." Another cotemporary pagan historian, Suetonius, denominates their holy religion "a pernicious superstition." The most atrocious charges were openly made, and widely circulated against them by their pagan enemies. They were branded as atheists, as enemies of God and man; as "foreigners," and as secret enemies of the Roman empire. They were charged with infanticide, and with banqueting, Thyestes-like, on human flesh in their secret assemblies. According to the testimony of St. Justin, martyr, certain Jewish emissaries, out of deadly hatred to the Christian name, first originated and published this atrocious slander, which was immediately seized on and circulated with avidity by the pagans, particularly by Porphyrius, Celsus, and others.[1] It was even decorated with all the pretended revolting details of the horrid deed. The Christians were charged with first killing the infant, then drinking its innocent blood, and afterwards feasting on its mangled limbs sprinkled with flour! They were also charged with the commission of the most obscene and revolting crimes in their assemblies; of crimes which their holy religion forbade them even to think of, and which St. Paul would not have named among Christians!

Every circumstance, no matter how trivial, was eagerly seized on to give plausibility and currency to these base slanders. The Christians were often compelled by imperial and popular violence to abandon the cities, and to fly to caverns and to the catacombs from the face of their persecutors. There, shut out from the light of day, they had to celebrate the divine mysteries in secret and in darkness. This circumstance was greedily taken hold of by their pagan slanderers, to add through it a yet deeper dye to their atrocious calumnies. The catacombs had long been

1 See St. Justin Dial., cum Tryphone, No. cxviii, p. 203. Edit Venet., 1747. See also, for this and similar charges, Minutius Felix, Nos. 9, 10, 30, 31, and Athenagoras' and Tertullian's Apologies.

the place of resort and concealment for runaway slaves, for lawless banditti, and for dark conspirators. The Christians, driven by hard necessity and cruel oppression to take shelter likewise in those hideous abodes, were openly stigmatized as the friends and associates of ruffians and outlaws! Mob violence pursued them even to the catacombs. They were branded as a *latebrosa et lucifugax natio* — "a furtive crew, mute in public, but garrulous in holes and corners, ever seeking concealment and shunning the light of day, because their practices were dark, and their worship made up of inhuman and incestuous orgies."[1]

The shout often went forth from the circus and the theater: "*Areæ non sint!* Let the catacombs be destroyed!" And on more than one occasion the Christians were pursued by the Mob to their dismal retreat under ground, and were overwhelmed and suffocated with sand, while engaged in the holy sacrifice, by the filling up of the portion of the catacombs in which they were known to be, while all possibility of egress was precluded by closing up the entrance! The learned antiquary, Aringhi, has preserved, in his splendid work on the Roman catacombs, an inscription which he discovered in the cemetery of Callixtus. With simple and touching pathos, it paints the intense anguish of the Christians, who could not be safe in their holy worship even in the caverns of the earth; and could not even there enjoy the blessed privilege of burying their dead in peace![2]

To inflame still more the popular mind against the Christians, *forgeries* of the basest and most mischievous character were concocted and circulated throughout the empire. To this class belonged the forged acts of Pilate, replete with horrid blasphemies against Jesus Christ, which were fabricated about the beginning of the fourth century. In order that the tender minds of youth might be poisoned with hatred of the very name of Christian, those infamous acts were spread everywhere and introduced as a class book into the elementary schools. In addition to all this, the persecutors of the church induced even abandoned females to forge and circulate certain "awful disclosures," concerning deeds of darkness which they pretended to have witnessed themselves among the Christians!!

Eusebius, the father of church history, bears testimony to all these remarkable facts. We will adduce his evidence on the subject. We need not add that his authority is unexceptionable, as, in addition to its intrinsic weight, the facts he alleges occurred in his own day, during the reign of the tyrant Maximian:

"Having forged, therefore, certain acts of Pilate, respecting our

1 See "Rome under Paganism and the Popes," vol. i, pp. 218, 219.

2 Aringhi, *Roma Subterranea*. We subjoin the touching sepulchral inscription:

"O tempora infausta!
Quibus inter sacra et vota
Ne in cavernis quidem salvari possumus.
Quid miserius vita!
Sed quid miserius in morte,
Cum ab amicis et parentibus
Sepeliri nequeant!"

Saviour, full of every kind of blasphemy against Christ, these, with the consent of the emperor, they sent through the whole of the empire subject to him, commanding at the same time by ordinances in every place and city, and the adjacent districts, to publish them to all persons, and to give them to the schoolmasters to hand to their pupils to study and to commit to memory, as exercises for declamation. Whilst these things were doing, another commander, whom the Romans call *Dux*, in Damascus, a city of Phœnicia, caused certain infamous females to be seized from the forum, and threatening to inflict torture upon them, he forced them to make a formal declaration, taken down on record, that they had once been Christians, and that they were privy to the criminal acts amongst them; that in their very churches they committed licentious deeds; and innumerable other slanders, which he wished them to utter against our religion. Which declarations he inserted in the acts, and communicated to the emperor, who immediately commanded that those documents should be published in every city and place." [1]

The same grave historian assures us, a little afterwards, that the imperial edicts against the Christians were inscribed on tables of brass, which were erected in all the cities of the empire. And he adds:

"The boys also in the schools had the names of Jesus and Pilate, and the acts forged in derision, in their mouths the whole day." [2]

But there is yet one other consideration, intimately connected with the bitter persecution of slander of which the early Christians were the victims, and essential to a full understanding of the implacable hatred with which they were hunted down by the pagan Mob. Under the old Roman empire there was an intimate union of church and state. Superstition and idolatry were closely connected with the affairs of the commonwealth; they were blended with the arts of peace and the pursuits of war: they were intertwined with the splendid ceremonies of the triumphant pageant in commemoration of victory: they were interwoven with the rise, the progress, the victories, and the glories of pagan Rome. Paganism was ingrafted on the Roman body politic: its superstitions and idolatrous rites were welded into the iron frame-work of Roman jurisprudence. As Rome advanced in her all-conquering career, and added new provinces to her empire, she adopted also the divinities and superstitions of the conquered. The gods of the newly conquered territory were borne in the triumphal procession decreed in honor of the victorious commander; and, after they had contributed to swell the pageant, they were by a decree of the senate enrolled among the tutelary deities of the empire, and enthroned in the temples, the forum, or on the capitol. Thus, as St. Leo the Great beautifully remarks, Rome, after conquering the whole word, adopted, and became the willing slave of all the varied errors and superstitions of the whole world. Rome was a kind of Pandemonium — a sanctuary for all the false divinities of paganism.

But though pagan Rome was thus liberal in patronizing error, she was rigid in enforcing obedience to the decisions of her senate and the provi-

1 Ecclesiastical History, b. ix, ch v. American translation — New York, 1842, p. 384.
2 Ibid. ch. vii, p. 385.

sions of her ancient laws. One of those laws, inscribed on the twelve tables, strictly prohibited any one from privately worshiping new or strange gods, or any other than those that the senate might sanction and enroll.[1] This law was held sacred, and was rigidly enforced.

It bore down with dreadful effect on the Christians, who would not, and could not consent to bow down to the false idols of paganism. For this non-conformity they were represented as the sworn enemies of the gods who had led the Roman arms to victory and the Roman city to empire; they were painted as atheists, as enemies to the country, as "foreigners," originally from a distant and contemptible province of the empire, "alien" in heart and affection to its political and religious institutions, as traitors nestling in the bosom of society, only that they might inflict a mortal wound on their benefactors, as the causes of the vengeance of heaven, and of all the misfortunes which happened to the empire. "If the Tiber rise, or the Nile do not," says the terse and pointed Tertullian; "if an earthquake or drought occur, the Christians are still the cause."[2]

With all these powerful influences at work against the early Christians, with all these bitter elements infused into the persecution of slander directed against them, can we wonder that they became odious and that they fell victims to popular violence? Can we wonder at the butchery of the Christians in the cities and towns by armed Mobs thirsting for their blood? Can we wonder that this same spirit should have entered into the army itself, carrying proscription and death to those among the brave defenders of the country, who *dared* worship Jesus Christ, and to refuse adoration to the gods of the empire?[3] Can we wonder at the decimation and massacre of the noble Theban legion, composed entirely of Christians, under the emperor Galerius? Can we wonder that, when wholesale massacre could not extirpate the Christian soldiers who already filled the imperial armies, these brave men were degraded, and sent to work in the mines and catacombs, like vile slaves and malefactors, and there, amidst taunts and derision, to wear away their lives in incessant toil day and night, badly clothed, badly fed, and shut out forever from the light of day?[4] Can we, indeed, with all those facts in view, wonder at any atrocity perpetrated against the Christian name?

The Mob spirit is essentially contagious and progressive. At first it may be only a spark; but, if not speedily extinguished, it will soon become a mighty conflagration, consuming every thing in its progress. The history of Mob violence in every age and country establishes this leading feature and fact. The experience of the past proves that a Mob is like a menagerie of fierce wild beasts, which, when once let loose upon society, and lashed into fury, may do much more mischief than could have been reasonably anticipated, and may turn their violence on their keepers them-

1 This singular law, as quoted by Cicero de Legibus, runs thus: "Separatim nemo habessit deos; neve novos, neve advenas, nisi publice adscitos, privatim colunto." 2 *Apologia.*

3 See Eusebius, Eccles. Hist. b. viii, ch. iv, pp. 321, 322, edit. *supra.*

4 See a graphic passage of the pagan historian. Diodorus Siculus, on the hardships endured by such convicts, quoted by Dr. Miley, "Rome under paganism," &c. vol. ii, p. 58.

selves. Those who recklessly unchain the fierce passions of a Mob, raise a storm the fury of which they cannot themselves control.

The history of the Roman empire during the latter half of the second, and the first half of the third century, presents a remarkable instance of this fact. The Roman emperors and governors had recklessly excited and kept alive Mob violence against the Christians: they had encouraged and cherished this demoniacal spirit, in order through it to crush Christianity: and this spirit once called forth and put in motion preyed upon the vitals, and threatened the very existence of the empire itself! It took possession even of the army; it set legion against legion in a death struggle for the mastery; it made the Roman emperors themselves mere puppets in the hands of the Prætorian guards! During the ninety-two years which elapsed after the death of the emperor Marcus Aurelius, there were no less than *thirty-two* emperors elected, and most of them murdered by the soldiery, besides *twenty-seven* pretenders to the imperial purple! And but for the great conservative influence of Christianity, firmly resisting this all-destructive Mob spirit, under the reigns of the great Christian emperors, Constantine, Gratian, and Theodosius, there is little doubt that the empire would have fallen a victim to internal dissensions, even before Goth, Vandal, or Hun ever crossed its frontiers.

We have already extended our remarks on the leading features of the early persecutions to an almost unwarrantable length; but we must yet solicit the patience of our readers, while we say a few words on the last, most protracted, and most dreadful persecution of all: that under Diocletian and his three colleagues. The eloquent Lactantius says that, during the ten years of its continuance, four fierce wild beasts were let loose on society, and raged with appalling cruelty from one end of the empire to the other. It was the last great death struggle of paganism against Christianity: it was the last desperate effort that was made to crush the religion of Jesus by brute violence.

It was specially too, a persecution of Mobs. A Roman Mob proclaimed it in the capital of the empire; Mobs scattered through the provinces kept it up and consummated it, every where burning churches, burning the sacred books, burning whole Christian towns and cities, *together with their inhabitants*, and fiendishly shouting and exulting amidst the ruins their blind fury had strewn around them. We will speak of the beginning of the persecution in the language of an eloquent living writer.[1] The scene he paints occurred in the Circus Maximus at Rome, on occasion of the return of the emperor from a visit to Africa.

"It was on the kalends of May, in the year of redemption 303, during one of those paroxysms of brutal excitement, that the terrific shout, so often heard in circus and amphitheatre before, resounded from the infuriated myriads, as they arose by a simultaneous impulse — 'Away with the Christians!' *Christiani tollantur!*' was *twelve* times repeated by a chorus of *four hundred thousand* blood-thirsty voices. This was followed

1 "Rome under Paganism," &c. sup. cit. vol. ii, p 70, 71.

by *ten* rounds of 'death and extermination to the Christians!' '*Christiani non sint!*'"

The emperor willingly listened to a clamor which but embodied his own spirit; was perhaps prompted by his agents and minions. The persecution was accordingly proclaimed; and soon the Roman empire was drenched in Christian blood.

"Nothing was to be heard but the clanking of chains, the mournful and piteous wailing of young boys, aged men, and tender virgins, as they were inhumanly dragged, with blows and with every insulting outrage, before the judges; for these and their ferocious satellites were insensible to every sentiment of respect for either the infirmities of age or for virginal modesty. The prisons were crowded with holy confessors, so that other public buildings were appointed to receive them. How wanton was the cruelty of the heathens towards the martyrs, we learn from one species of torture mentioned by St. Jerome: 'The Christian,' says this father, 'was first stretched upon the rack, and burned with heated hoops or plates of iron; he was then smeared all over with honey, placed with his hands bound around him in the burning sun; and thus left to putrefy and expire, exposed to the annoyances and stings of insects.'"[1]

The facts alleged in the extracts just given are confirmed by the great St. Basil, an almost cotemporary writer, in his funeral oration on the holy martyr Gordius. We subjoin the graphic picture of the Christian's sufferings drawn by this master-hand:

"The houses of the Christians were wrecked and laid in ruins; their goods became the prey of rapine; their bodies of the ferocious lictors, who tore them like wild beasts, dragging their matrons by the hair along the streets, callous alike to the claims of pity of the aged, and of those still in tender years. The innocent were submitted to torments usually reserved only for the blackest criminals. The dungeons were crammed with the inmates of the Christian homes that now lay desolate; and the trackless deserts and the forest caves were crowded with fugitives whose only crime was the worship of Jesus Christ. In these dark times the son betrayed his father, the sire impeached his own offspring, the servant sought his master's property by denouncing him, the brother sought his brother's blood; for none of the claims or ties of humanity seemed any longer to be recognized, so completely had all been blinded, as if by a demoniac inspiration. Moreover, *the house of prayer was profaned by impious hands; most holy altars were overturned: nor was there any offering of the clean oblation of incense; no place was left for the divine mysteries;* — all was profound tribulation; a sable darkness that shut out all comfort; the sacerdotal colleges were dispersed; no synod or council could meet for terror of the slaughter that went on everywhere; but the demons celebrated their orgies, and polluted all things by the smoke and gore of their victims."

The persecution went on for ten long years; it raged with unabating fury throughout all the provinces of the Roman empire except Gaul and Britain; everywhere it stirred up popular commotions: everywhere the ruthless mobs burnt down the churches of the Christians; the whole empire was overspread with smoking ruins, and was reeking with Chris-

1 "Rome under Paganism," vol. ii, pp. 30, 31.

tian blood; and, after all this work of blood and desolation had been accomplished, the emperors erected monuments commemorative of their triumph, and of the final downfall and utter extirpation of Christianity from the face of the earth![1]

Vain and idle boasting of wicked men! That religion which they thought they had already destroyed, was never in a more prosperous condition than it was at that very time: at the very moment that they thought they had extinguished its life, consigned it forever to the tomb, and erected its sepulchral monument, it was on the very eve of the great and final triumph! Like its divine Author and Founder, it speedily arose from the tomb, filled with new life and radiant with new glory! And, like its divine Founder, too, it arose to die no more; its enemies were destined never again to enjoy even an *apparent* triumph over its pretended extinction. The blessed Jesus had remained in the tomb for three days: his church remained in the dark tomb of oppression and persecution for nearly three centuries: both were immortal and indestructible; both triumphed over death.

The proudly boasting persecutors, trembling at the sight of their own iniquities, and bitterly remembering, like Antiochus of old, the evils they had done to the people of God, expired in the most excruciating agonies of both mind and body.[2] They died, and Christianity still lived! They passed away and were forgotten; and the religion which they thought they had destroyed, was seen emerging from the mountains, the wilderness, the caverns, and the catacombs; it soon appeared again in public day, invested with renewed life and courage, and soon built up again its ruined temples; and reared again its desecrated and overturned altars, in a style of richness and magnificence till then unknown. Its ministers put off the weeds of mourning, and put on the habiliments of joy. Public worship, till then chiefly confined to narrow chambers and dark caverns, now shone forth with all the dazzling splendor of a rich and magnificent ceremonial. The cross, trampled under foot for nearly three centuries, now appeared encircled with gems in the coronals of emperors and empresses, and was reared in triumph on the loftiest monuments of pagan Rome! The inscription which had appeared on the mysterious heavenly cross seen by Constantine — *εν τουτω νικα* — "in this sign thou shalt conquer" — portended something more than a mere victory over Maxentius: it foreshadowed the speedy and final triumph of the cross of Christ over the multiplied abominations of heathenism. Christianity and paganism had grappled in a death-struggle for the mastery of the world; and Christianity, with every odds against it, won the day and gained the ascendency. A poor fisherman, without riches, without talent, without influence, without any resources; preaching a doctrine far elevated above the reason, and a morality at war with the most darling passions of mankind, had

1 One of the monuments, erected in honor of Diocletian, bore the boasting inscription: "*nomina Christianorum deleto*—The Christian name destroyed."

2 See Lactantius, *De morte Persecutorum*.

conquered that proud and haughty Rome, which had itself subdued and crushed the whole world with its iron scepter.

What then availed all the persecutions that had been set in motion to crush the Christian religion? What availed all the vile slanders that had been circulated to destroy the character of Christians? What availed the unblushing forgeries that had been concocted for the same purpose? What availed the racks, the halters, the flesh-hooks, the gridirons and the crosses which had been employed? What availed the shouts of infuriate Mobs, and the ruins amidst which they had reveled with fiendish triumph? What availed all the combined exertions of earth and hell, of men and demons? All availed nothing. The church,

"Strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore."

was impregnable and indestructible in the fortress which her divine Founder had erected for her, and in the panoply of divine strength which *He* had thrown around her! The "gates of hell" did not "prevail" against her, because *He* had predicted that they should *not* prevail!

But there is yet one other feature in the history of the early persecutors too remarkable in its nature, and too honorable to the character of the suffering Christians, to be omitted in this place. If Christianity triumphed over paganism, even while the latter was inflicting the most cruel torture and agony on the former, it triumphed, as its divine Founder had triumphed, by cherishing a spirit of unalterable meekness, of unruffled patience, and of sincere forgiveness towards its most bitter enemies. It repaid evil with good, curses with blessings, injuries and insults with prayers. Its numberless martyrs approached death with calmness, and with countenances beaming with heavenly joy. Not a complaint, not a murmur escaped their lips. St. Laurence was more tranquil while roasting on his gridiron, than his persecutors could have been, though reposing on beds of roses or of the softest down. The humble and helpless young virgin Agnes, while exposed to the taunts and insults of a brutal and licentious Mob, was more composed and happy than ever was the proudest matron of Rome, though glittering with jewels and leading the dance in a marble banquet room, surrounded by admiring hundreds. Nothing could ruffle the temper, nothing disturb the divine composure of the Christian martyrs. They died, freely forgiving, and fervently praying for those who were inflicting death on them!

The following fact, recorded with generous pride by Eusebius, will show that, even at the close of the fierce persecution under Diocletian, they not only retained no feelings of resentment or rancor against their enemies, but were disposed to return good for evil. At that period, a dreadful famine, followed by a still more dreadful pestilence, spread desolation through many rich and populous provinces of the Roman empire.

"All places," says Eusebius, "were filled with lamentations,—in all streets,

lanes, market places, and highways, nothing was to be seen but tears, with the accustomed flutes and funeral dirge." "Such," he adds, "were the rewards of the pompous boasting of Maximianus, and of his edicts throughout the cities against us!"

Then follows this testimony as to the generous and noble line of conduct pursued by the Christians on the occasion:

"Then, also, the evidences of the zeal and piety of the Christians became manifest and obvious to all, for they were the only ones, in the midst of such distressing circumstances, that exhibited sympathy and humanity in their conduct. They continued the whole day, some in the care and burial of the dead, for numberless were they for whom there was none to care; others, collecting the multitude of those wasting away by the famine throughout the city, distributed bread among all. So that the fact was cried abroad, and men glorified the God of the Christians, constrained as they were by the facts to acknowledge that these were the only really pious, and the only real worshipers of God."[1]

We might institute a comparison, and easily establish an entire parallelism betwen the Mob spirit which attempted the destruction of the Church during the three first centuries, and that which has attempted the same object during the three last. A whole volume of evidence might be produced to prove that the reformation, *so called*, has employed against the Catholic Church the very same weapons which paganism of old employed against Christianity; and with about the same result. After three centuries of bitter denunciation, of studied and systematic misrepresentation, of atrocious calumny, of unblushing forgeries, and of maddening appeals to the worst passions of the ignorant and unprincipled, all threatening her with destruction, the Catholic Church is still as vigorous and as flourishing as ever, and the principle of life is still as strong in her as it was in her palmiest days: while her enemies, especially in Germany, have dropped, one by one, into the ranks of indifferentism, of rationalism, of deism, ignobly deserting the Christian cause, *she* has newly burnished up her armor, and has gone forth to battle against error and vice, with all the vigor of youth, and with the full assurance of that victory which has ever perched upon her banner!

To the American Catholic we would say that he has no reason whatever for discouragement or despondency on account of recent occurrences. The history of the past fully assures us, that a thousand such riots as those which have lately disgraced our country cannot materially injure, much less destroy, our Church. She bears a charmed life: though daily "doomed to death," yet is she "fated not to die." What do we now suffer which our forefathers, during the three first ages of the Church, did not suffer with a hundred-fold greater violence? If we are misrepresented and slandered, so were they. If we are assailed with "awful disclosures," so were they. If we are branded as aliens and enemies of

1 Book ix, ch. viii, pp. 390-1. American translation.

our country, so were they. If our churches are burned and our altars desecrated by ruthlesss Mobs, so were theirs. If popular fury is constantly invoked against us, so it was against them. And if they were not cast down, so ought we not to be; for as surely as they triumphed, so surely shall we.

Let us complete the parallel by imitating the meekness, the patience, the spirit of forgiveness which characterized our Catholic forefathers. Let us, like them, return good for evil, mild answers for railing, prayers for persecution. Our divine Lord has said: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land."

XXXVI. LAFAYETTE AND PROFESSOR MORSE.

More than ten years have elapsed since the close of a discussion between Professor Morse and Bishop Spalding, of Louisville, on the question whether Lafayette was the author of the motto, "If ever the liberties of the United States be destroyed, it will be by Romish priests." The controversy was extensively published in the secular newspapers at the time, and many of them conducted by Protestants—as the Buffalo Democracy and the South Side Democrat—awarded the victory to the Bishop, who, at any rate, had the last word. As the Professor has kept a studied silence for so long a period, we presume that it is his intention "forever to hold his peace" on this subject. We may be allowed to hope that he has learned from the discussion a lesson of proper reserve, whenever, in future, he may be tempted to go out of his way to assail the character of his neighbors.

It is really of little consequence, whether Lafayette ever used the words of the motto ascribed to him or not. For, as the Bishop put the argument in the shape of a dilemma: "Either Lafayette was a Catholic or he was an infidel; he certainly was not a Protestant. If a Catholic, he could not have originated the motto ascribed to him by Morse without being a hypocrite, which no American will venture to assert. If an infidel, then his testimony against Catholics has no more weight than that of Voltaire and Tom Paine; and in this case, like them, he may have meant, and he probably did mean, by *priests*, the ministers of all Christian denominations. Whichever horn of the dilemma our adversaries may choose to select, the Catholic Church still remains unscathed."

Still, good results have grown out of a discussion, the subject of which was, in itself, comparatively unimportant. The famous motto, which used to glare in fiery capitals from the heads of newspapers, pamphlets, and "no popery" diatribes and books, has since entirely disappeared from this department of our ephemeral *literature*. This significant fact plainly shows the verdict of public opinion on the issue of the controversy. In this connection, we may as well mention an incident which was related to us, and which is to the point. During the first fervor of Know-Nothingism in Kentucky, a Protestant preacher, whose zeal, like that of many among his brethren, prompted him to combine the labors of the political rostrum with those of the pulpit, was issuing a publica-

tion teeming with the ordinary stale calumnies against the Catholics, with a view to their political disfranchisement in public opinion, if not in law. He had written a flaming preface to the volume, based upon this very motto, which stood on the title-page; but on his return from a missionary excursion, he perused a portion of the controversy which was then going on between the Bishop and the Professor, and he was so struck by the turn which the affair had taken, that he rushed in hot haste to the printing office, and suppressed both motto and preface, which were already in type, and wrote a new one, in which no allusion whatever was made to the motto! This was decidedly complimentary to Professor Morse.

The result of the controversy will also probably teach the bitter assailants of the Catholic Church to keep within some decent bounds in their future publications of "awful disclosures"—that is, if such men can ever be taught any lesson of prudence or honesty. Few public men, who have any reputation at stake, will like to be placed in the awkward position of Professor Morse, who now stands convicted before the American public of having originated, or at least given currency to, a base slander against his Catholic fellow-citizens, without any decent pretext, much less any solid foundation, for his injurious statement. His calumny was but one of a numerous class; and the minor luminaries, as well as the drivelling "no-popery" fanatics of the day, may possibly profit by his fate.

It is not, then, so much that we attach any particular importance to the matter of fact discussed, as because we believe that good may be done by preserving the main points of the case for future reference, that we have determined to furnish a brief account of the circumstances which gave rise to the controversy, as well as a condensed summary of the arguments alleged on both sides. At one time, it was, we were told, the intention of a house in New York to republish the whole discussion, and probably under the supervision of the Professor; but, with the exception of one or two of his letters, which appeared separately in tract form, the intention was abandoned, for what reason the public will not be at a loss to divine. The discussion was somewhat spirited and spicy on both sides; with this difference, however, that the Bishop's humor appeared genuine, as from one who could afford to laugh, whereas that of the Professor was sardonic, and, as became a Calvinist of the straightest sect, *dismal;* as if it came from one who feared to compromise his dignity or spoil the rigid lines of his face by a smile, which, to be natural, must well up from an easy conscience. Probably the difference may be explained by the Italian proverb, "*chi gayna ride*—he that winneth may laugh."

The controversy was forced on the Bishop. Several attempts had

been previously made to drag him into a religious discussion in the political newspapers, which he declined, chiefly on the ground that the secular press was no suitable medium for discussing topics so sacred, especially at a time when the public mind was so highly excited, and when the object of his assailants was evidently to fan the flame of popular passion, and thus to make, if possible, capital for Know-Nothingism. At length, the particular Protestant preacher who had thus sought notoriety, goaded by the dignified silence and neglect of the Bishop, took to himself two others "worse than himself," and, conjointly with them, made a virulent personal assault upon the prelate, accusing him of no less a crime than *lying* and forgery! The grave charge was based upon the fact that the Bishop, in the Introductory Address to his "Miscellanea," lately published, had quoted from "the Cincinnati Enquirer and other journals" an extract from a letter said to have been written by Lafayette to a gentleman in New York, in which the French patriot distinctly denies ever having used the words of the motto, or any thing like them. In reply, the Bishop felt called on to state, not to his reverend assailants, but "*to the public*," that he had quoted from the papers aforesaid, giving his authority at the time in a foot-note; and that whatever else might be said against him in the premises, the charge of forgery, under the circumstances, had certainly no shadow of foundation. He appended to his card the article in full from the "Cincinnati Enquirer," and to the abusive revilings of his reverend adversaries, he replied as follows:

"When a writer furnishes his authorities as he proceeds, their value may be sifted and estimated according to each reader's judgment or taste; but it is manifestly in accordance with no canon of sound or *just* criticism, and is, in fact, simply absurd, to denounce the author with such elegant and refined phrases and words as 'most high-handed and daring attempt to falsify history,' 'villainy,' 'mendacity,' 'literary forger,' 'liar,' etc. My authority was that of respectable political journals; and I cheerfully hand over these choice epithets, which I have been wholly unable to find in any vocabulary of Christianity, or even of Christian politeness, to those *Protestant* editors who gave credence and currency to the letter of Lafayette long before I published it in the *Miscellanea*."

The Bishop did not indorse the genuineness of the letter in question, leaving this matter to be settled between his assailants and the editors of the Cincinnati Enquirer; much less had he ever seen or even heard of the French book from which the editors professed to have taken the extract. He simply waived the matter; and in the second edition of the Miscellanea, then going through the press, he so modified the passage as to imply a doubt of the genuineness of the letter, and to leave it on its own merits, for whatever it might be worth. Before we dismiss this in-

cident to the controversy, we may, however, state that the editors of the Cincinnati Enquirer some time afterwards fully confirmed their previous statement, and challenged Professor Morse to appear before an impartial committee, before whom they solemnly pledged themselves to produce the book in question; a challenge which Morse and his Western friends very prudently declined accepting. We give here the editorial article from the Enquirer, as a part of the *res gestæ*, and because it fully vindicates the Bishop:

"THE LETTER OF LAFAYETTE—THE MORSE AND BISHOP SPALDING CONTROVERSY.—It will be recollected there appeared last fall in the columns of the Enquirer, over the signature of 'Old Line,' an exposure o a stupendous fraud which the Know-Nothing press had been guilty of, in palming off on Lafayette a sentiment he never uttered. The expression they attributed to him—'If ever the liberties of the country are destroyed, it will be by Romish priests'—was dug out of a letter in which he quoted it but to refute it! The original letter was quoted by the Democratic press all over the Union, and was inserted, due credit being given to us, by Bishop Spalding, of Louisville, in a certain work which he published. Professor Morse, of Poughkeepsie. N. Y., *upon whose authority the original statement was made*, finding himself in an unpleasant position, commenced a controversy with Bishop Spalding in relation to the genuineness of our correspondent's letter. He asserts that no such book as the letter is quoted from is in existence; and that 'Old Line' himself is one of those dreaded persons called 'Jesuits.' Now, we assure Professor Morse, and all interested in the controversy, that 'Old Line' *is a Protestant gentleman*, '*staunch in the faith*,' by no means a bitter partisan, and *that he can prove every statement he made to be correct*. His veracity we believe to be as good as Morse's; and if the latter will come to this city, and risk any thing on an impeachment of it, *the book will be produced before a committee selected by the parties*. There is no doubt whatever that Professor Morse is *all wrong* in the matter, or that those who are quoting Lafayette upon his authority are grossly deceived. We assure the public that it can place *the most implicit confidence* in the Enquirer's communication regarding the Lafayette forgery."

The course thus adopted by the Bishop of placing the responsibility in the right quarter was manifestly too fair to be acceptable to his three reverend assailants. They accordingly prudently retired behind the scenes, and set on the Bishop an obscure and violent pedagogue, whom the prelate did not, of course, notice. Determined, at all hazards, to have a controversy in the newspapers, they induced Professor Morse to enter the field, pretending that the Bishop had assailed his character for veracity in denying that Lafayette was the author of the motto! As the Professor was a man of some standing in the community, and as the motto was said to have originated with him, the Bishop did not feel at liberty to decline the discussion, especially as it promised to elicit something in the way of evidence as to the real origin of the motto, and the "evidence" on which it professed to rest.

These are the circumstances which led to the discussion; and we propose now to furnish a brief summary of the evidence produced on both sides. We are entirely willing to abide the verdict of an impartial public, after this condensed statement of the case. The relative position of the disputants was simply this: the Bishop denied, the Professor maintained, the truth and genuineness of the motto; the Bishop being willing entirely to waive the authority of the alleged letter published in the Cincinnati Enquirer, and to rest the discussion on other evidence. The burden of proof thus clearly rested on Professor Morse; and we will, accordingly, first show what evidence he produced in its support, and then give the answers of the Bishop, and the counter-evidence alleged by him. We will endeavor to do both fairly, and, as far as possible, in the very words of the distinguished disputants.

I.—When called on by his Louisville friends, and when subsequently closely cross-examined by the Bishop, the Professor gave the following arguments to show that Lafayette was the author of the motto:

1. The evidence of an *anonymous* writer, whose name the Professor did not choose to divulge, though called on to do so. Says the Professor: "But to the phrase which has aroused the indignant anathemas of Bishop Spalding. It has been much quoted for some years. It stands as a motto in the title-page of a work which I edited in 1837, entitled 'Confessions of a French Catholic Priest.' They who quote the motto may have derived it from this source, or from General Lafayette in some other way." Speaking of this nameless "French Catholic Priest," he adds: "The phrase in question, I have not the least doubt, he derived from Lafayette, directly or indirectly, for the sentiment of it is Lafayette's, as evinced not only in his intercourse with me, but in all the acts of his life."

2. This leads to his second reason: his own recollection of interviews held with the French general at Paris, in 1831–2, a quarter of a century ago. After speaking of his confidential conversations in Italy with Mr. Money, the British Consul-General, who, *he says*, allowed him to copy "extracts from his (Money's) dispatches to his government (?)," which extracts he afterwards exhibited to Lafayette in Paris, he gives the following account of his interviews with the French marquis:

"Hence, as a matter of course, our conversations were on the perfidy of priestly power, and its utter inconsistency with republicanism. I related to him the cause of my suspicions of a papal crusade in the United States, and my belief that it covered political designs. It was then he denounced, in the severest terms, the conduct of the papal government (in suppressing the rebellion at Bologna, in 1831), and condemned its anti-republican hostility. I was more than a year in

Paris, and very regularly, for many months, saw General Lafayette once a week, and sometimes much oftener, at the house of our distinguished countryman, Cooper, being on the Polish committee with him. . . . . I cannot, at this distance of time, of course, remember the identical words, but never did he manifest a doubt of the essential antagonism of the maxims and principles of the Papacy and those of republicanism, nor any doubt, if the Papacy were triumphant, republicanism was at an end. I may here say, in general terms, that the impression left on my mind, from the intimate intercourse I had with him while I resided in Paris, is, that although courteously and respectfully submitting, on occasions deemed necessary, to the ceremonial of the Papal Church, then, as now, the dominant church in France, such as on marriage and funeral occasions, he thoroughly understood and repudiated the Papal system, as in its very nature anti-republican."[1]

3. In his preface to the "Confessions of a French Catholic Priest," issued in October, 1836,[2] he had written as follows in regard to the verity of the motto, confirming his statement by referring to a letter which he says the French general wrote him to Havre :

"It may not be amiss to state that the declaration of Lafayette, in the motto in question, was repeated by him to more than one American. The very last interview which I had with Lafayette, on the morning of my departure from Paris, full of his usual concern for America, he made the same warning; and in a letter which I received from him but a few days after, at Havre, he alluded to the whole subject, with the hope expressed that I would make known the real state of things in Europe to my countrymen; at the same time charging it upon me, as a sacred duty as an American, to acquaint them with the fears which were entertained by the friends of republican liberty in regard to our country. If I have labored with any success to arouse the attention of my countrymen to the dangers foreseen by Lafayette, I owe it, in a great degree, to having acted in conformity to his oft-repeated injunctions.

"SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

"NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, October, 1836."

4. When pressed by the Bishop to confirm his statement by the testimony of some one of those several "Americans" to whom Lafayette had said the same thing, he at length brought forward the Rev. Dr. Vanpelt, of the Dutch Reformed Church, New York, who, though in his eightieth year, had "a vivid and distinct recollection" of the very words of an interview held with Lafayette twenty years previously. Here is his testimony, over which the Professor exults as conclusive :

"Of the conversations at both interviews, my recollection is vivid and distinct. . . . . On my next interview and conversation with Lafayette," says the venerable Dr. Vanpelt, "after his visit and return from Boston, he said to me : 'My dear friend, I must tell you something

[1] Letter of March 19, 1855. [2] The Professor probably mistook when he says above, 1837.

that occurred when I was in Boston. I received a polite invitation from the chief Catholic priest or bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Boston, to attend his church on the Sabbath. I wrote him an apology, saying, as I never expect to be in Boston again, and as during the Revolution, when in Boston, I worshipped sitting by the side of his Excellency General Washington, and as I see that the church and the pews are the same, except as they are decorated with paint, I wish to occupy the same seat in that church on the Sabbath. He took it in great dudgeon that I did not attend his church But I could not help that. I follow my inclination. Now, my friend, I must tell you that I was brought up in France a Roman Catholic, and believed that the Roman Catholic Church was the only true and mother Church, till I came to this country, where I saw his Excellency General Washington and the officers of the American army of different religions, worshipping in different churches. My eyes were opened. I see men can be of different religions, and worship in different churches, and yet be good Christians;" then saying: 'It is my opinion that, *if ever the liberties of this country—the United States of America—are destroyed, it will be by the subtlety of the Roman Catholic Jesuit Priests, for they are the most crafty, dangerous enemies to civil and religious liberty. They have instigated most of the wars in Europe.*' He further said: 'I wish my country, France, had such a government and national liberty as you have in this country.' To which I replied, as my opinion, that neither France nor any other country could have national liberty without the free circulation and knowledge of the *Bible. To which he gave ready and cordial assent.*"

5. The Professor, after having, as he says, sought out diligently in New York a military officer to whom, as he had learned, Lafayette had used the words of the motto twenty years ago, but who either could not be found, or, more probably, would not testify to suit his purpose, he succeeded, at last, in finding another living American witness, in the person of one *J. W. Palmer*, of Richmond, Virginia, who testifies that Lafayette said something similar to the motto at a dinner-party in 1824.

6. His sixth *argument* to establish the truth of the motto may be classed under the head—*miscellaneous;* and it consists, first, in bitter tirades against the Catholic Church, which he loves to describe as "a corporation," most wicked and despotic in its character and working, secretly and openly countenancing fraud, equivocation, and downright mendacity; and secondly, in extracts from Lafayette's published speeches and letters, which prove that he was opposed to a union of Church and State, that he did not wish the clergy to wield political power, and that he was an ardent champion of civil and religious liberty. All this, and much more of the same kind, the Professor considers a triumphant evidence that Lafayette was the author of the motto in question!

II.—These are all the proofs, pretty fully, and, we believe, fairly given, which Professor Morse, after much research and a rigid cross ex-

amination, has been able to produce to establish his position, that the French general really uttered the opinion contained in the motto. We will now present a summary of the Bishop's answers, following the order above presented. The public will thus be enabled to examine both sides of the discussion.

1. The authority of the anonymous French apostate priest, whose "Confessions" Professor Morse edited in 1836, is utterly worthless; for he is nameless, and he belongs, no doubt, to a class of unscrupulous renegades, whose testimony no sensible or impartial man would receive for a moment on any point in which their interest would be promoted by stating what is not true. The Bishop thus vigorously dissects and disposes of his testimony:

"Would such evidence be received in any court of justice in the world, even to establish the source from which the French priest derived his statement? Professor Morse '*has not the least doubt*'—not he—that the priest derived it from Lafayette, 'DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY!!' *Risum teneatis!* But who is this French priest? Is he a reality, or is he a myth? If a reality, he is certainly nameless, and an *apostate* besides! His testimony against his old co-religionists is worth about as much as would be that of *one Benedict Arnold* against the patriots of our glorious Revolution, or of *one Judas Iscariot* against Christ and His apostles: and his book was, no doubt, a suitable companion to its *beautiful* contemporary, 'Maria Monk's Awful Disclosures:' it was about as truthful, as well as profitable—to the publishers!"

And again:

"The public would be greatly enlightened as to the value of this testimony, if the Professor would candidly state how *profitable* was the speculation, and what portion of the proceeds fell to the share of the apostate priest? Did it realize as much as the Maria Monk adventure (a contemporary publication of similar spirit and *weight*), and were there any unseemly squabbles about the division of the proceeds, as was the case among the reverend preachers who brought out the Awful Disclosures, and more recently in regard to that of Miss Bunkley?"

2. To the argument based upon the vague recollection, by the Professor, of interviews held with Lafayette a quarter of a century ago, the Bishop replies by showing, first, how very fallacious such recollections generally are; and secondly, that, according to Morse's own statements, they were exceedingly shadowy, indefinite, wholly unsatisfactory, and really amounted to nothing in the way of evidence. Every one knows how easily even an honest and impartial man may be mistaken in regard to what was said in conversations held many years previously, and, *a fortiori*, how next to impossible it is for a man so thoroughly bigoted and narrow-minded in his prejudices as Morse *proves* himself to be, to be fair, or even ordinarily just, in such cases. The recollections will be

almost sure to take the hue of the narrator's own prejudices, especially when, as in the present case, the conversations regarded not plain facts, palpable to the senses, but political or religious opinions. In no court of justice in Christendom would such evidence be received as entitled to weight. But this testimony of the Professor bears, moreover, strong intrinsic marks of being utterly worthless, and of having been, in fact, gotten up for the occasion. For, as the Bishop says,

"He acknowledges that he first broached the subject to Lafayette by stating his apprehensions of danger to the United States from 'Romish priests,' and that it was his 'impression' that the French patriot concurred with him in opinion. Now, every one who knows any thing of the politeness which characterizes the polished French gentleman will perceive at once, that this pretended acquiescence of Lafayette in an opinion so extravagant really amounts to nothing. A polite and well-educated Frenchman may believe you a simpleton, or an absurd fanatic; but he is too well-bred to tell you so. The Professor alleges his interviews and his long intimacy with Lafayette in 1831–'2; and though he acknowledges that he 'cannot remember *the identical words*,' yet he publishes to the world those *identical words!*

"All this looks sufficiently suspicious; but there is yet another circumstance connected with the matter which is still more so, and which greatly weakens, if it does not wholly destroy, the value of his testimony. His statement was made only in October, 1836, whereas Lafayette had died May 20, 1834, *two years and five months previously! Why this long delay*, if Lafayette had it so much at heart, as the Professor declares, that Americans should be warned of their imminent danger from 'Romish priests?' Did he communicate with the patriot's long departed spirit by a species of spirit-rapping, or did he trust to a vague recollection of mere conversations held several years previously? Or die he wait, *prudently*, until the Catholic hero was already long dead, that he might incur less risk of contradiction? What hypothesis will you adopt to explain this strange delay? Finally, the statement of Professor Morse, besides bearing the marks of the greatest intrinsic improbability, bordering on moral impossibility, was published at a time when the Maria Monk excitement was at its height in New York, and when it was fashionable to receive, without much questioning, any statement, no matter how improbable, that might affect injuriously the Catholic Church or its members. The temporary success of the glaring Maria Monk impostures, sustained, as they were, by such reverend ministers of God as Brownlee, Bourne, Slocum, Hoyt, and others, until the base fabrication was triumphantly exposed by Colonel W. L. Stone, a distinguished Protestant editor of New York, is a sufficient illustration of this mischievous and prurient spirit of pious fraud and easy credulity."

But what is conclusive on the subject, and utterly fatal to the vague recollections of the Professor, is the fact brought out by the Bishop, that *at the very time* Morse says he was holding these intimate interviews with Lafayette, the French General made a speech in the French Chambers, in which he distinctly said precisely the contrary! This undoubt-

ed fact convicts Morse of deliberately bearing false witness, or else it convicts Lafayette of saying one thing in his private interviews with Morse, and another thing, entirely contradictory, publicly before the French Chambers. The American people, whose gratitude naturally makes them respect Lafayette, may select whichever horn of the dilemma they prefer; there is clearly no alternative. The speech was delivered April 9, 1832, and it is found in the "Memoirs, Correspondence, etc.." of Lafayette, published in twelve volumes, by his family, under the *imprimatur* of his favorite son, George Washington Lafayette.[1] The subject in debate was the motion to expel certain refugees from France, including the English, or rather Irish monks who were sojourning with the Trappists at Melleray. Lafayette warmly opposed the bill, and used this language:

"I know well that in the report they have spoken of the expulsion ot some Englishmen who had entered among the Trappists at Melleray, as a measure of good and wise administration. Such measures, gentlemen, are not among those which will merit my eulogy. Mistake not rigor for strength, nor despotism for power; then you will not have need of all these precautions, and the Trappists of Melleray will not be more dangerous for you THAN ARE THE JESUITS OF GEORGETOWN TO THE UNITED STATES."

If, in the view of Lafayette, the Jesuits of Georgetown—the headquarters of the Society in the United States—are not at all dangerous to the United States, then *a fortiori*, according to him, and to the Protestant view, the "Romish Priests," generally, certainly cannot be considered dangerous to the liberties of our prosperous republic. Here, then, is Lafayette in proper person openly asserting the contrary of the motto, and placing a stigma of execration on the vague reminiscences of the Professor, whose blind prejudices evidently got the better of his discretion. How does Morse answer this? The lameness of his reply is an additional evidence of his want of confidence in his own position. He says that Lafayette meant to say that both the Trappists and Jesuits were dangerous men, but that the former were not more dangerous than the latter! Such interpretation, making the French Marquis discourse arrant absurdity, needs no comment.

His Louisville friends had represented him as very aged, and almost tottering on the brink of the grave. We have since learned, however, that they were mistaken, and that in 1855, while the discussion was going on, he was a middle-aged gentleman. This supplies another intrinsic evidence of the utter worthlessness of his testimony; for how old was he when he pretends to have enjoyed that long intimacy with

1 The Bishop had two copies of this work; one in twelve vols., 12mo., and the other in six vols., 8 vo. the former published at Brussels, the latter in Paris.

Lafayette, when he was on the Polish committee with him, and when he was permitted to copy extracts from the confidential dispatches of British ministers to their government? He must have been *very young* at that time—too young entirely to have been made so much of,—and, in the sanguine feelings of youth, evidently greater in his own estimation than in that of others, his seniors both in years and intelligence.

3. In confirmation of his statement in regard to the alleged interviews with Lafayette, the Professor had referred, as we have seen above, to a letter written to him at Havre by the French general, in which "the whole subject" of the warning contained in the motto was alluded to; and yet, when repeatedly challenged to produce that letter, and to exhibit the original, he "backed out" (to use his own phrase applied to the Bishop), expressing his unmitigated surprise that the Bishop had insisted on its production, as "he had never pretended that the motto was in it!" If the Havre letter did not prove the motto, then why did the Professor allege it in proof? True he said subsequently, that the letter had been already published, and that many had seen the original; still he obstinately refused to republish it in connection with the controversy; which circumstance looked very suspicious, especially after he had referred to it so strongly, as establishing or confirming the truth of the motto in his preface to the Confessions of the nameless French apostate priest. The public have already drawn their own conclusion from the Professor's studied silence in regard to that same Havre letter, and the conclusion reached is in no way flattering to the man of telegraphs.

4. But what of the living American witnesses produced by Professor Morse to establish the genuineness of the motto? Alas for him! Here was the saddest blunder of all. The aged octogenarian preacher, *Dr. Vanpelt*, we are quite sure, could never forgive the Professor for having dragged him before the public, and made him expose himself so sadly. Never was there, perhaps, a more striking example of memory entirely at fault, and "vividly and distinctly" remembering facts which never existed! But "we pity the sorrows of an old man." Here is the Bishop's commentary on his testimony given above:

"Next comes the remarkable testimony of Rev. Dr. Vanpelt, whom he vouches for as a genuine 'American witness' of the motto. He does not tell us what became of that distinguished 'military officer' whom he tried to run down. Did he fail to find him, or did the officer decline to testify? The public would like to know. But the Rev. Mr. Vanpelt is a host in himself; though eighty years old, his memory of every word uttered by Lafayette, thirty years ago, is marvellously 'vivid and distinct.' It must surely have been so, if, as I apprehend is the case, he remembered so *distinctly* what never occurred! I know nothing of Mr. Vanpelt, and I respect his gray hairs too much to impeach his veracity.

But I more than suspect that, with his strong prejudices against the Catholic Church, he, while looking back through the long vista of the past into the mirror of memory, saw his own face in the glass, and mistook it for that of Lafayette! It is exceedingly easy to make such mistakes, and I suppose that Professor Morse erred in a similar way. In referring to the age of his witness, the Professor seems to adopt the theory that memory, like wine, improves with age! Now, with all due respect for Mr. Vanpelt, I beg to suggest that his testimony bears strong intrinsic evidence of having been gotten up for the occasion, and of reflecting more of his own prejudices than of the language of Lafayette. It in fact refutes itself, and makes Lafayette appear in an inconsistent, if not a ridiculous light. Only think of Lafayette not knowing whether it was the 'chief Catholic priest' or 'the bishop' of Boston who invited him! Only think of the remarkable reason involved in the pews being 'the same, except as they are decorated with paint!' Only think of Lafayette using the word *Sabbath* instead of *Sunday*—the name which those raised Catholics usually employ to designate the Lord's day! Only think of 'his eyes being opened' by seeing the multiplicity of conflicting sects in the United States! If any one can believe that Lafayette said all this, his organ of credulity must be marvellously developed. Poor Mr. Vanpelt was evidently studying his own features in the glass of memory.

"But there is another circumstance which is fatal to Mr. Vanpelt's testimony. He makes Lafayette say that 'during the Revolution, when in Boston, he worshipped sitting by the side of his Excellency General Washington. Now what will an enlightened public think of this witness, and of his indorser, Professor Morse, when it is known that Lafayette and General Washington *were never at the same time in Boston*, and therefore could not, by possibility, have worshipped 'sitting side by side' in the same church! This fact I have on the highest historical authority; and if it be not a fact, Professor Morse can certainly show when Washington and Lafayette worshipped together in a church in Boston during the Revolution. I had asked him for this information in my last letter; but he declined to answer this, as well as other hard questions, 'waiving them for the present!' Like the indolent school boy, he appears to have a strong inclination to 'skip all hard places.' During each of the five or six visits that Lafayette paid to Boston, up to 1784, General Washington was at a distant point, as can be easily shown from Sparks, and the various biographies of Washington. What, I ask, are we to think of a witness, who thus manufactures leading facts to suit his purpose? I advise Professor Morse to publish a new history of the United States, the facts of which would consist of the 'vivid and distinct recollection' of living octogenarian witnesses, who would have that indispensable quality required by Punch in British generals—*be-eighty-tude*. The compilation would be an interesting historical volume, in which he might most appropriately insert the famous motto ascribed to Lafayette."

5. Nor is the testimony of *Mr. Palmer*, of Richmond, more weighty as evidence. It is based on an incident which is said to have occurred at a dinner-party given to Lafayette at Richmond, in 1824, on his last visit to this country. It is related as follows, by Mr. Palmer, in a letter to Professor Morse:

"While at dinner, some sympathy was expressed by the family for 'poor old Madame G——,' who was quite ill, and in much trouble on account of the absence of her *Priest*, who had been called or ordered to some other congregation, I think.

"General Lafayette, in a quiet, yet peculiar manner—distinctly remembered by me—said: '*Her loss is small, and a blessing, if she could know it; these Romish priests are dangerous men, and will destroy the liberties of America if they can.*' These were his words, as well as I can remember—lowly, yet emphatically expressed."

This story will not bear a moment's scrutiny. It is even more improbable than that of poor *Vanpelt*. It bears intrinsic marks of absurdity, and sufficiently refutes itself, without the following refutation by the Bishop:

"If Lafayette used this language under the circumstances, all I have to say is, that, instead of being the polite, gallant, accomplished French gentleman we all know him to have been, he was rude, heartless, and brutal, as well as devoid of common sense; for how could the mere removal of a priest from one congregation to another affect the liberties of the country in one way or another? Would he not prove as dangerous in one congregation as in another? The story will not bear a moment's examination, and I leave it with confidence, just as I find it, to be judged by impartial public opinion. There must merely be some grievous mistake. Mr. Palmer says, 'I am no Romanist;' probably not. Is he a Know-Nothing?"

6. The circumstance that Professor Morse, instead of adhering to the plain question of fact, which alone was under discussion, felt it necessary to drag into the controversy so much extraneous and wholly irrelevant matter, looks itself very suspicious; for it betrayed a consciousness of his own want of faith in the evidence sustaining his position, and a consequent conviction of the need he had to appeal to vulgar prejudice and passion in support of his thesis. In no measured terms, he abused the Catholic Church as a corporation based on systematic falsehood and legalized dissimulation, and wielding its power by heartless despotism! In this, he greatly damaged his own cause, and succeeded only in showing that the Bishop was right in alleging that he was a very prejudiced, and therefore a wholly unreliable witness against any person or thing Catholic.

The blindness and intensity of his bigotry is surpassed only by the nimbleness of his logic. He leaps to conclusions with almost telegraphic speed! In the language of the poet,

> "While others toil with philosophic force,
> *His* nimble logic takes a shorter course;
> Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
> And gains remote conclusions at a jump."

An amusing instance of this is "his jumping at the conclusion" that the motto is true, from the fact that Lafayette was well known to be in favor of civil and religious liberty! This was manifestly a *non sequitur* of the most transparent kind. But the Bishop exhibited its absurdity in a more striking light, by proving from the Memoirs of Lafayette that in the very bill which he himself drew up for guaranteeing religious liberty in France, he made a distinct profession of the Catholic faith, and spoke of the small Protestant minority in France as persons "who had not the happiness to profess the Catholic religion," as well as from his own declaration, made at the time, that his bill would probably "have failed, had it not been supported by the Bishop of Langres."[1]

Lafayette was far from being a religious man. A soldier, a politician, and a revolutionist by profession, he bestowed but little attention, during the greater portion of his busy life, on the great and all-important subject of religion. At one time, he was probably tinctured with the infidelity which, during his day, was so fashionable in France. But he had a devotedly attached, and, it would appear, a very pious, Christian wife, at whose death-bed the great revolutionist was greatly moved, and gave strong indications of relenting. To her, he promised, at that solemn moment, that he would bestow more attention in future upon eternal interests, and would read attentively certain works which she recommended for his perusal. In one of his letters, he speaks with great feeling of this solemn and affecting scene, and he shows that his faith in the Catholic Church was not extinct. When death approached, he enjoyed the ministrations of the Curate of the Assumption, as his physician, Cloquet, testifies, though his testimony is not explicit as to the dying patriot having received all the rites of the Church. One thing is certain, he was solemnly interred with all the ceremonial of the Catholic service, and a large number of priests walked in the funeral procession. The Bishop says:

"During his last visit to this country, he attended the Catholic worship in the churches of Baltimore and Philadelphia, and probably elsewhere; and I have been informed that at Baltimore he excused himself to the sexton for not kneeling during the service, on the ground that he had a stiff knee. No one has ever dreamed that he was a Protestant, except Professor Morse and poor Dr. Vanpelt, who so 'distinctly and vividly' recollected his conversion! All that my present purpose constrains me to mention is, that he was not a hypocrite; that he had not the meanness to pass for a Catholic in France, so far as he was a Christian at all, and then, at the same time, to speak and act in this country as a Protestant, and as a hater of that Catholic priesthood whom he respected, and whose ministry he cheerfully employed in his family at home. This is my position, and neither Professor Morse nor his wit

1 See *Memoirs, Correspondence, etc.*, vol. ii, p. 178, 8vo edition

nesses have shaken it in the least. From his Memoirs, we learn that he espoused the cause of the faithful French clergy, who had refused to take the iniquitous constitutional oath. Notwithstanding 'the great unpopularity' which was for a time attached to these devoted priests, the worship performed by them 'never ceased to be publicly practised by the family of Lafayette.' (Memoirs, vol. iii., p. 60, Paris edition.) This proves conclusively that he had no sympathy with any but duly recog nized Catholic priests."

In this country, his character stands deservedly high in the mind and heart of a people, justly grateful for his manifold services and sacrifices in achieving our independence. In Europe, public opinion differs greatly in regard to the merits or demerits of his public life. Among the conservative, and, we must add, the sounder, if not better, portion of Europeans, he is looked upon as having been the arch-revolutionist of France and of the world, and, therefore, as a man whose principles were dangerous to the stability of existing governments; while his name is lauded to the skies by revolutionists, republicans, radicals, and free-masons. Yet he was by no means a radical, much less a Red-republican or Jacobin. His policy was revolutionary indeed, but conservative, to a great extent at least, both at the beginning of the first French revolution and at the revolution of 1830. On both these memorable occasions, he played a prominent part, and in both he appeared to occupy a position intermediate between the Red-republicans and the advocates of absolute or strong monarchy. The result was, that he was charged with being untrue to the interests of both; especially was his course denounced as not only vacillating, but even bordering on treachery towards the unfortunate Louis XVI.

But one thing is certain: he was not hypocrite enough to say one thing in France in regard to Catholic priests, and another thing, precisely the contrary, in America. This, with other points, is tersely set forth in the questions which the Bishop propounded three or four times in successive letters to Professor Morse, without obtaining an answer. As these unanswered questions allude to the gist of the whole discussion, we subjoin them:

"1. If the Professor was so long and so very intimate with Lafayette, and if he corresponded and was 'on the Polish Committee' with him, why is it that his name is never *once* mentioned in the twelve volumes of 'Memoirs, Correspondence, and Manuscripts of General Lafayette published by his family?' (*Memoires, Correspondence, et Manuscrits du General Lafayette; publiés par sa famille:* Bruxelles, 1837.) I have the work before me; and if the Professor's name occurs in it even *once*, the fact has wholly escaped my examination, and he, having the work, can easily correct me.

"2. If Lafayette urged him, so repeatedly and so earnestly, to give the warning contained in the motto to the American people, as early as

1831, why did he delay giving it till 1836 or 1837 (he gives both dates), *five or six years afterwards, and about three years after the death of the French patriot?* He alone can answer this question.

"3. If this was really the sentiment of Lafayette, why is not the famous motto found in these twelve volumes, consisting in great part of his own writings? And why is no trace of it to be discovered in any of the published lives of the French patriot? Why especially does his physician, Cloquet, who was so intimately acquainted with his inmost thoughts, say nothing whatever on this subject in the elaborate work in which he treats of the private life and conversations of the patriot? (See Recollections of the Private Life of General Lafayette, by Jules Cloquet, 1 vol. 8vo, London, 1835.)

"4. How does the Professor reconcile the two manifestly inconsistent facts of Lafayette's using the motto to American Protestants, and at the same time passing for a Catholic in France, praising the tender Catholic piety of his devoted wife, and wishing to be buried by her side? Was he a hypocrite, or was he only inconsistent? How explain the solemn Catholic funeral service, so beautifully described by Cloquet, and the interment in the Catholic cemetery of *Picpus*, with a large Catholic cross near his grave? (See cut of his tomb, in Cloquet, page 291.) Think you, the priests would have assisted in such numbers at the funeral, if he had been in the habit of abusing them? Or did Lafayette have one language for American Protestants, and another for French Catholics?

"5. In his *chateau*, or castle, at Lagrange, Lafayette, like other French Catholics of rank, had a chapel (*Cloquet*, page 171); now what was the use of this chapel, if his enemies, the 'Romish priests,' were not to officiate therein? Was this, too, a mockery, or was it sheer hypocrisy?"

After keeping silence for months in regard to these searching questions, the Professor at length waxed indignant, and flatly refused "to condescend" to answer them, on the ground that the Bishop was impeaching his veracity! And so he took his leave of the prelate and the public.

We conclude this summary review with the testimony of one among the most laborious, accurate, and talented of our historians, a Protestant gentleman, who has probably made more researches into American history than any other living man; we mean *Jared Sparks*, whose testimony is worth that of a hundred such bigots as Professor Morse:—

"CAMBRIDGE, July 26, 1855.

"*Dear Sir*—On my return home, after a long absence, I find your letter of June 30, from Niagara Falls.

"As to the first of your questions, I believe no historical fact can be better established, than that Washington was not in Boston between the years 1776 and 1789, and that he was never there with Lafayette.

"That Lafayette said: 'If the liberty of the United States is ever destroyed, it will be by Romish priests,' is so improbable, that I could not believe it, except on the affirmation of some person that he heard him say so, and even then I should suspect misapprehension. Any re-

flecting man may conjecture many causes much more likely, to say the least, to destroy our liberty than the Romish priesthood.

"I often saw Lafayette in Paris, in the year 1829. On one occasion, I attended, by invitation, the wedding of a grand-daughter in one of the principal churches of the city. The ceremony was performed by Catholic priests, and Lafayette appeared to attend to it throughout with as much solemnity as any person present. At Lagrange, where I passed two or three weeks with him, he conversed about the schools in that neighborhood, in which he seemed to take a strong personal interest. I remember hearing him say, that he thought the schools too exclusively under the direction of ecclesiastics, and that the laymen ought to take a more active part in them, but I never heard him speak disrespectfully of the Catholic church or clergy.

"I am, dear sir, very respectfully yours,

"JARED SPARKS.

"Rt. Rev. Bishop SPALDING."

XXXVII. COMMON-SCHOOLS.[1]

[The following paper was written to show the condition of Common-School education in the different countries of Europe, as stated on undoubted authority, with a view to enable the reader to compare the mechanism and working of the European system with those of our own, especially in regard to providing equal educational rights and facilities to that portion of the population which happens to be in the minority in regard to religion. From the statistics herein exhibited, it appears that France, and even Austria, are much in advance of ourselves in their respect for the religious privileges and rights of minorities.

These facts, brought out on Protestant testimony, were so startling, as to provoke a labored attack on the writer through the columns of the Louisville Journal. He answered through the Louisville Courier, and quite an animated discussion, running through several months, was kept up, in which the whole merits and demerits of our Common-School system were freely canvassed on both sides. The assailant of the writer never once ventured to call in question the accuracy of the facts, as stated by by him in the following paper; but he sought to make other issues, and to awaken popular prejudice, in lieu of meeting the argument based on stubborn facts. He was very shy of the practical question—whether Catholic Austria or France was and is not more liberal towards her small Protestant minority, in the matter of education, than is the Protestant majority to the Catholic minority in this free country? He moreover declined the equitable proposition of the writer to publish, at joint expense, the entire discussion, with a view to the enlightenment of public opinion on a matter of so much importance.]

The great question of the day for us Americans is, undoubtedly, that of Common-School education. Its practical importance can scarcely be exaggerated. Upon the system adopted for the education of our children, probably more than upon any thing else, depends the future of our republic. If "the child be the father of the man," our children will certainly exhibit in their manhood those traits of character to which their young and susceptible natures were moulded under the parental roof, in the school-room, and in the church. Soon will the men and women of the present generation be gathered to the tomb, and their children will take their places in the busy and ever-shifting drama of life, acting out therein their several parts according to their previous training. Nothing, then, can be of greater and of more vital importance to our future than the sound education of our children.

[1] The Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe; showing the results of the Primary Schools, and the Division of Landed Property in Foreign Countries. By Joseph Kay, Esq., M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister at law, and late Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge. London: Longmans, 1850. 2 vols., 12mo.

No fact in history is better authenticated, than that the Catholic Church has been at all times, and under all circumstances, even the most discouraging, the munificent patroness and fostering mother of education especially of the education of the poor, who have ever been her favorite children. She founded and liberally endowed almost all the great universities of Europe; those magnificent establishments which, during the Middle Ages, were the luminous courts of religion and science, of literature and the arts, and which annually sent forth into the most remote parts of Europe thousands of highly educated young men, to become the pioneers of Christian civilization among rude and uneducated populations.

The benefits which the Church thereby conferred on mankind—benefits which we now so largely share, without, probably, reflecting much on their origin—are almost incalculable. Without her agency, civilization would have been impossible. But more than this, she was the first to establish Common Schools for the gratuitous education of the masses. From the days of Charlemagne, in the ninth century, down to those of Leo X., in the beginning of the sixteenth, free-schools sprang up in rapid succession over the greater portion of Europe, and generally under the shadow of her churches and her monasteries. Throughout the entire period which is designated by Protestants as that of the "dark ages," Roman pontiffs, and Catholic bishops assembled in council, enacted laws requiring the establishment of such schools in connection with all the cathedral and parochial churches; and if these laws could not always be carried into effect, in consequence of the civil commotions which were then so frequent, it was surely not the fault of the Church; for the Church was ever indefatigable in her efforts to calm down the passions of men which led to those bloody feuds, and to diffuse among the people, along with religious teaching, the elements of a sound Christian education. This has been freely admitted and clearly established by learned and enlightened men of every shade of religious opinion; by such men as Hallam, Maitland, Turner, Bishop Tanner, Guizot, the two Schlegels, Voigt, Hurter, and others.

These undoubted facts must be blotted out from the history of the past, before the enemies of the Catholic Church can make good their accusation that she is opposed to the education of the people. The allegation that Catholics in this country are not favorable to the system of Common-Schools, as here adopted, does not at all sustain the charge; for our opposition to the system does not grow out of any disposition to check or stifle the education of the many, which we are inclined, on the contrary, to promote by every means in our power, but it is founded on other reasons, altogether different. It is because we conscientiously believe that our present Common-School system is grievously defective and

faulty; and that, whether intentionally or not, it infringes our religious liberties, guarantied to us by the constitution, for the securing of which, the blood of our fathers flowed as freely as did that of those who would fain force upon us their own crude and illiberal ideas of education. Minorities have rights as well as majorities; and when minorities have reason and truth on their side, they have even stronger and more valid rights.

We object to the Common-School system as established in our free republic—freer in every thing else than in this—because it compels us to pay taxes for the support of schools to which we cannot conscientiously send our children. The necessary result is, that we are forced to incur the enormous expense of erecting and supporting other schools for their education, if we would educate them at all; and we are thus doubly taxed, as were our fathers, the Catholics of Maryland, by the Protestant majority, merely because they were Catholics![1] Our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, who are vastly in the majority, and have the power in their hands, may make light of, and even deride, our religious scruples on this subject; but we are simple enough to have a conscience, even when such a commodity is so very inconvenient, expensive, and unfashionable; and to say boldly to our opponents, that we would rather lose the whole world than offend God, risk our eternal salvation, or endanger that of our children. We are even antiquated enough in our notions to believe, that it is our sacred duty to rear up our children "in the discipline and correction of the Lord," and to bequeath to them, as the most valuable of all legacies, good religious impressions, and a sound *religious* education. This is, we are quite sure, the most important element of education—ay, "the one thing necessary;" and this essential branch of instruction is not, and cannot, be taught in our Common-Schools, as at present constituted.

Our present system of primary education either ignores religion altogether, or it teaches principles which we believe to be false or dangerous; or at best, it confines religious instruction to certain vague and unmeaning generalities, which are, in their practical influence on the moral and religious training of children, probably worse than no teaching at all. Human nature is prone to evil, and it constantly needs the application of the moral and religious curb, especially during the slippery period of youth. To teach a child's head is not to educate, much less to form, his heart. Mere instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic,

1 The atrocious injustice of this treatment of our Catholic ancestors in Maryland, before the Revolution, is the more striking from these undoubted historical facts: 1. That Maryland was originally a Catholic colony, and the first to establish free toleration and religious liberty; and, 2. That those who afterwards rose up and persecuted her Catholic colonists were themselves indebted to the latter for a free home and a shelter from the persecution of brother Protestants in neighboring colonies! There are few instances of an ingratitude so black as this in all the annals of history.

geography, and book-keeping will not train the pupil to self-denial, to virtue, and to the government of the passions. Such a system might do well enough for pagans; it is certainly totally unfitted to Christians. It would develop—and it has already developed to a fearful extent in this country—that characteristic element in the morals of pagan society, which Horace satirizes, in his *Ars Poetica*, as the one most prominent in the Roman youth of his day; POST NUMMOS VIRTUS—AFTER MONEY, VIRTUE. Our youth are practically trained up, under our Common-School system, to make money,—honestly if they can, but at all events to make money. They are, indeed, taught to be moral and virtuous, at least so far as will be convenient and conducive to the main chance; knowing well that "honesty is the best policy," and that a moral man, reputed virtuous by his neighbors, will have much more weight in society, and will be much more likely to make money, and be well to do in the world, than one who has not such a reputation. Religion is all very well in its way, it makes a man respectable in this world, besides fitting him, probably, for the next; but it must not sit too heavily on us, much less clog our progress towards wealth and worldly eminence. Is not man a progressive being, and was he not made for society? What is the benefit of a religion which represses our energies, and keeps us behind our rivals in the race of life? Religion must be adapted to the spirit of the age, or we will have none of it; and to be adapted to the spirit of the age, it must be very elastic, very "fast," and very progressive!

We do not mean to say that these maxims are expressly taught our youth; but there is little doubt that the tendency of ignoring religion, and even of the meagre and bald religious instruction occasionally given in our Common-School education, lies in this worldly and pagan direction. And such being the case, can reasonable and reflecting men wonder that those who have faith, and value aright the salvation of their own souls, and the souls of their children, should be shy of our Common-Schools, or even strongly opposed to them? That the religious scruples of Catholics on this subject are well, at least very strongly founded, is apparent from the fact that after paying the heavy taxes imposed by the State, they are impelled by their conscientious convictions to contribute vast additional sums of money for the establishment of such schools as they can safely patronize. In this utilitarian age, in which mammon has far more worshippers than the living God, there can be no more striking evidence of a man's sincerity, than his willingness to put his hand in his pocket, and to sacrifice his worldly treasures to the requirements of his conscience.

It is all well enough to say that religious instruction is an affair of the parental hearth and of the church, not of the school-room. But if

the child has received defective or bad moral and religious training during the whole day or week, how is the parent to supply the deficiency, or correct the wrong impression at night, or the pastor on Sunday? It is easy to teach children evil, or to let their passions run riot; it is exceedingly difficult effectually to teach them good, or to remove bad impressions. Besides, many parents are not able or not willing to impart religious instruction to their children at home; and even the most zealous pastor cannot always suffice for the proper religious instruction of all the children of his district, especially if these have been exposed during the week to other and dangerous influences. In the case of Catholic children frequenting our Common-Schools, effective religious instruction by either parents or pastors thus becomes almost impossible. If such Catholic children are not expressly taught what is opposed to their religion, and if the school-books which they use are not tainted with anti-Catholic prejudice and misrepresentations,—which is but too frequently the case,—they are often singled out as Catholics, and perhaps "foreigners," by their school-companions, and sometimes by their teachers, and become objects of ridicule. Thus numberless petty annoyances are constantly brought to bear upon their tender minds. The result of this training is obvious. Either they become ashamed of their religion, grow suddenly much wiser than their parents, and laugh at their simplicity; or if they have the courage to hold out, they continue to be the laughing-stock of the school, and, unless they have a taste for this species of martyrdom, they have to fly elsewhere for safety.

This is no fancy sketch, nor even an exaggeration. It is a picture drawn from life, and rather under than over drawn. Our Common Schools, as at present organized, so far as we are acquainted with them, are no places for Catholic children, who are shut out from them as effectually as they would be by locks and bolts. Catholics are thus forcibly ejected from schools, which their money was extorted by law to erect, thus paying for what they cannot enjoy; and this, too, in a country boasting above all others of its freedom. It is not our Protestant fellow-citizens, then, who have a right to complain of us in the matter of Common-Schools; but it is we who have clearly a right to complain of them. It is the persecuted minority who may justly feel aggrieved by the tyranny of the persecuting majority; persecuting precisely because they are the majority, and under our laws have the *might* if not the *right* to persecute. For it is persecution, consider it in what light you may, to take a man's money by law, and then to refuse him the consideration for which his money was paid, unless on a condition which he cannot accept without sacrificing his conscience.

In a mixed population like ours, where there are almost as many

religious creeds as there are heads, the education of the people through Common-Schools, without infringing their religious liberty, is, we freely admit, a matter beset with manifold difficulties. Yet we do not believe that these difficulties are wholly insurmountable. What has been done can be done again; and we are prepared to show that in communities very nearly similar to our own, the two things, general Common School education, under the auspices of the State, and religious liberty on the part of the different religious denominations in the State, have been so far reconciled as to obviate, if not all the difficulties of the position, at least the more glaring of those wrongs to which we have referred above as existing in our own Common-School system. What has been accomplished and is now done under the monarchies of Europe, in favor of religious liberty, may surely be accomplished in this *free* country; unless, indeed, we are prepared to admit that we are practically less free than the monarchies of the old world, in which case our boasted love of liberty would be all a sham.

In order to show how the difficult problem of reconciling Common-School education with religious liberty has been solved in Europe, we will furnish to our American readers a rapid analysis of the highly instructive and interesting work, the title of which is found at the head of this paper. The author, *Joseph Kay, Esq., M. A.*, is an Englishman, an uncompromising Protestant Anglican, and evidently no friend of the Catholic Church, or of Catholic populations. He takes no pains to disguise his prejudice against Catholicity; and he has not even learned to practise the courtesy of calling us by our proper name! The vulgar nickname *Romanist* is usually employed by him, instead of *Catholic* or *Roman Catholic*, the latter of which is sanctioned and adopted by the British Parliament itself, the founder of the Anglican Church Establishment to which he belongs. But though an Englishman and a Protestant, and notwithstanding his discreditable ill-breeding, he is generally candid in the statement of facts; and we are disposed to abide by his testimony, which, for the reasons just named, will, we presume, be deemed unexceptionable by non-Catholics. His evidence is the more reliable, because based on long and patient investigation of the condition of popular education in Europe; and his statements cannot fail to prove especially interesting to American readers, to most of whom they will be new; for his work contained too many candid admissions in favor of Catholic countries, and too many statements damaging to those which are Protestant, to entitle it to republication in this country, where works, to be popular and *suitable to the market*, must pander to vulgar prejudice.

Mr. Kay furnishes the following account of himself and his publication:

"In 1846 the Senate of the University of Cambridge honored me by appointing me Travelling Bachelor of the University, and by commissioning me to travel through Western Europe, in order to examine the condition of the poorer classes of the different countries. During the last eight years I have travelled through Prussia, Saxony, the Austrian empire, Bavaria, Wurtemburg, the Duchy of Baden, Hanover, Oldenburg, Lombardy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, and Holland, as well as through England, Wales, and parts of Scotland and Ireland. I undertook the greater part of these journeys in order to examine the comparative conditions of the peasants and operatives in these several countries, the different modes of legislating for them, and the effects of these different modes of legislation upon their character, habits, and social condition."—Vol. I., pp. 4, 5.

The first volume of this work contains an elaborate report on the material, moral, and social condition of the poorer classes in continental Europe, as compared to that of the corresponding population in England; and the second is devoted to a detailed examination of the educational establishments in those several countries. Our business at present lies with the contents of the second volume.

His statistics of Common-School education in Europe date back from ten to fifteen years from the time of our present writing; but as it is probable that they have not since varied much, at least relatively, they will suffice for the purpose of comparison. The limits of our paper will not allow us to go into many details; though these would probably prove more interesting to most of our readers than a mere summary of the more prominent facts, and of the general results, which alone we shall be able to furnish.

We confess that we were not prepared for some of his statistics in regard to the educational establishments of Europe. The following statement in particular took us somewhat by surprise. In point of the number of teachers and of primary and normal schools in proportion to the population, and, we may add, the perfect organization and details of the whole Common-School system, while the German States occupy an intermediate position, *France ranks first, and England last!* After all we had heard and read of the educational establishments in Prussia, Scotland, and other Protestant countries, this fact, abundantly attested by figures, proved somewhat startling. The following table, which treats of the number of teachers of primary schools, and of normal schools for the education of teachers, in proportion to the population in different European countries, will exhibit, at a glance, the relative condition and operation of their respective school establishments. We extract the figures from Kay, though we do not follow his order, and leave out Switzerland, his statistics of this republic embracing with certainty only the canton of Bern.[1]

1 Vol. II., pp. 231, seq., and p. 477.

"In France, the number of primary schools in 1843 was 59,383, the number of normal colleges for the instruction of teachers was 96, and the number of teachers actually engaged in instruction 75,535; and as the population of France in 1843 amounted to 34,230,178, it follows that there was in that year:—

1 Primary school in France for every	558	inhabitants.
1 Teacher for every	446	"
1 Normal college for every	356,564	"

In the same year there was in Prussia—

1 Primary school for every	653	inhabitants.
1 Teacher for every	662	"
1 Normal college for every	377,300	"

"In the kingdom of Bavaria (Catholic), in the year 1846, there was—

1 Teacher for every	508	inhabitants.
1 Primary school for every	603	"
1 Normal college for every	550,000	"

"In the kingdom of Saxony (Protestant, with Catholic king) there was in the year 1843—

1 Primary school for every	900	inhabitants.
1 Teacher for every	588	"
1 Normal college for every	214,975	"

"In the duchy of Baden (Catholic, with Protestant government), in the year 1841, there was—

1 Primary school for every	700	inhabitants.
1 Normal college for every	500,000	"

It will be seen that while Saxony has more normal schools in proportion to the population than either Prussia, Bavaria, or even France, she is far behind France in the relative number of primary schools and teachers, and behind Prussia, Bavaria, and Baden in the proportion of primary schools to the population. It is well to bear in mind, that in Saxony, the government is Catholic, with a large majority of Protestants in the population, while the government of Prussia is Protestant with about two-fifths of the population Catholic; that of Baden Protestant, with a very large Catholic majority; while both the government and an overwhelming majority of the people of Bavaria are Catholic.

In regard to the Austrian empire, our Travelling Bachelor furnishes the following statistics of education:

"In 1842 the population of the Austrian empire, including Lombardy, but excluding Hungary, was 25,304,152. For this population, 20,293 primary day-schools had been founded; that is, one primary day-school for every 1,247 inhabitants, besides 11,140 repetition, or evening-class schools. For these 20,293 primary schools, 41,809 teachers had

been appointed and salaried, each of these teachers having obtained a certificate of competence before being allowed to officiate as an instructor of youth. There was, therefore, in 1842, about one teacher for every 600 inhabitants in the whole empire of Austria, excluding Hungary, and rather more than two teachers, on the average, to every primary school."[1]

He subjoins a table, from which it appears that in 1842 there were in Austria—

"Of children who ought to attend schools, 249,326; of those who actually attended day-schools, 244,032; of those who attended the repetition schools, 108,399. Total number attending day and repetition schools, 342,430."[2]

We leave the comment upon these figures to our readers. It will be seen, at a glance, that in many respects, the educational system of Catholic France is far in advance of that adopted in any other European country, not excepting the much-vaunted school systems of Prussia, and other German States; and that the position of Catholic Austria, of which we shall speak more in detail a little further on, is also highly respectable. Of France, in comparison with Germany, our author bears the following honorable testimony:

"Vast as the efforts are which the German and Swiss States are making to educate their people, the great and minutely considered system of public education, which is now in operation throughout every commune in France, rivals them in its comprehensiveness, efficiency, and liberality, and in the completeness and well-considered nature of its details."[3]

But what of England, of whose greatness and literary advancement we have heard so much? In the education and the social position of the masses of her people, England is, to use one of her own favorite sporting phrases, completely *distanced* in the race by every European country which Mr. Kay visited; he himself an Englishman, being our witness.

While France expends annually, for the promotion of popular education, two million pounds sterling, or nearly ten millions of dollars, England expends only one hundred and twenty thousand pounds! While France has 59,838 elementary schools, conducted under the auspices of the government, England and Wales, with about half her population, have only 4,000! Not only is England immeasurably behind France and Austria in the matter of popular education, but also far behind all the German populations, whether Protestant or Catholic! To come up even to the lowest standard of popular education in Continental Europe, England and Wales should have 23,531 schools, 26,500 teachers, and

1 Vol. II., p. 342. 2 Ibid., p. 343. 3 Ibid., p. 403.

41 normal schools;[1] whereas, of normal schools, she has only 12, to 92 in France, and not much more than *one-sixth* of her fair quota of primary schools! Even the schools she supports are very far inferior, *in every respect*, to those on the European continent, as our candid English Travelling Bachelor not only admits, but clearly *proves*, by facts which cannot be gainsayed. The following extract contains the gist of his report on the education of the people in England; and its length will be pardoned, on account of the great interest of the subject:

"I will give a short summary of the present state of primary education in England and Wales, as collected from the reports of her Majesty's Inspectors, of the Commissioners of Inquiry in Wales, of the National Society, of the Statistical Society, and of the City Mission; from Mr. Redgrave's Reports, from some very able articles in the North British Review, and from numerous personal inquiries in various parts of England and Wales.

"1. It has been calculated that there are, at present, in England and Wales, NEARLY EIGHT MILLIONS OF PERSONS who cannot read and write.

"2. Of all the children in England and Wales, between the ages of five and fourteen, MORE THAN THE HALF are not attending any school.

"3. Even of the class of farmers, there are great numbers who cannot read and write.

"4. Even of those children of the poor who have received some instruction, very few know any thing of geography, history, science, music, or drawing. Their instruction in the village schools has hitherto generally consisted of nothing more than a little practice in reading, writing, and Scripture history.

"5. Of the teachers who are officiating in many of the village schools, there are many who cannot read and write correctly, and who know very little of the Bible, which they profess to explain to their scholars.

"6. A very great part of our present village and town schools are managed by poor and miserably instructed dames,[2] who thus seek to make a livelihood, and who literally do no good to the children, except it be keeping them for a certain number of hours in the day out of the dirt, and out of worse society.

"7. Many of these *dame-schools* are so wretchedly managed as to do the children a very great deal more harm than good, by uniting miserable associations with the Sacred Writings, and with the subjects of the wretched instruction given in these schools.

"8. Very many of our town-schools are held in small and unventilated cellars or garrets, where the health of the children is seriously impaired.

"9. If we except only the *worst* part of the dame-schools, we have not, even then, *one-half* as many school-buildings as we require for the *present* numbers of our population.

"10. By far the greatest part of our school-buildings have only one room, in which all the classes are instructed together, in the midst of noise and foul air.

1 See vol. ii., p. 232.

2 This numerous class of wretched schools is designated in England by the name of *Dame-schools*.

"11. Many of our present school-rooms have no forms and no parallel desks, both of which are to be found in every school-room throughout Western Europe; and in all such schools, the children are kept standing the whole day.

"12. Very few of our school-rooms are properly supplied with maps, books, or school apparatus."[1]

We might copy this fearful summary down to number 30, to which number our author carries it; but what we have here given will suffice for our purpose.

With such evidence as this, furnished by an Englishman, no candid man will doubt our statement, that, in regard to the education of her people, England stands the lowest among all those nations which are reputed civilized. And yet it is precisely England which has boasted most of her enlightenment and civilization; it is England which is always thrown in our teeth, as a convincing example of Protestant progress and learning, in contrast with the stationary character of Catholic populations; it is England which has, for three hundred years, been the most reckless and foul-mouthed slanderer of the Catholic Church, and of every person and thing Catholic; it is England, with her ignorant, brutalized, and down-trodden masses, which, in the face of the civilized world, in the face of light and knowledge to the contrary, dares boast her own proud pre-eminence, and sneer at her more ignorant and less enlightened neighbors, who enjoy not the priceless blessings of her wonderful *dame-schools*, and of her humane and beneficent workhouses! Verily, she should first extract the beam from her own eye, and medicate the cancer which is gnawing at her own vitals, before rebuking her neighbors.

Lest it should be thought that we have grown too warm in our indignation at such barefaced and transparent national hypocrisy, we will here subjoin the closing lines of Mr. Kay's volumes, from which it will appear that his indignation is scarcely less than our own. He is speaking of his own dear country, England:

"Here, with our vast accumulated masses; with a population increasing by a thousand per diem; with an expenditure on abject pauperism which, in these days of our prosperity, amounts to £5,000,000 per annum; with a terrible deficiency in the numbers of our churches and of our clergy; with the most demoralizing publications spread through the cottages of our operatives; with democratic ideas of the wildest kinds, and a knowledge of the power of union daily gaining ground among them; here, too, where the poor have no stake whatever in the country; where there are no small properties; where the most frightful discrepancies exist between the richer and the poorer classes; where the poor fancy they have nothing to lose, and every thing to gain, from a revolution; here, too, where we are stimulating the rapid increase of

[1] P. 461, seqq.

our population by extending and steadying the base of our commercial greatness; where the majority of the operatives have no religion; where the national religion is one utterly unfitted to attract an uneducated people; where our very freedom is in danger, unless the people are taught to use, and not to abuse it; and here, too, where the aristocracy is richer and more powerful than that of any other country in the world, *the poor are more oppressed, more pauperized, more numerous in comparison to the other classes, more irreligious, and very much worse educated, than the poor of any other European nation, solely excepting Russia, Turkey, South Italy, Portugal, and Spain.*"[1]

The exception of Russia and Turkey may be all well enough; but had the honest English Travelling Bachelor visited "South Italy, Portugal, and Spain," we think well enough of his candor to believe that he would have left them out of the comparison. We were never in Portugal, but we have visited Spain, and we spent more than four years in "South Italy;" and, with the exception, *perhaps*, of the very worst of the Neapolitan *Lazzaroni*,[2] we believe—in fact, we are quite certain—that the poor of those countries are, *in every respect*, and especially in point of education, very far in advance of the corresponding class in England and Wales! The poorest children of the poorest *Lazzaroni* are not half so degraded or brutalized as Mr. Kay represents the children of the poor in almost all the cities and towns of England. We regret that our limited space forbids us to give the passage in full. Suffice it to say, that, according to his own showing, the children of the English poor are the most neglected, the most dirty, the most degraded, the most ignorant, and the most thoroughly brutalized little savages within the boundaries of Christendom, not even excepting Russia—so far, at least, as we are acquainted with Russia.

But we have already devoted more space to this branch of the subject than we had originally intended, and we must hasten on. We have yet to analyze the Common-School systems of continental European countries, in their reference to the rights of parents, and to the still more sacred rights of religious liberty.

The two great difficulties in the way of education, under the auspices or control of the State, are parental rights and differences of religious belief among the population. No system which glaringly violates either parental rights or religious liberty can be logically advocated, or can permanently succeed. This has been well understood by most of the continental European governments which have established Common-Schools; and all of them, with scarcely an exception known to us—certainly no exception on the part of Catholic governments—have adopted provisions to secure those rights; some, indeed, to a greater, some to a

1 Vol. ii., p. 538. The italics are his own.

2 So called by English, and by some American travellers, though they do not appear to be a distinct race of people.

less extent. In all of them, with hardly an exception known to us, provision is made for the education of the children in the religion of their parents. In all of them, or nearly all, SEPARATE SCHOOLS, RECEIVING THEIR REGULAR QUOTA OF THE SCHOOL-MONEY, are permitted by law, whenever the parents in any particular locality, being of one religious sentiment, whether Protestants or Catholics, desire to found such schools. In almost all of them, religious instruction—not general, meaningless, or vague, but detailed and full—is deemed an essential and paramount part and element of Common-School education. Religious instruction, in all of them, occupies the FIRST PLACE in the list of branches to be taught; and in all of them, a time is specially set apart for this highest and noblest department of education. In separate schools, the ministers of the Christian denomination to which the parents of the children belong attend, at stated times, generally one hour each day, to impart religious teaching. In mixed schools, which are nearly equally divided, the ministers of the different denominations of the parents of the children teach regularly the Catechism to the children of their respective flocks; while in those mixed schools where there is but a small minority of Catholics or Protestants, the minority have the guaranteed right to retire during the hour devoted to religious instruction.

In not one of all the educational establishments of Europe, whether Protestant or Catholic, is there found any thing exactly similar to our own system, either in respect to compulsory taxes to support a system of which the minority do not approve, and of which they cannot conscientiously avail themselves, or in regard to the principle of teaching either no religion at all in the Common-Schools, or of teaching one of which any portion of the children taught, or their parents, would conscientiously disapprove. In not one of them, known to us, is there any compulsory sectarian reading or sectarian religious exercise or worship in mixed schools, with the obligation on children, whose parents conscientiously disapprove such reading or worship, to attend the same. While religious teaching is made, in nearly all of them, a co-ordinate and essential part of Common-School education, to be imparted by their respective ministers to children of different religious persuasions, without directly or indirectly shocking the religious feeling or infringing the religious rights of any, no one, not even in Germany, is compelled by law to send his children to any school of which he disapproves, provided he be able and willing to educate them elsewhere, either in separate schools, allowed and supported by the government, or in other good schools of his own choosing.

With these wise and liberal provisions, carried out in good faith, the European parent need have but little apprehension that his child will be seduced from the faith in which he wishes him to be reared up. It was

reserved for our own free and happy republic, to adopt a system of Common-School education which makes no provision for religious instruction, elsewhere deemed so essential by all reflecting and candid Christians; which will allow of no separate schools receiving their quota of support from the school-fund, created by taxing all alike, and which says to its Catholic citizens: "You will either send your children to our schools, where they will be taught no religion, beyond a few vague generalities, and will be practically brought up infidels, or will be trained up to sneer at the religion of their parents, or else you will pay your taxes for supporting these schools, from which you can derive no possible benefit, unless at the sacrifice of conscience; and then you may, if you choose, tax yourselves again to found such schools as your over-delicate conscience may find necessary!" There is, we venture to say, no educational establishment in all Christendom, outside of our own *free* country, which is based upon so unjust and detestable a tyranny of the majority over the minority, as that which marks our own! That of some of the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, another *free* country, comes, perhaps, the nearest to ours. But even Switzerland, so far as our information extends, is not guilty, at least to the same extent, of our tyranny over conscience in this matter of education. This will be seen a little further on.

We do not pretend to say, that the educational establishments of continental Europe are perfect, or that they are even all that they profess to be, or what Mr. Kay claims for them. But no candid man, who peruses attentively the minute account of them furnished by our author, can doubt for a moment that they are, in many respects, far superior to ours, especially in the vital point of much better securing to all the sacred rights of religious liberty. This is particularly the case in those European countries where Catholics are in the majority, and have the political preponderance, as in France and Austria. Speaking of the great success of the Common-Schools on the European continent, in contrast with the neglect of popular education in England and Wales, Mr. Kay employs the following language—which we extract both as a specimen of his religious bigotry, and as an evidence of what we have just stated:—

"And let it be remembered that these great results have been attained, notwithstanding obstacles *at least* as great as those which make it so difficult for us to act (in England). Look at Austria, Bavaria, and the Prussian Rhine provinces, and the Swiss cantons of Lucerne and Soleure. Will any one say that the religious difficulties in those countries are less than those which exist in our own? Is Roman Catholicism in these countries free from the arrogance and haughtiness, which are, at the same time, the causes and effects of a vain belief in human infallibility, and which stimulate opposition instead of conciliating opinion? Is the sectarianism of the Jesuits of Lucerne, or of the priests of

Bavaria, of a more yielding character towards the Protestant 'heretics,' than that of one Protestant party in England towards another? And yet, in each of these countries, the difficulties arising from religious differences have been overcome, and *all* their children have been brought under the influence of a *religious* education, without any religious party having been offended."[1]

Here it is not only admitted, but expressly stated, by an unexceptional, because prejudiced witness, that in the principal Catholic governments and communities of Germany and Switzerland, the religious rights of the Protestant minority are carefully respected, so that all the children receive "a *religious* education, without any religious party having been offended." Coming from the quarter it does, this testimony is invaluable. The simple fact it vouches for is worth more than a volume of defence against the stale, but oft reiterated accusation of intolerant despotism against the Catholic Church wherever its members are in power. It is a triumphant refutation of the charge, that Catholics crush the religious liberties of the dissenting minority wherever they are in the majority, and have the power to do so. It is a remarkable fact, on the contrary, that in such Catholic governments as France and Austria, if any complaint could be justly made against the educational systems there adopted, it would rather come from the Catholic majority than from the very small Protestant minority. It has been often alleged, and with some grounds, that the religious interests and rights of the overwhelming Catholic majority in these two countries have been not unfrequently sacrificed to an overweening desire, on the part of the government, to secure the religious liberty of the non-Catholic minority! This was particularly the case in France, until the present illustrious emperor of the French, by a stroke of the pen, destroyed the odious university monopoly, and made education *free*;[2] and it was, we believe, the case also in Austria, to a less or greater extent, until the accession of the present young, but vigorous and enlightened emperor, and the establishment by him of the Concordat with the Holy See.

Mr. Kay furnishes the following account of the educational system in France:

"It was long a question of great doubt among French legislators, in what manner the difficulties arising from religious differences could be overcome. The different religious parties in France were as earnest

1 Vol. ii., p. 3. The italics are his own.

2 Reference is here made to the new law securing freedom of education, established by the French Chambers in 1851, while Louis Napoleon was still President. He cheerfully sanctioned the equitable enactment which the friends of free education, as opposed to the university monopoly, had sought in vain to have passed during the reign of Louis Philippe. Much credit was justly awarded to Louis Napoleon, at the time for his powerful influence in bringing about this important change in French legislation.

in their demands, as the Church and dissenting parties in England at the present day.

"The Chambers were called on to decide:

"Whether they would establish separate schools for all the religious sects; or—

"Whether they would establish mixed schools, where no religious education should be given, and where the children of all sects should be instructed together; or—

"Whether they would allow the parishes to found their own schools, and elect teachers educated in the religious belief of the majority of the parishioners; merely requiring, as an indispensable preliminary, that the children of the minority should be allowed to avail themselves of the secular instruction given in the schools, and to leave the class-rooms when the religious instruction was given there; on condition, however, that their parents provided in some other manner for the efficient education of their children in their own religious belief.

"The Chambers felt, that to adopt the first course, would be to leave the education of many children totally unprovided for, in the cases of those communes where there was not a sufficient number of any one sect in a commune to enable the government to establish a separate school for them; that, to adopt the second alternative, would be to leave THE MOST DEEPLY IMPORTANT PART OF EDUCATION either wholly neglected, or at least most indifferently provided for; and that to deny the master the liberty of giving practical religious education in the school, was to deprive him of the most powerful means of improving the character of his children. They, therefore, adopted the third alternative, and resolved to place each of the normal colleges of the different departments, and each of the primary schools of the different communes, under the management of a professor or teacher, selected from the most numerous sect of the department or commune, in which the college or school was situated. They further determined that the parents who differed in their religious belief from the director of the college, or from the teacher of the school, should have the power of requiring their children to absent themselves during the periods of religious instruction; on condition, however, that such parents provided elsewhere for the religious education of their children.

"The importance of the religious element in the education of the children, is put forward in great prominence by the French statutes and regulations on the subject. In the words of the statute of April 25th, 1834, upon the elementary schools:

"'In all the divisions (of each school), the moral and religious instructions shall rank *first*. Prayers shall commence and close all the classes. Some verses of the Holy Scripture shall be learned every day. Every Saturday, the Gospel of the following Sunday shall be recited. On the Sundays and fast (feast?) days the scholars shall be conducted to divine service. The reading books, the writing copies, the discourses and exhortations of the teacher, shall tend continually to penetrate the souls of the scholars with the feelings and principles which are the safeguards of morality, and which are proper to inspire the fear and love of God.'

"And M. Guizot in his letters, which he addressed, while minister of public instruction, to each of the teachers of France, says:

"'Among the objects of instruction, there is one which demands of

me particular notice; or rather it is the law itself, which, by placing it at the head of all the others, has committed it more especially to your zeal; I refer to moral and religious instruction.'"[1]

A little further on, he gives the following sketch of the mechanism and manner of working of the French Common-School organization:

"Each department of France is subdivided into arrondissements, and each arrondissement into communes or parishes. Each commune is OBLIGED by law, either alone, or in conjunction with one or more neighboring communes, to support *at least one* elementary primary school. Where the population is large enough to require more than one school, it is *invited* to establish another. If it neglects this duty, the government is empowered to interfere. The means of instruction are thus placed within the reach of every parent throughout the kingdom (empire) of France. If the government had left it to each commune to please itself, whether it would establish schools or not, the result would have been similar to the one which is still disgracing us (in England). Many of the communes would never have put themselves to the expense of erecting schools and supporting teachers.

"I shall explain how the communal organization is arranged, and how the difficulties arising from religious differences have been overcome:

"1st. In communes, in which all the inhabitants belong to the *same* religious sect.

"In each of these cases, a committee is formed, composed of the mayor, president, *curé* or religious minister, and one or two of the inhabitants of the commune, who are nominated by the committee of the arrondissement, of which I shall speak presently. The latter members of the committee are elected for three years, and are then re-eligible.

"2d. In communes where there are several of the religious sects, which are recognized by the State (*i. e.* Romanists, (!) Protestants, and Jews).

"In each of these cases the inhabitants may please themselves, whether they will establish separate or mixed schools, and whether they will have a separate committee for each school or one central committee for them all: but they are *obliged* by law to adopt one of these courses."[2]

It will be remarked, that the provision for *separate schools* is here expressly made by the French law; and this by an overwhelming Catholic majority in favor of a very insignificant dissenting minority! We commend this fact to the attention of those excessively liberal and excessively sensitive advocates of Common-School education in this *free* country, who, following the lead of their preachers, are constantly inveighing against the despotism and intolerance of Catholic countries, and who make such an outcry, or rather raise so dismal a howl, about liberty and the Bible being in danger, whenever we, the small Catholic

1 II. 404, seq. 2 P. 410, seq.

minority in this country, venture timidly to ask in our behalf the same ordinary privilege of separate schools, which the Catholic majority in France have freely accorded, without even the asking, to the mere handful of French dissenters! Truly, those who make the most noise about their love of liberty, are not always its truest or most consistent friends. Their loud professions are often belied by their actions.

Catholic Austria, whom it is so fashionable to denounce in this country as the very head and front of civil despotism and religious intolerance in Europe, is not a whit behind Catholic France, either in the perfect organization and efficiency of her educational system, or in the liberality towards Protestants which marks her Common-Schools, not merely in their theory, but, what is far more to the purpose, in their practical working. Says our candid, but bigoted, Englishman:

"It is a fact, of which the old government of Austria may well be proud, that throughout the vast territorial extent of that part of this immense empire, which is composed of the regal province of Bohemia, a part of Poland, the great province of Moravia, the ancient territories of Syria and Illyria, the provinces of Dalmatia, Carinthia, and Carniola, the duchies of Upper and Lower Austria, and the Tyrol; varying, as the people of these provinces do, in character, habits, and religion, composed as they are of Romanists and Lutherans, Moravians, Greeks, Jews, and Unitarians; EVERY CHILD between the ages of six and ten, and almost every child between the ages of six and thirteen, is receiving daily instruction in the truths of revelation and science, and in the duties of a citizen and a man. I shall show very briefly, how this great result has been obtained. Every parent, then, in the Austrian empire, is obliged by law to satisfactorily prove (*sic*) to the inspector of the district in which he resides, that he is either educating his children between the ages of six and twelve, at home, in an efficient manner, or that he sends them to some school."[1]

In the following passages, our author treats of the manner in which the difficulty growing out of religious differences in this vast empire is overcome;—they will speak for themselves, and will need little comment:—

"In each province of the Austrian empire, whose population is WHOLLY Romanist, the superintendence and direction of the parochial schools are committed to one of the priests, who is chosen and appointed by the parochial magistrates, in conjunction with the district overseer, of whom I shall speak presently. This religious minister is, in these cases, empowered and required by law to superintend and direct the religious and secular instruction given in the schools; to take care that no person is appointed teacher who is not a man of religious principles and correct habits; to enforce the regular attendance of all the children in his parish; to stimulate their industry, and report on the progress of the schools, teachers, and scholars to the overseers of the school-district in which the parish is situated.[2]

1 II. 315. 2 II. 318-19.

"The most interesting and satisfactory feature of the Austrian system is the great liberality with which the government, although so staunch an adherent and supporter of the Romanist priesthood, has treated the religious parties who differ from itself in their religious dogmas. It has been entirely owing to this liberality that neither the great number of the sects in Austria, nor the great differences of their religious tenets, have hindered the work of the education of the poor throughout the empire. Here, as elsewhere, it has been demonstrated that such difficulties may easily be overcome, when a government understands how to raise the nation in civilization, and wishes earnestly to do so. In those parishes of the Austrian empire where there are any dissenters from the Romanist Church, the education of their children is not directed by the priests, but is committed to the care of the dissenting ministers. These latter are empowered and required by government to provide for, to watch over, and to promote the education of the children of their own sects, in the same manner as the priests are required to do for the education of their children. In each county a dissenting minister is chosen by the magistrates, as the general superintendent and inspector of the education of all the dissenters of his county. This minister, accompanied by one of the county magistrates, is required to visit and inspect all the dissenting schools in his county, at least once in every year, and to report thereon to the county magistrates. He is also required and empowered to enforce the building of schools in districts inhabited by dissenters alone, but unsupplied with schools; to oblige all the dissenters of his county either to send their children to some school, or to educate them efficiently at home; to punish them when they neglect to conform to the educational regulations; to take care that the children of dissenters who attend Romanist schools receive regular religious instructions from some minister of their own sect, and to oblige the dissenting ministers to give religious education to the children of their own sects."[1]

Again:

"Whenever the minority of any parish, whether Romanists, Protestants, or Jews, desire to establish a SEPARATE SCHOOL for their children, and to support a teacher of their own denomination, they are at liberty to separate from the majority, to provide alone for the education of their children: but by one means or another, each parish is obliged to provide for the education of ALL its children, and each householder to contribute his share of the funds necessary for this purpose; and whether separate or mixed schools are established, all are made subject to public inspection, so that the public may know the real character of each establishment; that no demoralizing school, or inefficient or immoral teacher, may be allowed to exercise a baneful influence upon the youth of the empire, and that the instruction in useful and civilizing knowledge may not be sacrificed in any degree to the dogmatical teaching of the different sects."[2]

Here is a system of Common-School education under the control of the State, which is probably more perfect, and less open to objection, than

1 II. 322-23. 2 II. 324.

any with which we are acquainted. As a system, we greatly prefer it to that of France; it is very far superior to that of any other country in Europe, whether Catholic or Protestant. It distinctly recognizes, and practically carries out, the two great principles which we believe essential to all sound education in a mixed community composed of Catholics and Protestants:

1. The teaching of religion, as the first and most essential department of education; and,

2. The perfect guaranty of religious liberty, which, in this system, is fully reconciled with religious differences among the population.

In its working, this admirable system practically results in the establishment of SEPARATE SCHOOLS; or if in a few cases the schools are mixed, they possess all the advantages of separate schools, so far as the securing of full and thorough religious education by the children of different persuasions is concerned. Would to God that our loudly boasting Protestant preachers and religionists, who are in the habit of sneering at Catholic countries, and vaunting their own more enlightened advocacy of religious liberty, would learn a lesson from that Austria, which they denounce as the ally of despotism, and the sworn enemy of freedom, particularly of all religious liberty. And yet Austria is fully three-fourths, if not four-fifths, Catholic!

As we have above intimated, the principle maintaining the necessity of full religious instruction, as the most important, aye, the essential portion of Common-School education, as well as that guaranteeing the liberty to establish separate schools for the different religious persuasions, is common, to a greater or less extent, to almost all the educational establishments of Europe, whether Catholic or Protestant. Truth, however, compels us to say, and we have the authority of Mr. Kay for our statement, that those provisions so essential to the securing of religious liberty, with its concomitant blessing of sound religious education, are much more ample and more effectual in Catholic than they are in Protestant European countries. Of Protestant Prussia, our author says:

"Disputes about separate or mixed schools are unheard of in Prussia, because every parish is left to please itself which kind it will adopt. One of the leading Roman Catholic counsellors of the Educational Bureau, in Berlin, assured me that they never experienced any difficulty on this point. 'We always,' he said, 'encourage separate schools when possible, as we think religious instruction can be promoted better in separate than in mixed schools; but, of course, we all think it better to have mixed schools than to have no schools at all; and when we cannot have separate schools, we are rejoiced to see the religious sects uniting in the support of a mixed one. When mixed schools are decided on by

the parochial committees, the teacher is elected by the most numerous of the two sects; or, if two teachers are required, one is elected by one sect, and the other by the other; and in this case, each conducts the religious education of the children of his own sect. But when only one teacher is elected, the children of those parents who differ from him in religious belief are permitted to be taken from the school during the religious lessons, on condition that their parents make arrangements for their religious instruction by their own minister."[1]

A similar provision exists in Saxony, where there is a Catholic king with a very large majority of Protestant subjects:

"Difficulties arising from religious differences do not operate in Saxony to any great degree. There are not more than 30,000 Roman Catholics in the kingdom, and as these are dispersed, it does not often happen that sufficient numbers are to be found in any one locality to enable them to support a separate school for themselves. *The law allows them to do this*, however, whenever they are desirous to do so, and in this case, they elect their own separate school committee. But when they are not able to provide a separate school for themselves, they are obliged to send their children to the Protestant schools to learn reading, writing, spelling, history, and geography, and are allowed to remove them from the school whilst the religious instruction is being given, on condition, however, that they furnish the inspector with satisfactory proofs that they are providing elsewhere for the instruction of their children in their own religious doctrines."[2]

According to Mr. Kay, the educational system of Switzerland has been highly developed, and is eminently successful in diffusing the benefits of education among the masses. We find, indeed, no express provision for separate schools in the Swiss school regulations; but as some of the cantons are Catholic, and others Protestant, the practical operation of the system secures, in effect, what is equivalent to separate schools. Here, as elsewhere, religious instruction is deemed an essential element of Common-School education, and provision is made for this department by the clergy of the different denominations, without infringing the rights of the parents:

"Those children who differ in faith from the teacher, are always, throughout Switzerland, allowed to absent themselves from the classes whilst the religious lessons are being given, and are, in such cases, required by law to attend one of their own clergy, in order to receive doctrinal instruction from him. Even in Fribourg, a canton which was at the time of my visit governed by priests, who were under the influence of the Jesuits, the children of Protestants were instructed in the same schools and in the same classes with the children of the Romanists, and were allowed to absent themselves during the religious lessons."[3]

1 II. 26, 27. 2 II. 247 3 II. 351.

This liberal and happy state of things in the Catholic canton of Fribourg, and one very similar in the Catholic canton of Lucerne, proved too much for the Swiss radicals and Protestants; who, animated with a holy hatred of "Romanists" and Jesuits, and instigated by their preachers, invaded these two Catholic cantons, and swept away, along with the Jesuits, the glory of their educational establishments and the liberties of their people, guaranteed by the fundamental articles of the Swiss confederation. This was done soon after Mr. Kay's visit; and all those atrocities were perpetrated by non-Catholics in the name of liberty! We believe, however, that a reaction has lately taken place in Switzerland, and we consider it probable, that, though the Jesuits have not yet been allowed to return, the Common-School system is now in nearly the same condition in Switzerland as it was before the invasion.

In the Catholic kingdom of Bavaria, while religious instruction is carefully imparted in the Common-Schools, the rights of dissenters are studiously guarded, and a most liberal policy is adopted towards the Protestant minority. The schools are, we believe, generally separate; at least this is the case with the higher or normal schools. Hear our author:

"At the time I visited Munich, the Jesuit party was in power. The ministers, however, showed the greatest willingness to furnish me with all the information I required, and supplied me with all the statistics and documents I wished to procure. I visited a priest, who directed one of the large educational establishments in the city. He told me, that they had established eight normal colleges in Bavaria, for the education of teachers, and that two of these had been especially set apart for the education of Protestant teachers. He seemed to make very light of all difficulties arising from religious differences, and spoke of education as a national work, which it was *necessary* to accomplish, by the joint efforts of all religious parties."[1]

The same liberal spirit pervades the educational system of the small kingdom of Wurtemburg, and of the grand duchy of Baden; the former with a Protestant majority and king, and the latter with a Catholic majority but a Protestant prince. In Wurtemburg, "three normal colleges have been founded; two for the education of Protestant teachers, and one for the education of Romanist teachers."[2] In the duchy of Baden, "there are three normal colleges for the education of teachers. One of them is for the education of the teachers of the Protestant schools, and contains seventy-six students, six of whom are Jews; and the other two are for the education of Romanist teachers, and contain respectively eighty-five, and eighty students."[3]

In the Protestant kingdom of Holland, there are only two normal

1 II. 293, 294. 2 II. 295. 3 II. 308-9.

schools to 2,600,000 inhabitants. The children who frequent the Common-Schools ordinarily pay a small amount monthly to the teacher; but if the parents be poor or overburdened with children, they receive a certificate from the superintendent to this effect, and their children are admitted free. Though in general the schools are mixed, they are often separate, especially in those localities which are principally Catholic or Protestant; as, for instance, in North Brabant, which is almost wholly Catholic.[1] Our author speaks as follows of the working of the Dutch school-system, and of the difference between it and those of other European countries of which we have spoken above:

"The law of 1801 proclaims, as the great end of all instruction, the exercise of the social and Christian virtues. In this respect it agrees with the law of Prussia and France; but it differs from the law of those countries in the way by which it attempts to attain this end. In France, and all the German countries, the schools are the auxiliaries, so to speak, of the churches; for whilst the schools are open to all the sects, yet the teacher is a man trained up in the particular doctrines of the majority of his pupils, and required to teach those doctrines during certain hours, the children who differ from him in religious belief being permitted to absent themselves from the religious lessons, on condition that their parents provided elsewhere for their religious instruction. But in Holland the teachers are required to give religious instruction to all the children, and to avoid most carefully touching on any of the grounds of controversy between the different sects."[2]

We doubt greatly whether the operation of this system, somewhat similar to our own in the respect of religious teaching, is always satisfactory to the minority, whose religious rights may be easily infringed by bigoted inspectors or teachers. We have also reason to fear that the Catholic minority have many just grounds of complaint against the Protestant majority, on the score of intolerance and proselytism, in some of the Protestant Swiss cantons, in some of the minor German Principalities, in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Hanover. Our author does not indeed say so, but rather paints the school-systems of these several countries *couleur de rose*; but our opinion rests on information derived from other sources.

Mr. Kay says nothing of the educational system adopted in Spain, or in that portion of Italy which is not included in the Austrian empire. But another distinguished Protestant traveller, *Samuel Laing, Esq.*, speaks as follows of education in Italy, and in other Catholic countries:

"In Catholic Germany, in France, and even in Italy, the education of the common people in reading, writing, arithmetic, music, manners, and morals, is at least as generally diffused, and as faithfully promoted

1 Our author's account of the Dutch system is found in volume II., p. 440, seq. 2 II. 444–5.

by the clerical body, as in Scotland. It is by their own advance, and not by keeping back the advance of the people, that the popish(!) priesthood of the present day seek to keep ahead of the intellectual progress of the community in Catholic lands; and they might, perhaps, retort on our Presbyterian clergy, and ask if they too are, in their countries, at the head of the intellectual movement of the age? Education is in reality not only not repressed, but is encouraged by the popish (!) Church, and is a mighty instrument in its hands, and ably used. In every street in Rome, for instance, there are, at short distances, public primary-schools for the education of the children of the lower and middle classes in the neighborhood. Rome, with a population of 158,678 souls, has 372 public primary-schools, with 482 teachers, and 14,000 children attending them. Has Edinburgh so many schools for the education of those classes? I doubt it. Berlin, with a population about double that of Rome, has only 264 schools. Rome has also her university, with an average attendance of 660 students; and the Papal States, with a population of two and a half millions, contain seven universities. Prussia, with a population of fourteen millions, has but seven."[1]

Mr. Laing is himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, and his testimony is therefore unexceptionable, when in favor of Catholic countries, and against his own. According to him, and he had examined the matter thoroughly, Rome, the capital of Catholicism, and the chief city of Italy, is far in advance of Edinburgh, the capital of Scotch Presbyterianism, and of Berlin, the capital of German Protestantism, in the important matter of Common-Schools, notwithstanding that the fashion is prevalent among Protestant writers of sneering at Italy, and exalting to the skies Scotland and Prussia, whenever it is a question of the education of the masses in Europe. Facts are worth much more than interested declamation by partisan speakers or writers.

In Catholic Spain, notwithstanding the unsettled political condition of the country for nearly half a century, much has been done for the education of the masses through Common-Schools. An intelligent and enlightened countryman of ours, who passed a considerable time in Spain, and studied thoroughly its history and institutions, bears honorable testimony to this fact. He is a Protestant; but is too honorable and intelligent a gentlemen to be warped from his propriety by prejudice. From his recent work on Spain, we gather the following facts:[2]

"By the constitution of 1812, the education of the people was made obligatory on the government. Title X. provided that primary-schools should be opened in all the towns of the realm, and that universities, and other institutions for instruction in literature, science, and the arts, should be established wherever it might be found expedient.

1 "Notes of a Traveller," etc.

2 "Spain; her Institutions, Politics, and Public Men. By S. T. Wallis. Boston: Ticknor, Reid, and Field. 1853."

. . . "The appropriations called for by the budget of 1850 dedicated nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the branch of instruction alone. Exclusive of private establishments of all classes, there are ten universities and forty-nine institutes under the direction of the government. The primary and other schools through the whole kingdom reach the number of about sixteen thousand. . . . By the best statistical estimates, it appears that in 1850, the number of pupils in the public schools alone (exclusive of the universities and institutes) was in the proportion of one to seventeen of the whole population."[1]

This estimate does not probably take into the account the great number of parochial and other charitable schools conducted by religious brotherhoods and sisterhoods, which are very numerous in all Catholic countries. All things considered, Spain may be viewed as in a very fair condition in regard to Common-School education; while her numerous universities and higher schools are justly celebrated, and stand pre-eminent in the civilized world.

It is a remarkable fact, well worthy our serious consideration, that whereas Protestants have nowhere any reasonable cause of complaint in regard to the Common-School system in those countries where Catholics are in the majority; on the contrary, Catholics are often aggrieved in their religious rights in communities where Protestants have the political ascendency! A striking example of this is found in our own immediate neighborhood. In Lower Canada, the Catholics are in an overwhelming majority, and in Lower Canada, Protestants are permitted to have separate schools for their children; in Upper Canada, on the contrary, where Protestants have the power, this equitable privilege of separate schools, such as exist in Lower Canada, has been hitherto denied to Catholics, and a system of petty annoyance and proselytism has been adopted towards the latter, very similar to that under which the Catholic minority are now suffering under the operation of the school system in our own republic.[2]

So far as Catholics are concerned, the system of Common-Schools in this country is a monstrous engine of injustice and tyranny. Practically, it operates as a gigantic scheme for proselytism. By numerous secret appliances, and even sometimes by open or imperfectly disguised machinery, the faith of our children is gradually undermined, and they are trained up to be ashamed of, and to abandon the religion of their fathers. It were bad enough, if this were all done with the money of others;

1 Pp. 293–295.

2 For full particulars on this highly interesting subject, read the late "Controversy between Dr. Ryerson, Chief Superintendent of Education in Upper Canada, and Rev. J. M. Bruyere, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, on the appropriation of the Clergy Reserve Funds, Free-schools *vs.* State-schools," etc This valuable *brochure*, containing 108 pages, contains a full and detailed exposition of the whole subject of Common-School education in Canada, and its facts and arguments will apply to our own circumstances. It should be in the hands of every lover of education; for it exhibits both sides of a most important question.

but when it is accomplished, at least in part, *by our own money*, it is really atrocious. It is not to be concealed or denied, that the so-called literature of this country, the taste for which is fostered by our Common-Schools, and which is constantly brought to bear on the training of our children, is not of a character to form their tender minds to wholesome moral principles, much less to solid Christian piety. In general, so far as it professes to be *religious*, it is anti-Catholic, and so far as it is secular, it is pagan. Some exceptions there probably are, but they are merely exceptions to the general rule, which is thereby confirmed.

The frightful increase of immorality among the youth of the rising generation, especially in that portion of the republic where the Common-School system is most fully carried out,—as in New England,—proves that there is something radically wrong in our educational system; so very wrong indeed, that the future stability of our country is thereby greatly endangered. Reflecting men of all shades of opinion begin to find this out, and to seek after an adequate remedy to the constantly growing evil, which threatens, in fact, to overwhelm our noble country, and this at no distant day, under the sweeping torrent of popular iniquity. Our public newspapers are becoming mere chronicles of horrid crimes;—of murders, adulteries, rapes, robberies, and the disgusting details of wide-spread licentiousness! One of our Protestant religious papers discourses of this acknowledged evil, and points out the only effectual remedy, in the following energetic language:[1]

"Does the Common-School system prevent crime? No. We must have something beyond this bald, secular training for American youth. All right-minded men must rally and unite in giving the rising generation a Christian education. If I were at heart the rankest infidel, and yet laid claim to patriotism and philanthropy, I would urge the State to this duty. The wisest heathen legislators, in the absence of a religion from heaven, labored to manufacture one for the people, as a restraint upon vice and crime; and bad as were the characters of their fictitious divinities, the sanctions of their religion were a great national blessing, compared with the philosophy of Epicurus, which turned off from the world the inspections of the gods, and the retributions of the future state. And shall not legislators, in a Christian land, in the possession of a religion which is authenticated as divine by every proof, and which is the only code of a perfect public and private morality, endeavor to imbue the mind of youth with its spirit, and form their morals by its standard?"

That the Common-School system, as at present conducted in this country, does not impart to the rising generation a sound *Christian* education, we think every reflecting and impartial man must admit. That it leaves the passions of youth almost unchecked, to grow stronger and

1 Central Presbyterian, quoted by Catholic Standard of New Orleans, of October 4, 1857.

stronger with the development of the physical strength, and that it thus inevitably leads to a fearful increase of crime among our youth, must be equally apparent to every intelligent and candid man who carefully watches the signs of the times. The managers of our Common-Schools seem to act on the principle—or rather want of principle—of the indolent and unthrifty farmer, who carelessly allows the noxious weeds to grow up in his garden or field along with the good plants, and who discovers his sad mistake only when it is too late to remedy it,—after the good plants have been already dwarfed or smothered by the noxious growth. "Evil weeds grow apace," is a proverb based on experience, and as true in morals as it is in agriculture. In no case is it more strikingly true, than in regard to the growth of the seeds which are implanted in the human mind and heart in the slippery period of childhood and youth. It is a well-known fact, that from the first dawn of reason children are much more prone to evil than inclined to good. If the passions be properly curbed in early childhood, they may be easily controlled in youth and manhood; if they be allowed free and unchecked development at that impressible period of life, they will soon acquire a strength of body and depth of root such as to resist all our efforts to eradicate them. A young cub may be easily managed; when it has grown up unrestrained to the full dimensions of the bear, the task of controlling its evil propensities will be much more difficult, if not almost impossible. So it is with what is evil in the nature of our children. Their passions are like wild beasts; they may be easily tamed while in their infancy, but become uncontrollable and dangerous when fully developed.

Now our system of Common-School education proceeds precisely on the principle of practically suffering the passions of childhood and youth to take almost any development which an evil nature may bring about; trusting to more mature age and reflection to work a change for the better, after evil propensities will have acquired an almost herculean strength. A more thoroughly mischievous principle was never broached nor attempted to be carried out, in a Christian community. It might be palliated, if not excused, among Pagans, on the score of ignorance; among Christians it is wholly unpardonable. For it is a cardinal principle of Christianity, held by all Protestant denominations who call themselves evangelical or orthodox, in common with the Catholic Church, that no effectual curbing of passion, nor practical development of virtue can be brought about without the grace of God, through the religion taught by Jesus Christ and sealed by His precious blood. And yet this great principle is virtually ignored in our Common-School system, which proposes to educate without religion;—a thing unheard of scarcely even in Pagan, never before in Christian times.

No wonder, then, that candid men of all shades of opinion have been

compelled so often to deplore the horrible moral evils which have sprung from the natural working of a system so grievously defective in itself, and therefore necessarily so dangerous in its operation. Not long ago the public were startled by awful developments of depravity in one of the female public-schools of Boston; so horrible, indeed, as almost to stagger belief. The Boston Times published the whole occurrence at the time; but after creating great excitement for a few days or weeks, the matter was quietly hushed up, for fear of furnishing an argument to Catholics and injuring the character of the Common-Schools in the very capital of the system! Quite recently—during the early portion of the present year[1]—other startling transactions have come to light in New York, involving the character of leading school-commissioners, and of some of the principal female teachers in the Common-Schools of our great commercial emporium. These scandals became too notorious to be either blinked or smothered, and accordingly several of the secular papers came out, more or less openly, to lash vice in high places. Among these prints, the New York Sunday Dispatch and the New York Tribune took the most active part. The former opens its article with the following startling caption and paragraph:

"Prostitution in the Public Schools.—Oh! that we had gone to reside in the backwoods, or been buried among Hottentots, ere we had felt constrained to write that startling caption, and print what will be found beneath it. If we are to have our children instructed under the auspices of the abandoned of both sexes; if our very schools are to be converted into instruments of harlotry; if courtesans are 'to teach the young idea how to shoot,' we had better adopt the creed and practices of Mormons at once. We were anxious to disregard it; we have tried to throw it overboard; we have endeavored to force a disbelief of its contents; we have made every effort to convince ourselves that *such a horrible state of affairs cannot possibly exist;* but all these endeavors have resulted in a conviction that it is our duty to bring the matter before the public. In short, the character of the source from whence the information comes, leaves no room for a doubt as to the sincerity and integrity of the writer."

Then follows the communication, giving details which fully justify the caption of the article. The writer being vouched for as a reliable witness, we think our readers will pardon us for republishing the more material portion of his testimony, with the commentary of the Dispatch thereon:

"It appears that the object of some who seek an election to the school-board, is not only to 'raise the wind,' whereby they may live in splendor and fare sumptuously the remaining years of their lives after they had become politically defunct, but also a desire to satisfy their *carnal* appetites, at the expense of the honor of some of the weak-minded engaged in teaching the female youth of the city. Does the public doubt

1 The year 1858.

that a school-commissioner or trustee can succeed in obtaining a *mistress* from among the many female teachers employed? If so, doubt no longer, because, unfortunately for truth and virtue, and for the frail victims of their lust, *they are too often successful!* And for what consideration do these deluded creatures become the willing sacrifice to a scoundrel's beastliness? Ambition. Ay, elevation from the position of a virtuous subordinate to that of a crime-steeped principal. In the ward in which I reside, there exists at this time an exemplification of the truth of my assertions, and the fact is as notorious as that the commissioner, who holds a prominent position in one of the most important committees of the board, required all who made application to be appointed teachers, to submit themselves, not to an examination as to the capability of the applicant, but to a personal inspection by his fair *inamorata!* If the applicant's *personal appearance* pleased this quean, she received an appointment; if not, the applicant was told that her 'examination had not proved satisfactory, and she could not be appointed.' *The remedies that have been resorted to periodically, to rid ourselves of present, and to prevent future grievances, have proved abortive.* Whether because of being improperly administered, or that the reformers need the greater reformation, I am not sufficiently posted to offer a decided opinion. Yet true it is, should the character of a great majority of our officials be taken as the standard of the honesty, integrity, and virtue of our people, New York city would afford the best evidence of the truthfulness of the doctrine of 'total depravity,' and skeptics in that belief need no longer doubt. Were we, as a community, so hopelessly depraved as we appear to be, the Almighty, should he determine our destruction, would have no occasion to prolong our miserable existence by requiring us to produce the means of salvation, if our savior must be such an one as he desired the inhabitants of the ill-fated cities of Sodom and Gomorrah to find."

On the communication the editor remarks as follows:

"What answer *can* be made to this charge, or rather these charges? The purity of our children is too sacred a trust, to be trifled with in the minutest particular. We could pass in silence the many short-comings, not only of our present system of city school education, but of the manner in which it is administered. We could, perhaps, forgive the aggregate inefficiencies of many of the commissioners and trustees, and submit in silence to the inutilities which are apparent from their incompetencies and rapacities; but we cannot submit for one moment to even a bare suspicion that the children, for whose education the inhabitants of Manhattan Island are taxed over *one million of dollars per annum*, are contaminated by the touch of lewd and lascivious preceptors supposed to be virtuous, or glared at with libidinous eyes by lechers in educational office. The thought that the innocent young girls instructed in these schools *may* be subjected to these vile influences, is too terrifying and monstrous to be entertained a moment longer than it can be obliterated by prompt and decided inquisitorial action. What evil could not be effected by the depraved mistress of a commissioner—a mistress in charge, as principal, of a school of females? How speciously and skilfully she could distil the leprous poison into the ears of the eldest for the advantage of herself and her official paramour! We shudder as these thoughts find utterance. Compared with this evil, ill-ventilation of the majority of the school-houses, the liability of many of them to take

fire (we are told that the school-house at the corner of Grove and Hudson streets has been on fire two or three times within as many months), and the inadequacy of the methods of egress in case of sudden panics, caused by conflagrations or alarms, are matters of secondary importance."

The Tribune enters into details to prove what is said or hinted at by the Dispatch, concerning the grievous mismanagement of the New York school-fund by the commissioners, who, it would seem, have an eye to their own interests and that of their families, at least as much as to the public good in their management of the public-schools, and particularly in their disbursements of the school-moneys.[1]

So far as New York is concerned, the system of Common Schools has thus manifestly proved a failure. While the people of that city are annually paying in taxes A MILLION OF DOLLARS for the education of their children, the literary training, and especially the moral culture of the latter, is shamefully neglected by those who have the direction of the schools, the appointment of the teachers, and the expenditure of the school-money. The annual expenditures go on increasing at an alarming rate, while the amount and sound moral tone of the education imparted seems to be as constantly on the decrease. "The increase in the current expenses of the schools," says the Tribune, quoting the language of the annual Report, "between 1854 and 1856, was 'more than forty-one per cent.;'" yet no provision has as yet been made by the board for the education of the more destitute classes! Commenting on the latest Report of the Commissioners, the Tribune adds: "It is really refreshing to be informed that, while we are paying over one million dollars *per annum* to elevate the masses by education, these 'laws must remain inoperative, until some system is matured by which such of these children *as are destitute* shall have schools opened to them; for, practically, our ward-schools are unavailable to that class.' Over one million a year for education, and 'practically' no schools for the 30,000 children who need them most!"[2]

It can hardly be said, with justice, that the above are merely isolated cases, and exceptions to the general rule. The evils complained of seem inherent in the system of State education itself—at least, as it is practically administered. When State officials usurp the place of parents, and exclude the hallowing influence of religion from the educational department, what better results can be expected? It may rather be suspected that, with the studious efforts made to bolster up the system, half its practical iniquities are not generally known; and that those which leak

1 See the article of the Tribune in the New York Freeman's Journal for February 20th, 1858, and those of the Dispatch in the number of the same journal for February 27th. This able weekly publication had done good service in the cause of *free* education, having been one of the first—if not the first—to enter the field.

2 Ibid.

out through indiscretion are palliated as far as possible, so as to save appearances!

If the Common-Schools of the country be managed elsewhere as recent developments have proved to be the case in New York and Boston, it may be fairly inferred that there is something radically wrong in the whole system, or, what amounts to the same thing, in its practical working. From what we have said above, the entire organization of Common-Schools in this country is based upon erroneous principles, subversive of parental rights and of the liberty of conscience; and hence we need not be at all surprised to find that it is working badly, and that the public are beginning to discover its evil influence on the morals of the rising generation. How can an evil tree bring forth good fruit? The frightful increase of crime, especially in our large cities, where the system is most fully carried out, should of itself open the eyes of all men who have the good of the country at heart. The Tribune for April 6th, 1858, fills nearly *seven columns* with accounts of crimes, proceedings before coroners' inquests, etc.; and the leading papers of other cities are but little less copious in their dark record of frightful immorality, which, like a torrent, is sweeping over the country, and threatening our most cherished institutions with utter destruction.

Whither are we drifting? Sad and gloomy, indeed, are our prospects for the future, when each generation is thus manifestly deteriorating, when "faith is growing cold" day by day before our very eyes, and when virtue and religion, the bulwarks, aye, the very corner-stones of the social edifice, are thus clearly and palpably so fast dying out among the rising generation, upon whom rest the hopes of the future!

Yes, we may not longer deny it; the great defect, the gnawing canker, the blighting curse of our educational system, is the absence from it of a wholesome RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION. Under it, our children are practically reared up more like enlightened *pagans*, preparing merely for this world, than as instructed *Christians*, well and thoroughly grounded in their faith, and making their novitiate for heaven. And such being the case, can we wonder that when they grow up, and enter upon the busy scenes of life, they accordingly act more like pagans than like Christians, and fill the land with crime and iniquity?

But how apply the remedy of full and thorough religious instruction in a country so much divided as ours is by religious differences? This difficulty, not surely of our creation, but the necessary fruits of a sectarianism against which we have always entered our earnest protest, is indeed great; but, as we said above, it is not wholly insurmountable. The remedy is at once suggested by the mass of facts above stated, exhibiting the joint experience and the combined wisdom of civilized mankind in other countries much older than our own, many of which are

similarly situated in regard to religious differences. Let us profit by the practical wisdom of Europe, whether Catholic or Protestant, and let us have the liberality, the justice, and the moral courage to do what other nations have so wisely and so successfully accomplished. Surely, we would not be behind European monarchies in liberality, in regard for the conscientious sentiments of those who differ from us in religious belief, or in the practical maintenance of the rights secured to all of us under our matchless constitution, freely to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience!

Education, like all other human pursuits, should be *free*, and a matter of free and general competition, leaving religion untrammelled. Let the State establish a system of Common-Schools, if it will; but let it not infringe either parental or religious rights. Let it even enact laws, if it will, requiring all parents to educate their children, as is the case throughout Germany, either in the Common-Schools, or in some others of their own choosing. Let it levy an equitable tax upon all; but let it guarantee to all the benefit of the tax. Let it not adopt a school system, which practically closes its doors against the children of any among the tax-payers. Let it make religious instruction, to be given in detail by the accredited ministers of the different religious denominations, an *essential* element of the educational system. Let it, like almost all other *Christian* countries, whether Catholic or Protestant, acknowledge *the right* in every denomination of Christians to establish SEPARATE SCHOOLS, whenever they are in sufficient numbers in particular localities to warrant them in sustaining such schools. Let these separate schools be erected and sustained like the rest of the Common-Schools, and be subject to the inspection of State visitors, in regard to the standard of education therein adopted and carried out, but entirely *free* in the department of religious instruction. Let the provision be general for all religious denominations; for Catholics ask, and would accept of, no favor or exemption. Let the children taught in these separate or parochial-schools, up to the standard adopted by the school-law, as applied and enforced by the school visitors or superintendents, receive their quota of the Common-School fund, created by taxing all, in proportion to the number of children so taught. This would be fair, and satisfactory to all.

If this equitable system be adopted in this country, as *it has been adopted* throughout almost all the nations of Europe, we have not a doubt of its full and complete success. It is, in fact, the only effectual remedy to the crying evils of our present school-system. It may plead the experience of the past and the wisdom of the present in its favor. It would tend to diminish the manifold evils of sectarianism, and would awaken a wholesome competition among the different classes of our population. It would guarantee religious liberty to every denomination of

Christians, in accordance with the letter and the spirit of our noble constitution. It would greatly increase, instead of diminishing, the number of scholars frequenting the public-schools, because it would remove a crying injustice, and open wide the doors of our schools to all children. In our cities particularly, where, under the present system, from a fourth to one-half of all the children of a suitable age to attend school are *shut out of the public-schools*, it would increase the average attendance by fully that proportion. Nay, more, and this is an argument specially adapted to the comprehension of our age and country, it would render education *cheaper*, for "competition is the life of business."

This wise and equitable system has been tried elsewhere, and, as we have already shown, the experiment has been crowned with the most complete success; it is, to say the least, well worthy of a trial in our own happy and prosperous republic.

XXXVIII. THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK OF STRASBURG.[1]

We have lately heard and read much of improvements in machinery and in the useful arts; of the wonderful progress of steam navigation, of railroads and electric telegraphs, of Yankee clocks and other ingenious Yankee *notions;* but we must be permitted to think that modern art has as yet produced nothing to compare with the famous astronomical clock of Strasburg. It is truly the prodigy of modern machinery, and one of the greatest wonders of the world. And we think that we cannot do any thing more acceptable to our readers than simply to lay before them a summary description of this astonishing specimen of art. In doing so, we shall avail ourselves freely of the pamphlet mentioned below, written by a son of the illustrious inventor and constructor of the Clock.

Strasburg has been for centuries famous for its clocks. During the last five hundred years, its cathedral has been decorated with three famous clocks, of which the present is by far the most wonderful.

The first was commenced in the year 1352, and completed two years afterwards, under Bishop John de Lichtenberg. It was placed in the southern transept of the cathedral, directly opposite the site of the present Clock. The case was made entirely of wood. The hands of this Clock indicated the movements of the sun and moon, as well as the hours and their subdivisions. Near the summit, there was placed a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, before which, at the hour of noon on each day, three other small statues, representing the three *Magi*, or wise men, made an inclination of the head, while a cock, perched on the top, crowed, at the same time flapping his wings and opening his mouth. There was also attached to this clock a chime of bells, which was set in motion by the machinery itself. This oldest clock of Strasburg, which was certainly a prodigy for the time at which it was constructed, was styled the *clock of the three Magi.* It seems to have continued running for nearly two hundred years.

The second clock, called after the man who completed it, that of Dasypodius, was begun in 1547; but, owing to the troubled state of Europe

[1] Description abrégée de l'horloge astronomique de la cathédrale de Strasbourg. Par Ch. Schwielgué. Strasbourg, 1843. 12mo., pp. 70.

A brief description of the astronomical clock of the cathedral of Strasburg. By Charles Schwielgué. Strasburg, 1843. 12mo., pp. 70.

at that time, and the death of its original projectors, Michael Heer, Nicholas Bruckner, and Christian Heerlin, it did not begin to run till the 24th day of June, 1574.

Dasypodius was a disciple of Heerlin, and he associated with him in the work some of the most ingenious machinists and expert mathematicians of Europe. Two brothers, Isaac and Josias Habrecht, from Schaffhousen, in Switzerland, superintended the mechanism, while another distinguished Swiss, from the same city, was charged with the execution of the paintings and sculptures which were to decorate the monument.

This clock was repaired for the first time in 1669, by Michael Isaac Habrecht, the grandson of the associate of Dasypodius; it was repaired a second time in 1732, by James Straubhaar, and it ceased to run in 1789, two hundred and fifteen years after its completion. The cock perched on its summit, the only portion it had borrowed from the old clock of the *magi*, continued to crow regularly at noon until 1640; but having been then struck by lightning, it thought proper from this date to crow only on Sundays and Holidays; and it finally ceased to crow altogether in 1789, at the breaking out of the French revolution. It had crowed faithfully for *four hundred and thirty-five years!*

Our space will not permit us to enter into a detailed description of this clock, which may be viewed as a fair representation of the progress made by astronomical science in the middle of the sixteenth century. As we design giving a detailed account of the present Clock, which contains all the excellencies of its two predecessors, without their defects, and which superadds to their machinery many things both new and wonderful, our readers will pardon us for dismissing the clock of Dasypodius with the simple remark that its *astrolabe* or *planetarium* was constructed after the system of Ptolemy, that of Copernicus not having as yet obtained general acceptance among the learned.

The *present* Clock was commenced on the 24th of June, 1838; it commenced running on the 2d of October, 1842, on occasion of the tenth scientific congress of France, held at Strasburg, and it was solemnly inaugurated on the 31st day of December following. Its machinery is entirely new, and the only things it retains of the old clock of Dasypodius are the case, some paintings, and a few small statues. It is entirely the invention of *M. Schwielgué*, and it is the noblest monument to his memory he could have left to posterity. The wonders of this Clock almost stagger belief; but yet we are quite sure there is no exaggeration in the "abridged description," which we must still further *abridge* for the benefit of our readers. We shall briefly describe each portion of the Clock, beginning at the base, and proceeding to the summit; and, for the sake of method and clearness, we will number the different parts of our description. As will be seen by a mere glance at the accompanying en-

graving, the Clock consists of three distinct compartments, or towers, united at the base.

1. The base of the clock is surrounded by an iron grate, of a delicate and tasteful texture, so constructed as to enable the spectator to see the internal machinery, and, a little further out, by a wooden balustrade, of a proper height to serve as a support to visitors. The intermediate space is reserved for persons who wish to enter into a more minute examination of the internal machinery.

2. The first thing you notice at the base of the Clock is a *celestial sphere*, with a dial or clock-face and hands to indicate the *sidereal* time. The sphere is constructed of copper, and rests upon four beautiful metallic columns. It is adjusted to the meridian of Strasburg. All the fixed stars of the firmament, down to the sixth magnitude, inclusive, numbering more than five thousand, are thereon represented in their true and relative positions in the heavens; they are grouped together in one hundred and ten constellations, easily distinguishable from each other. The stars are painted on a blue ground, representing the blue vault of the heavens, and they are marked by Greek and Latin letters of the alphabet. The celestial sphere makes its revolution from east to west in a sidereal day, which is three minutes and fifty-six seconds less than a mean solar day.

In its gradual movements around its axis, the sphere carries along with it the various circles with which it is surrounded—namely, the equator, the ecliptic, and the colures, while the two circles of the meridian and the horizon remain stationary. By its motion, it indicates the precise moment of the rising and setting of all the fixed stars visible to the naked eye at Strasburg; and it, at the same time, points out the precise position in the heavens of each of them at any given hour.

But what is most remarkable about this sphere is the very nice machinery by which, in the revolutions of the equator and ecliptic, proper allowance is made for the *precession* of the equinoxes, a movement so very slow and almost imperceptible, that twenty-five thousand eight hundred and four years would be required for a single revolution around the sphere! In no former instance, perhaps, has the mechanical art aimed at such exactness.

3. Immediately behind the celestial sphere is found the compartment consecrated to the *calendar*, one of the most interesting and remarkable in the Clock. A metallic band in the form of a ring, only nine inches in breadth to nearly twenty-nine feet in circumference,[1] bears, marked on a gilt ground, all the indications of a *perpetual calendar;* the months,

1 In giving the dimensions of the Clock, and of its various parts, we have endeavored to reduce the French to English measures, with at least an approximation to accuracy.

the dates, the dominical letters, the names of saints, and all the fixed festivals of the Church. This ring, which is movable, advances one division each day, the movement taking place exactly at the previous midnight.

A figure representing Apollo stands at the right of the calendar, and, with an arrow which it holds in the hand, points to the day of the year, and to the name of the saint whose festival occurs on that day. The figure on the other side, a mere pendant to the one just named, represents Diana, the goddess of night.

The calendar makes its annual revolution in three hundred and sixty-five or in three hundred and sixty-six days, according as the year is common or bissextile; and what is much more astonishing still, it reproduces the irregularity of the *secular* bissextiles—that is, it retrenches of itself three days in every four hundred years! Thus the date indicated by the calendar will always correspond with the *new*, or Gregorian *style*, introduced by Pope Gregory XIII. At midnight, between the 31st of December and the 1st of January, the calendar bears the inscription, *beginning of the common year;* but if the year about to begin be leap-year, the word *common* is dropped by the machinery, which at the same time intercalates a day between the 28th of February and the 1st of March!

These combinations are for an indefinite time, and will continue to be reproduced so long as the material of the Clock will endure.

But the calendar is so constructed as to indicate not only the fixed festivals, but also the *movable* feasts; such as Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, Trinity, Corpus Christi, etc. All these movable feasts *place themselves* in their proper places on the calendar, each year at midnight before the 1st of January; and once they have taken their places, they retain them till the beginning of the next year! Besides these movable feasts, which depend on Easter, a particular machinery serves also to indicate the beginning of Advent, the *quatre temps*, and the feast of St. Arbogastus, the patron of Strasburg, which is very irregular, and falls always on a Sunday within the last fortnight of July!

Four statues, perfectly characteristic, executed by the chisel of Tobias Stimmer, occupy the four corners of this compartment. They represent Persia, Assyria, Greece, and Rome, the four monarchies of ancient history supposed to have been referred to by Daniel in his prophecy.

4. The space within the annular calendar is entirely devoted to the indication of the *apparent time*—that is, of the time measured by the *apparent* movements of the sun and moon as we see them in the heavens. Every tyro in astronomy knows that the motion of the sun is not regular, or that the intervals between its successive passages of the meridian are not the same throughout the year. From this well-known irregularity, it results that a well-regulated clock will not always correspond

with the apparent time indicated by the sun. The difference may sometimes amount to about sixteen minutes.

The portion of the Clock of which we are now speaking indicates the precise apparent time both of the sun and of the moon; and a mere glance at it and at the mean or clock time will show you the precise *equation of time*, or the difference between the mean and the apparent time. The dial-plate which denotes this apparent time points out,

1. The moment of the rising and setting of the sun.
2. The apparent time at any period of the day or night.
3. The apparent diurnal motion of the moon around the earth, with its apparent right ascension, and its passage of the meridian.
4. The phases of the moon.
5. Finally, the eclipses of the sun and moon.

The hours of the rising and setting of the sun are indicated by a movable horizon, which divides into two parts the circle of the sun's diurnal revolution, and which is so regulated by the machinery as to point out, on any day of the year, the precise length of the day and of the night. Thus at the equinoxes, or on the 21st of March and the 20th of September, the division is equal, and at the tropical seasons, the inequality is greatest. The whole is, of course, constructed for the meridian of Strasburg. Due allowance is also made for the refraction of light, which may cause an irregularity in the apparent time amounting to nearly three minutes.

Two hands of the same color as the dial-plate upon which they are projected are terminated, one of them by a gilt disk surrounded by a halo of rays to represent the sun, and the other by a little globe of a silvery color to represent the moon. The size of these two representations is proportionate to that of the sun and moon as seen by the eye, or to the mean apparent size of those two heavenly bodies; and this circumstance renders them highly proper for the representation of eclipses both of the sun and of the moon.

For this effect, the centre of the dial is occupied by a figure representing with exactness the hemisphere of the earth, of which Strasburg is supposed to be the meridian or vertical point, which hemisphere is placed so as to suit exactly the meridian of that city. Now every one knows, that an eclipse of the sun is occasioned by the intervention of the moon between the earth and the sun, and by the shadow of the moon thus cast upon the earth, or a portion of it; and that, on the contrary, an eclipse of the moon takes place, in consequence of the earth interposing between the sun and the moon, and casting its shadow on the latter. All these phenomena are most beautifully represented by the portion of the Clock we are describing. The machinery, in fact, exhibits a miniature representation of all the phenomena connected with eclipses; and it enables

us easily to trace all the causes of those phenomena. The abstruse calculations of astronomers have thus been successfully applied to mechanics, or rather they have been embodied and rendered palpable by the mechanical art. And what is most astonishing, is that in this, as in other things, the Clock is constructed for an indefinite period of time.

5. It would lead us into too many dry scientific details, and would swell this paper to an unwarrantable length, to unfold fully the basis, with the various complicated parts, of this truly wonderful mechanism. And we must make the same remark in reference to the next portion of the Clock, occupying the two spaces adjoining the calendar, and devoted to all the intricacies of the ecclesiastical computation of Easter, and the other movable feasts of the Church. This computation gave rise to many animated controversies in the olden time, and it has puzzled many a wise mathematical head. The irregularities of the lunar motion, which forms the basis of this computation, are many, and exceedingly intricate. But they did not for a moment deter the intrepid mechanical pioneer, *Schwielgué*, who, without any hesitation, seized upon and unravelled, by his beautiful clock machinery, all that intricate and cumbrous complication of cycles, golden numbers, dominical letters, Roman indictions, Julian periods, and epacts. There they are, all the singular elements of that curious computation, made visible to the eye, and plain to the lowest capacity!

6. For the reason just indicated, we must dismiss, with one or two words, that interesting portion of the Clock placed on the other side of the calendar, to the right of the spectator, and devoted to the *solar and lunar equations*—that is, to the exact computation of those irregularities of solar and lunar motion which we alluded to above. The mechanism here points out all the elements of these irregularities—namely, the equation of the centre, the evection, the variation, the annual equation, the reduction, and finally, the equation relative to the nodes of the moon. Those of our readers who understand astronomy will easily comprehend the meaning of these several technicalities, and will be able to appreciate the exceeding delicacy of the calculations they involve. To those who have not dipped much in astronomy, we would barely say, that we have not time just now to go into the necessary details, and that we had better pass on at once to something they will find more interesting.

7. The portion immediately above the calendar is devoted to *the days of the week.*

On an azure ground, made to represent the heavenly vault, successively appear, surrounded by clouds, the seven pagan divinities after whom the ancient planets were named. These allegorical figures come forth, each on its own day of the week, in chariots of a light, graceful,

and classical form, bearing inscribed on the wheel the name of the divinity, and drawn by different animals, allegorical of the attributes ascribed to each one by the ancient poets. These cars move on a delicate aerial railroad of a circular form.

On Sunday, Apollo, or Phœbus, the god of day, appears on a radiant car, drawn by the horses of the sun.

On Monday, the chaste Diana, the emblem of the moon, makes her appearance on a car drawn by a stag, with timid step.

She is followed on Tuesday by Mars, the terrible god of war, whose car, drawn by a fiery charger, is ready to fly to the combat.

On Wednesday is seen Mercury, the fleet messenger of the gods, bearing the wand and the purse.

On Thursday appears Jupiter, the dread sovereign of the gods, and the thunderer of Olympus, with his emblematic thunderbolt in hand.

On Friday appears Venus, the goddess of beauty, accompanied by her son Cupid, in a light and coquettish car, drawn by tender doves.

Finally, on Saturday appears Saturn, armed with a scythe, and on the point of devouring a child, a suitable emblem of time, which devours all things in its resistless and relentless course.

On the two sides of the compartment dedicated to the days of the week are very appropriately placed, as correctives, several pious paintings, by Tobias Stimmer, representing the grand scenes of the creation, of the resurrection, of the last judgment, and of the final triumph of faith and virtue. Placed in the same compartment are two beautiful allegorical pictures, representing virtue and vice, under two female figures, strongly contrasting with each other. These paintings qualify the pagan emblems which they surround.

8. We are not yet half done with the wonders of this most wonderful Clock. Ascending the case of the Clock, we next come to the *gallery of lions*, so called from the circumstance that its extremities are guarded by two massive lions, sculptured in wood, one holding in his claws the escutcheon, and the other the coat of arms of the city of Strasburg. These lions, taken from the old clock, seem never to have had any motion whatever.

The middle of this gallery is occupied by a small dial-plate, with hands indicating the mean time—that is, the time composed of hours, all of equal length, and the exact arithmetical mean between those of the longest and those of the shortest days of the year.

These hands are moved directly by the central movement of the Clock, while those indicating the sidereal and the apparent time above spoken of are moved by intermediate and special machinery, so constructed and

arranged as to communicate to them the necessary irregularities of motion.

9. On this gallery of lions you see, seated on each side of the dial-plate just mentioned, two genii. The one on the left of the spectator holds a sceptre in one hand, and in the other a little hammer, with which he strikes the first stroke of each quarter of the hour. He does this with admirable gravity and dignity, as a signal to the regular strikers, of whom more anon.

The genius seated on the other side holds in his two hands an hour-glass, filled with red sand, which he turns, with great ease and dexterity, every hour, just after the fourth quarter has struck.

10. Immediately above the gallery of lions is seen the *planetarium*, constructed according to the system of Copernicus. This exhibits all the apparent motions of the planets composing our system. The ground of the circular space occupied by it is azure, to represent the sky seen at a great distance. The centre is occupied by the sun, with his gilt disk, from which twelve rays proceed, indicating on the circumference of the dial the twelve signs of the zodiac. Seven small spheres, gilt, but differently shaded with clouds, placed at the proper relative distances from the sun, made of the proper relative sizes, and moving with the proper velocities, represent the seven planets visible to the naked eye,[1] in their respective motions around the sun. The *planetarium* thus exhibits an exact miniature of the real *planetarium*, as displayed in the heavens, with all its movements and phenomena regulated by clock machinery! And that nothing might be wanting to its completeness, the motions of the moon are also included, both its motion around the earth and its motion around the sun along with the earth!

At the four angles of the *planetarium* are painted, under the expressive emblems of the four ages of human life, the four seasons of the year.

Immediately above the *planetarium* is seen, placed in the starry heavens, a large globe, destined to represent, in a conspicuous manner, the phases of the moon. This globe turns on its axis in a lunar month, and, the axis having the proper inclination, its enlightened side increases or diminishes in its apparent size to the eye, so as to represent very accurately the lunar phases.

At the same elevation are found two emblematic paintings, the one representing the Christian Church under the form of a beautiful female, with the inscription, *Ecclesia Christi exulans;*[2] the other representing the antichrist under the form of a hideous dragon, with seven heads, with the inscription, *Serpens antiquus antichristus.*[3]

1. Herschel is not so visible, and is not represented in this *planetarium*.
2. The Church of Christ in exile.
3. The old serpent antichrist.

12. Next comes the portion of the Clock most striking to the eyes of the superficial observer, consisting of various little emblematic statues, which are automata, having each its own appropriate office and motion. These little automata make their appearance in two distinct compartments, or ogee[1] arcades, placed the one over the other.

In the lower compartment appear successively four small statues, representing the four ages of the human family, childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. They appear every quarter of an hour, as follows:

At the first quarter of each hour, immediately after the genius below has given the usual signal, the *child* makes his appearance, bearing a small javelin, with which he strikes the bell once. He is succeeded the next quarter by the *youth*, who, dressed as a hunter, strikes the half-hour with his arrow. Next comes the *man*, clad in a coat of mail, and armed with a sword, with which he strikes the three-quarters. Finally comes the *old man*, wrapped up in warm clothing, and bending over his crutch, which he, however, has strength enough to raise, in order to strike the four quarters.

Each of these little figures, on leaving its place, makes two steps forward, in order to reach the bell suspended in the middle of the arcade; it then pauses only long enough to discharge its office, when it retraces its steps, to make room for its successor.

The hour is sounded by a hideous skeleton, representing *death*. This figure is stationary in the centre of the compartment, and is placed firmly on a strong footstool or pedestal. At each hour, immediately on the disappearance of the *old man*, this horrid spectre raises up its bony right hand, and strikes the hour slowly and heavily on the bell. It is armed with the appropriate scythe, and it pursues its work, day and night, with fearful regularity, while, by a singular freak in the machinery, the four ages suspend their operations during the night, to indicate the repose which is indispensable to all ages and classes of the human family! This suspension, which, like all the other wonderful evolutions of this most wonderful Clock, is operated certainly, and without any noise, presents one of the most singular features in the mechanism.

13. The upper compartment, much more richly decorated, is occupied by a figure of Jesus Christ, seated upon a throne in the middle, holding in one hand the glorious banner of the redemption, and extending the other in the act of imparting His benediction.

Each day, immediately after *death* has done striking the hour of twelve, twelve figures, representing the twelve apostles, each bearing the badge of his martyrdom, or some other distinctive emblem, form themselves into a procession, and present themselves at the feet of their

1 *Ogee*, in architecture, an arcade, with alternate convex and concave arches.

divine Master, there making an appropriate salutation. On the departure of the last apostles, Christ gives his benediction in the form of a cross!

14. During the procession of the apostles, the cock, perched on the summit of the tower to the left of the spectator, entones his chant of victory, after having first flapped his wings, shaken his head and tail, and expanded his throat, like any other cock of them all! This cock is made after nature; it is as large as those which figured in the two previous clocks, and it crows three times each day at noon, in memory of the chant which recalled Peter to repentance!

15. The dome, which crowns the case of the Clock, is as remarkable for the elegance of its form as for the richness of its ornaments. In the centre of it is placed a statue of Isaias the prophet, executed by the famous sculptor of Strasburg, M. Grass. Around it are grouped the statues of the four evangelists, accompanied by the four mysterious emblematical animals of Ezechiel the prophet. A little above are seen four seraphim, who, on different musical instruments, celebrate the praises of God.

16. The tower on the left, surmounted by the cock, is decorated with a number of paintings which belonged to the old clock. The one highest up represents *Urania*, the muse which presides over astronomy; the second represents the huge *colossus* of Daniel the prophet, allegorical of the four monarchies; and the third is the portrait of *Nicholas Copernicus*, the Catholic priest to whom astronomy is so much indebted.

17. The total height of the central or principal tower of the Clock is about sixty-four English feet, while that of the other two is somewhat less. The dial, which looks out on the cathedral square, is of the enormous circumference of about fifty-one feet English. The hands of this dial are moved by the Clock within the cathedral; they are of a beautiful gothic structure, and they indicate the hours, with their subdivisions, and also the days of the week, in such a manner as to be clearly visible to persons in any part of the square.

18. The Clock is wound up once in eight days. It has but ONE PRINCIPAL MOVEMENT, which is governed by a regulator, that beats the seconds; which regulator, in its turn, is regulated by a pendulum, and by an escapement garnished with precious stones. This great central movement, notwithstanding the very small force which propels it, imparts direct motion to eight different departments of the Clock—to wit, 1. To the hands belonging to the dial denoting the mean time; 2. To those of the great gothic dial; 3. To the planetarium; 4. To the globe representing the phases of the moon; 5. To the seven figures representing the days of the week; 6. To the dial of the apparent time; 7. To

the solar and lunar equations; and, 8. To the celestial sphere for the indication of the sidereal time!

19. The other secondary movements, five in number, derive their motion from that of the centre, in a regular series, and according to a most simple and harmonious arrangement. Every thing in the whole complicated machinery thus moves smoothly and harmoniously. No piece of wood, or of any other frail material, was used in the structure of the Clock; but, on the contrary, those metals were selected which were the hardest and the most durable.

20. Such are the principal wonders of the great Clock of Strasburg, which we think our readers will agree with us in pronouncing the greatest triumph of modern mechanical art. To the Catholic, it must be a matter of honest pride, that this astonishing piece of mechanism is Catholic in its conception, Catholic in its emblems, Catholic in its characteristic features, and Catholic in its execution. It has immortalized the name of Schwielgué.

XXXIX. THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF LIBRARIES IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.[1]

This is a subject which at first may appear dry and uninviting, but which, upon a closer examination, will be found highly interesting. To the sincere votary of science and literature, in particular, the theme cannot seem devoid of interest. The history of Libraries is intimately connected with that of literature in general; the one cannot be well understood or clearly treated without the other. Libraries form in every stage of society the standards by which literary progress may be estimated. A people wholly barbarous and uncultivated never dreamed of erecting a Library; and, in general, the more highly civilized a people have become, and the more devoted they are to letters, the more will their Libraries be multiplied.

What is a Library? It is a judicious collection of books. We say *judicious;* because every collection of books is certainly not a Library. The word implies a variety of works on different subjects, carefully selected and judiciously arranged. A complete Library is one which has the best works of every age and language on all the important subjects of literature and science.

Like those who collect and use them, Libraries may be said to have a body and a soul. By the former, we mean all that is external and material about them—the books themselves, the order of their arrangement, the spacious halls which contain them, and the shelves on which they are placed. By the latter, we mean all the unseen and spiritual treasures which are concealed under these outward forms—the subjects which they treat, the truths which they unfold, and the hidden life with which they are instinct. A Library may, in fact, be said to have many bodies and as many souls;—as many of each as there are books on its shelves:—but all these souls are blended together into one mass of spiritual life, animated and breathing; as all these bodies form but one great collection of books. A Library is thus a great storehouse of learning, filled with the accumulated literary treasures of the past. To vary the figure, it is a splendid mausoleum of the illustrious literary dead, not erected, like other mausoleums, over their ashes, but inclosing, as in a richly jewelled casket, their immortal minds. It is rather a city of the dead, who yet live and hold converse with men; a kind of Elysium, in which they still

1 The substance of a lecture delivered before the Louisville "Mercantile Library Association."

walk and hold communication with the initiated. It is the cherished abode of the

> "Dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
> Our spirits by their works."

Enter a Library; analyze its contents; and see how many interesting branches of literary inquiry immediately present themselves to the mind. Take up one of its books, and ask yourselves of how many parts it consists, and how many hands have been employed in putting it into its present form. To say nothing of the comparatively unimportant labor of the binder, it has passed successfully through the hands of the paper-maker, and of the printer, or, if it be a manuscript volume, of the copyist. Two interesting inquiries are immediately suggested, both intimately connected with, or rather preliminary to, the Origin and History of Libraries: first, whence have we the paper on which the book is written or printed; and second, when did the noble art of printing supersede the tedious labor of the copyist?

It is a notorious fact, that both for the material on which we write and print, and for the art of printing itself, we are indebted to those ages which it has become fashionable to designate by the epithet *dark*. The ancient Romans and Greeks employed various materials for writing. Sometimes they used waxen sheets, upon which they wrote with the sharp-pointed iron or steel instrument, called the *stylus* (whence our English word *style*): at other times, they used parchment; while many of their more important laws and diplomatic documents were engraved on plates of copper or brass. Then came the *papyrus*—whence our English word *paper*—composed of the bark of a plant of the same name which grew abundantly on the banks of the Nile in Egypt. All these materials were much inferior, both as to structure and convenience, to our present cotton and linen paper, which was wholly unknown to the ancients.

The Egyptians drove a brisk trade in the *papyrus*, which they exported to all parts of Europe and Asia. But Egypt, so highly enlightened and civilized during the first ages of Christianity, was destined to bow to a foreign despotic yoke, which was to weigh down her energies, to crush her liberties, to blight her literature, to fetter her commerce, and to mar her civilization. About the year 640, the embattled hosts of Mohammed entered her territory, bearing the scimitar in one hand, and the Coran in the other. Before the middle of the seventh century, all her ancient glories had faded, and she had become a degraded province of that religioso-politico despotism, which has hopelessly crushed every nation on which it ever set its iron hoof.

The commerce of Egypt having been thus crippled, the trade in the

papyrus ceased, and the European supply was cut off. Almost the only writing material left to the Europeans was the parchment, which was much too dear and too scarce to come into general use. And the learned Italian, Muratori, ascribes to this cause much of the subsequent decline of literature in Europe.[1] In fact, all literary progress would have ceased, for want of the essential material for books, had not the enterprising spirit of the Italians, thus thrown on their own resources, invented cotton and linen paper, as a substitute for the *papyrus*—a substitute which more than compensated for its loss. And if we have Libraries at present, we owe the boon to the inventive genius of the Italians of the *dark* ages. Antiquaries, by carefully examining the old manuscripts, have come to the conclusion, that cotton paper was used in Italy as early as the tenth, or even the ninth century; while no specimens of linen paper are supposed to be older than the fourteenth. It were well, if those wiseacres who sneer unwittingly at the *dark* ages, would bear this fact steadily in mind. They would do well also to remember, that most of the great inventions, the fruits of which we now enjoy, are likewise traceable to those same much abused ages.

This is also true of another invention, still more intimately connected with bibliographical history—the art of printing. It is usually stated, that the credit of this noble invention should be given to Guttemberg, to Coster, or to Faust and Schoeffer, who flourished about the middle of the fifteenth century. The three cities of Strasburg, Mayentz, and Harlaem, all claimed the honor of having originated the invention. The prize thus contended for was indeed a more glorious one, than that of having given birth to Homer, which anciently excited such emulation among contending cities; but, according to the more generally received opinion, the city of Mayentz bore it away, and the glorious crown has been awarded by grateful Germany to John Guttemberg. We would not pluck one leaf from the blooming wreath which decorates his brow; his glory is that of the ages of faith and of inventions. The art of printing, as it now exists, is certainly of no older date than the fifteenth century: but it was itself little more than the mere revival of an art five centuries older, and which had been almost lost sight of in the confusion of the middle ages.

Recent antiquarian research has established the important fact, that there was, as early as the tenth century, a species of hand-printing, or *Chirotypography*, more or less generally used. A learned Italian, the Abbate Requeno, in a work lately published at Rome, has set this matter in the clearest light. He has proved, that many ancient diplomas and other documents, hitherto viewed as manuscripts, were printed by a species of hand-press. By a careful examination of those first specimens

1 Antiq. Medii Œvi. Dissert. 43.

of printing, he has ascertained that the use of stereotype plates, as well as that of movable types, was contemporary with the birth of the art. Thus it appears, that, in both stages of the invention—in the tenth and in the fifteenth century—the noble art leaped, as it were, to its highest point of perfection and to its fullest stature, at its very origin; but, then, like a giant exhausted with over exertion, it fell back again into the cradle of infancy, to await the maturing of its strength, and the gradual development of its energies! Guttemberg abandoned stereotype plates in favor of movable types, because he could not hit on any method for multiplying the former.

If ever a man deserved a monument, it was John Guttemberg. But the grateful Germans did a work of supererogation, when they recently erected one to his memory in the city of Mayentz: one had been already erected. His own noble art of printing bestrides the world: it is the most suitable monument that could have been raised to his honor. It is immensely more grand and sublime than was the famed Colossus of Rhodes, reckoned erewhile among the wonders of the world. All the splendid Libraries of modern times, owing, as they do, their origin to his great invention, constitute his most appropriate cenotaph: he needs no other!

The invention of the art of printing constitutes the most important epoch in the history of Libraries. It naturally marks the boundary line between the ancient Libraries of manuscripts, and the modern ones of printed books. The ancient manuscript Libraries are again naturally subdivided into two great classes: the classical and the Christian; or those of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and those of the middle ages. We propose to glance rapidly at the great outlines of bibliographical history in each of these three great epochs, in the order of time in which they occur. To enter into lengthy details would require a series of lectures, or even entire volumes. This interesting department of literary inquiry has been thoroughly examined by the learned of Italy, France, Germany, and England. Their recent works on the subject are well known to the literary world;[1] we propose merely to furnish a few of the more interesting results of their labors.

1. To all the lovers of the ancient classical learning, the history of the old Roman and Grecian Libraries cannot fail to offer a deeply interesting theme for investigation; while the sad fate of those old collections must awaken feelings of the most lively regret. The pagan temples seem to have been the oldest repositories of books, and the pagan priests the first Librarians. Such was certainly the case in Egypt, from the

1 Those who may wish more ample information on this subject, are referred to the works of Muratori & Tiraboschi, in Italy; to Petit Radel—Recherches sur les Bibliotheques—and others in France; to Komeier—de Bibliothecis—in Germany; and to Bingham—de Antiquis Ecclesiæ Scholis et Bibliothecis, Tom. III.—in England.

earliest period; and so it was also, to a great extent, both in the Grecian and Roman States. Books were deemed something sacred, which should repose near the sanctuaries of the gods, and under the watchful guardianship of the priesthood. The temple of Minerva at Athens, that of Serapis in Egypt, and that of Jupiter Palatine at Rome —not to mention many others of less note—all contained extensive Libraries. Though in the absurd systems of Paganism there was much of superstition mingled with this practice of connecting Libraries with temples, yet the idea in which it originated—that of making literature tributary to religion—was both beautiful and sublime.

From the days of Augustus to the fall of the Roman empire in the west, we read of many Roman emperors munificently erecting Libraries. Imperial Rome was full of them. They were found not only near the temples and in the imperial palaces, but also in the stately mansions of many of the Roman nobility. Cicero, and many of the other *literati* of the Augustan age, had their own private Libraries richly furnished. The rich and luxurious Lucullus had one in his splendid palace, which, in the number and beauty of its volumes, seems to have surpassed any private collection of ancient Rome. His books were bound in the most costly style, and the apartments of his palace in which they were kept were fitted up in a style of regal magnificence. Paintings and statues by the first masters decorated those princely halls sacred to learning, while perennial fountains played there, to cool the atmosphere, and to refresh those who resorted thither to drink at the Pierian fountain. Cicero informs us, that he often passed his hours of leisure in this splendid Library. Plutarch praises Lucullus for having thrown it open to all the Roman scholars, and says that "he was more honorable in the use than in the acquisition of his books."[1]

The ancient Library of Alexandria was founded by the Ptolemies. When Julius Cæsar invaded Egypt, a little more than half a century before the Christian era, this ancient Library was accidentally destroyed, the fire having been communicated to it from the Roman fleet. Cleopatra is said to have been inconsolable for the loss; and to comfort her, the lavish Antony made her a present of the library which formerly belonged to the kings of Pergamus, numbering about 200,000 volumes. This was a vast collection, when we reflect that all those books were manuscripts, laboriously written out by the hand of the copyist.

To account for the manner in which books were so greatly multiplied among the ancients, it may be well to remark here, that the labor of copying them was generally assigned to slaves who were specially trained to this duty. When we remember, that many of the ancient

1 Plutarch's Lives—Life of Lucullus.

Greek and Roman nobles counted their slaves by hundreds and even by thousands, we may readily conceive how they were enabled to accumulate such large collections of books. Besides, volumes did not then, in general, comprise one-half the amount of matter they do at present. And withal, it is more than probable, that, when the ancients reckoned their books by hundreds, we now reckon them by tens of thousands. Still it must appear, from the facts just alleged, that the ancient Greeks and Romans had vast collections of books.

It is a fact, no less undoubted than it is lamentable, that the great body of ancient books has been entirely lost. We are not perhaps at this day in possession of one-tenth part of the standard works which were once classical in Greece and Rome. The writings of many of the ancients have disappeared altogether; and many of those which remain are imperfect and fragmentary. We will furnish a few of the more obvious instances of this, which happen to occur to our memory. Out of one hundred and forty books of history, which we know that Livy wrote, only thirty-five books are now extant. Varro, the most learned of the ancient Romans, is known to have written no less than five hundred volumes, of which but two have come down to our day. Dionysius Halicarnassus wrote twenty books of Roman antiquities, of which but eleven are extant. Of the forty books of history composed by Polybius, but five now remain: while of the same number composed by Diodorus Siculus, but fifteen are extant. Who that has read the charming lives by Plutarch, has not regretted the entire loss of more than half of that beautiful collection? who has not entertained similar regrets in regard to the writings of Tacitus and Suetonius, not to mention many other classical writers?

It is curious to trace the causes which brought about the destruction of the ancient libraries, and which annihilated with them so many valuable works of classical antiquity. The corroding tooth of time gradually effected the destruction of many of those literary treasures; but old time is not fairly chargeable with all this work of destruction. The rude hand of revolution and of violence is more directly responsible for this incalculable and irreparable mischief. The ancient Roman Libraries fell with the Roman empire itself: the same ruthless barbarians compassed the destruction of both. The fierce Northmen, who overran Europe in the fifth and sixth centuries, destroyed Libraries with the pagan temples to which they were attached, and the princely mansions in which they were contained. What cared the steel-clad, and the steel-hearted warrior of the north for the appliances of ancient Roman literature? What use could he find for those rare and precious volumes! Perhaps he fancied the cover of the book if it were chased in gold or silver, or bedecked with jewels and pearls; but the work itself was for

him a sealed treasure. To possess himself of the casket, he recklessly destroyed its precious contents!

The Saracens and Iconoclasts of the East conspired with the fierce Northmen of the West for the destruction of ancient books. Every one knows the famous order of the Caliph Omar in regard to the splendid Library of Alexandria. Every one has read of the manner in which that order was executed; how more than five hundred thousand volumes were sacrificed to the insatiable Moloch of Mohammedanism; and how the baths of Alexandria were warmed for months with the fuel of those books which contained the accumulated treasures of the past.[1] This one wanton act of destruction, stimulated by the basest fanaticism, has perhaps wholly deprived the world of hundreds of ancient works of priceless value.

The Iconoclasts of the East, in the eighth century, under pretence of zeal for religion, destroyed vast collections, not only of valuable paintings and sculptures, but also of books. To furnish one instance out of many which might be alleged, that illiterate tyrant, Leo the Isaurian, ordered fifty thousand books to be destroyed in Constantinople, under the specious pretext that they fostered superstition! A popular insurrection completed the destruction of the large collection of books which the early Greek emperors had accumulated in the imperial city of Constantine.

2. Thus Goth, Vandal, Iconoclast, and Saracen, all conspired for the destruction of ancient Libraries; and it was not surely their fault, if any vestige of them was suffered to remain. Can we wonder, that, with all these untoward circumstances combined, many works of the ancients should have perished: or should we not rather be surprised that any portion of them should have been preserved? We know of no means by which to account for this preservation, except that the Christian Church, which grew up amid the ruins of the old Roman empire, undertook the guardianship of what still remained of the old Roman and Greek learning. The Church is the only connecting link between ancient and modern literature and civilization. But for her agency—and she was sustained by Divine power, while every thing human was crumbling around her—it is not possible to conceive, how any vestige of classical learning could have survived to the present day. Learning was on the eve of perishing from the face of the earth; civilization was about to be swallowed up by one overwhelming deluge of barbarism: the Church alone survived the universal wreck, and she alone, by her powerful influence, stemmed the rushing torrent, and prevented the torch of learning from being utterly and hopelessly extinguished. She

1 This fact, generally related by historians, has been recently questioned by some who cherish a *tender* feeling for Mohammedanism.—Cf. Art. in Encyclop. Americana.

gathered up with eager solicitude the miserable remnant of the books which still remained, carefully copied and multiplied them, added to them her own treasures of ecclesiastical writings, and placed the new Christian Libraries, for greater safety, under the protection of her priesthood, and the shadow of her sacred temples.

The Christian, thus rose on the ruins of the ancient classical Libraries. The former contained all that was still remaining of the latter, to which it supperadded its own peculiar literary treasures. If the middle ages deserved no other credit than of having carefully preserved the remnant of ancient learning, they would, as a literary epoch, be entitled to the eternal gratitude of mankind. Men of all shades of opinion have at length agreed to award this tardy measure of justice to that much-abused period. But for the indefatigable zeal of the Catholic priesthood—of Popes, bishops, priests, and monks—in collecting, preserving and transcribing books during the middle ages, what would have become of the ancient classics? The great Protestant philosopher Leibnitz tells us, that they would have perished altogether; and many other enlightened Protestants, such as Burke, Ellendorf, and Bishop Tanner, pronounce the same opinion. And if they had been silent, all history would have still proclaimed this great leading fact.

Under the auspices of the Church, the Christian Libraries of the middle ages sprang into existence, and were cherished in their growth. The Popes were pre-eminent in their zeal for the preservation of learning. And it is a remarkable fact, that the Vatican Library, founded by Pope Hilary in the sixth century, continued throughout the middle ages to be the most famous of all the Christian Libraries; and that it is, even at this day, the one precisely which is the most rich in old manuscripts. The literary antiquary, who wishes to search for old books, must still make a pilgrimage to the Vatican, in spite of its dreaded thunders. But the other day, a Roman cardinal, Angelo Mai, drew forth from the shelves of this time-honored collection the famous work of Cicero *de Republica;* and this is but one of many works which this indefatigable pioneer of learning has rescued from the tomb of ages![1]

Next to the Popes come the Catholic bishops of the middle ages, in zeal for the establishment of Libraries. Libraries were founded under the shadow of all the principal Cathedral Churches; and many of them subsist to this day. The zeal of many of the bishops in collecting books is almost incredible. They made long and repeated journeys over Europe; they employed large numbers of copyists; they entered into diplomatic negotiations for this purpose. Many prized their books so

1 He has published some twenty volumes quarto of new works, hitherto inedited, and almost entirely unknown.

highly as to have their favorite authors carried along with them whithersoever they went. Whenever an Episcopal See of any note was established, there was also founded a Library and a school.

Next to the Cathedral, came the monastic Libraries. The monks did more, perhaps, than any other class of men to multiply books, and to establish Libraries throughout Christendom. The monasteries were *oases* smiling in the midst of the desert—and they were generally located in some retired and desert place, which they literally made to smile with verdure. The indefatigable labor of the monks in collecting and copying books almost surpasses belief. Their lives were often entirely devoted to this darling occupation. In it they patiently labored, day after day, and year after year; and when one generation had been spent in this labor, the next took up the task where it had been left off; and thus the work of transcribing, and of the consequent accumulation of books, went on from century to century, without any intermission. Each monastic order, and, in fact, each monastery, was a perpetual and undying body, the members of which labored in concert as one man, under a common rule and a common superior. The advantages to literary efforts of this unity and permanency are obvious; and there is no other way of accounting for the otherwise incredible results of monastic labor and enterprise. Difficulties which would appal the stoutest modern heart were by them set at naught; they removed mountains with the vigor and alacrity of their faith, which was the absorbing principle of their actions.

The result of all this patient labor was the accumulation of extensive Libraries in all the principal monasteries; and these were scattered over the whole face of Christendom. The books which constituted these collections were, almost all of them, copied out by the monks. They were the fruits of their patient industry; and, as such, they were the more dearly prized. If a horde of barbarians dared disturb the sanctuary solitude of the monastery, the first thing thought of was to save the books of the Library; and often, while the enemy was entering the monastic abode, the monks might be seen climbing the neighboring mountain heights, heavily laden with the books they had rescued from destruction.

We cannot pause to give a detailed account of the monastic Libraries of the middle ages. Yet we must mention a few, as specimens of the rest. The monastic Library of Novalese, in Piedmont, reckoned more than 6,000 volumes; that of St. Benedict *Sur Loire*, in France, counted 5,000; while that of Spanheim, in Germany, had upwards of 2,000 volumes. These numbers will not appear so small when we bear in mind that they were all written out by hand, and that many of them were quarto and folio volumes of the largest size. They comprised works of

all ages and countries, and on all subjects, as appears from the catalogues of many of them still extant.[1]

From the very rapid sketch we have given of the Christian Libraries of the middle ages, we gather the following leading facts: 1st. That those Libraries gathered together and preserved the remnant of the ancient classical Libraries, which otherwise must have entirely perished; 2d. That to the Catholic Church, with her Popes and bishops, are we mainly indebted for this wonderful preservation of such of the ancient classics as are still extant; and, 3d. That the patient labor and systematic industry of the monks were also mainly instrumental in bringing about this good result. No impartial man, who has even glanced at the literary history of the middle ages, will be inclined to question the accuracy of any of these conclusions.

3. But we must hasten on to the third great epoch of bibliographical history—that of modern Libraries since the art of printing. The first feature which strikes us in this epoch is a painful one to every lover of learning. The modern Libraries have been erected on the ruins of the Christian Libraries of the middle ages, especially in those countries where the reformation, *so called*, had full sway, as we have already seen the Christian MSS. Libraries springing up amid the ruins of those of Greece and Rome. There is, however, this remarkable difference in the two cases, that whereas the mediæval Christian Libraries did not *cause* the ruins on which they were founded, but deplored the evil, and labored to remedy it, those of modern times, on the contrary, revelled amidst the ruins which those who founded them had, in many instances, themselves brought about!

What has now become of all the cathedral and monastic Libraries which were formerly so flourishing in Germany and England? They have, alas! almost without an exception, been swept from the earth by the storm of the reformation; they have all been buried under the ruins which that miscalled revolution left in its course, or consumed in the conflagrations which its *burning* zeal enkindled! If you now wish to find any of those time-honored manuscripts, you must travel to Italy or Spain—to countries which the reformation never blighted; you will find scarcely one of them in Protestant Germany or England. The reformers were much too *enlightened* to value or preserve those old monastic books, the collection of which had cost whole centuries of patient toil!

This is no rhetorical flourish; it is no exaggeration; it is a plain, unvarnished statement of an undoubted fact. We will present a few evidences of this fact, which does not rest on our bare assertion. In

1 As, for example, that of the Library of the York, written in Latin verse, by Alcuin.

France, the Huguenots burned the famous library of St. Benedict *Sur Loire*, with its five thousand valuable MSS. volumes; and there is no telling how many other Libraries, attached to churches or to monasteries, they burned or destroyed in the various provinces of France, where they fomented civil war. In Germany, the war of the peasants sent more than one hundred thousand poor men to the tomb, and consumed, no doubt, more than twice that number of MSS. volumes. The thirty years' war completed the work of destruction, and left Germany almost a dreary wilderness. Every one who has read the history of those troubled times has learned the singular circumstances under which the great Library of the city of Munster, one of the most famous of all Germany, was destroyed by the Anabaptists. Rothman, one of their leading prophets, employed the very same reasoning to induce the mob to destroy it as Omar had used in regard to the famous Library of Alexandria. Standing in the public square, he proclaimed, with a stentorian voice: "The books in yon Library are either conformable to the Bible, or they are not. If the former, they are useless, and should be destroyed; if the latter, they are baneful, and should be burned; therefore, in either case, that Library must be destroyed!" The rabble took him at his word; and thus one of the brightest lights of Germany was put out forever.[1]

But it is to England—to proudly boasting England—that we would beg leave to direct special attention. She did openly, in the face of day, and by act of Parliament, what other Protestant countries had done under the maddening influence of popular excitement, and of civil war. The wanton destruction of the English monasteries was invariably followed by that of the Libraries attached to them. The Protestant historian, Tyrell, in his history of England, laments, while he freely admits, this sweeping destruction. Bishop Tanner, in his works on the monasteries of England, admits the same thing. Not only this, but the Libraries of the two great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were likewise wantonly destroyed, at the instance of the reforming visitors sent by the king. The two famous Libraries of Oxford, founded in the fourteenth century by Richard Aungerville and Thomas Cobham, fell a sacrifice to this reforming zeal. One of those royal myrmidons actually boasted, that he had left the New College quadrangle all covered with the leaves of torn books! In vain did the authorities of the University complain of this rapacious vandalism: but one single book, of all that splendid collection, could be recovered; and in 1555 the University sold the very desks and shelves of its once flourishing Libraries. And what, think you, did those pious visitors do with the books? They

1 See Audin's Life of Luther, p. 460, American edition.

sold them to the green-grocers for wrapping paper! And a few of them were afterwards accidentally found at their stalls, and redeemed![1] It is a singular fact, that the Bodleian Library, subsequently erected at Oxford, in 1602, contains but *three* of all those thousands of volumes which formerly enriched the Oxford Libraries!! And yet those Libraries, thus wantonly destroyed, contained, besides other important works, the ancient annals of England. Not to mention other facts in proof of this, both William of Malmesburg and Florence of Worcester assure us, that they composed their histories almost entirely from the monastic records.

Thus did *enlightened* Protestant England revel amid the ruins of her Christian Libraries of the middle ages. She first used every effort to obliterate all traces of mediæval learning, and then sneered at the darkness of those ages, and boasted her own superior enlightenment! The middle ages would have been *dark* indeed, if the reformation had had unchecked sway in the world: but thanks to the literary zeal of Catholic Italy, the works of mediæval literature have not wholly disappeared!

Notwithstanding this violent check to learning by the fanaticism of the reformation, modern Libraries increased apace, in consequence of the art of printing. The early activity of the press in the multiplication of books is almost incredible. From the year 1455 to 1536, a period of eighty-one years, it is computed that no less than 22,932,000 books were printed.[2] The first book of any magnitude that was printed was probably the Latin Bible, which, according to Mr. Hallam,[3] appeared as early as 1455. It is also a well-ascertained fact, that, during the seventy years intervening between the first issue of the press, and the publication of Luther's German Bible in 1530, more than SEVENTY different editions of the Bible had been published in the various vernacular tongues of Europe!

We should be endless, were we to dwell in detail on all, or even the principal, great modern Libraries. Suffice it to name the Bodleian at Oxford, and that of Cambridge, together with the Gresham Library, and that connected with the British Museum, in England; the Bibliotheque Royale, and a host of others, in France; the Royal Library, at Munich in Bavaria; the Senatorial Library at Leipsic, and the Imperial Library at Vienna. We hazard little, however, in saying, that both in regard to number and to antiquity, Italy is perhaps better furnished with Libraries than any other country of Europe. She has none, perhaps, which can boast as great a number of books as the Royal Library at Paris: but

1 See Chamberlain—Present State of England, Part III., p. 45.
2 Petit Radel—Recherches sur les Bibliotheques, p. 82.
3 In his "Introduction to the History of Literature in Europe" &c.

withal, she has more numerous and respectable Libraries than either France, England, or Germany. There is the Ambrosian Library, at Milan; that of St. Mark, at Venice; the Magliabecchiana and the Laurentiana, at Florence; and the Vatican, at Rome; which may compete with any others in the world. All the other principal cities of Italy—Turin, Pavia, Padua, Parma, Pisa, Sienna, Modena, Ferrara, Bologna, Naples, and Perugia—have numerous public Libraries, which are free for all. In Venice, there are no less than fourteen, some of which are larger than St. Mark's; and there is about the same number at Rome. "Ignorant Italy" is thus still ahead of the world in bibliographical treasures, upon which she draws without intermission. While there are, perhaps, not more than four respectable Libraries in loudly boasting and bitterly sneering England, there are perhaps not less than a hundred in unpretending Italy; and these almost all richly stored with ancient MSS. volumes, and other rare works![1] The old saying is here verified: "Smooth water runs deep."

Our own rising country is still far behind Europe in Libraries. Still we have made a good beginning, and we have already many respectable collections of books. Almost every college in the land, and State in the Union, has the nucleus of a Library. The most ancient and the most richly furnished are those of Philadelphia and of Harvard, each of which numbers about fifty thousand volumes. That of Yale College is about one-third less than these two. Mercantile enterprise and liberality have done much to establish Libraries and to augment those already in existence; and when the munificent bequest of $400,000 left by the present John Jacob Astor, of New York, shall be applied to its contemplated object, we may expect to see a splendid Library in our great commercial emporium.

Nothing can be more desirable than the multiplication of Libraries throughout our happy country. They are great fountain heads whence flow literary streams which will irrigate and fertilize our land. To the forecast of our great statesman philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, we are indebted for the first idea of a great Library at Philadelphia. The conception was well worthy of him on whose tomb was inscribed the appropriate epitaph:

"*Eripuit fulmen cœlo, sceptrumque tyrannis.*"

Public Libraries in large commercial cities serve greatly to qualify the mercantile spirit, and to quench the otherwise all-devouring fever of avarice, which, in our *enlightened* age of dollars and cents, is but too apt to be the all-pervading malady. As we grow older, the restless spirit of speculation will, it is hoped, somewhat abate; and then we shall en-

[1] See Baretti—Account of Italy, vol. i., p. 196–7. Edit. London in 2 vol's. 8vo. 1769.

joy more literary leisure, and shall apply more ardently and successfully to the pursuits of science and literature.

Then may we hope to treat with contempt all that flimsy trash with which the press daily floods our land, and which is christened *literature*, we suppose, by courtesy. Then may our youth turn with disgust from the sickly effusions of our Willis, our Fays, and our Poes, to the more solid productions of our Irvings, our Prescotts, our Stephens', and our Bancrofts.

A quaint old poet has well said:

> "The busy mint
> Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
> And coining new ideas!"

Now it so happens that this same busy mint now-a-days "coins" more spurious, than it does genuine ideas. Literary activity will be of little avail, unless we be able to detect the counterfeit, and distinguish it from the genuine coin. We set down as counterfeit almost all the fashionable novels of the day—the French especially included—and we except only those of Walter Scott, of Maria Edgworth, and the writings of Charles Dickens—bating, however, his "American Notes," which are not much more current here than the same amount of notes of one of our broken banks. We like Dickens, however, because he has discovered the philosophers' stone; he transforms into pure gold every thing that he touches. He is the friend and advocate of the poor and the distressed; and he strikes at tyranny and avarice in high places. Besides, he leaves a good moral impression in most of his works.

We would not be understood as disparaging the great literary activity of our age: we would only wish to see it properly directed. Activity in the health of both body and soul. The mind becomes more buoyant and vigorous by exercise. The mind of a nation particularly,

> "Like the bounding ocean
> Gains, and gains, and grows more strong by motion."

XL. DEMONOLOGY AND THE REFORMATION.

[The wisest of men has well said, that there is nothing new under the sun. What is, has been; if not in the same form, at least the same in principle. This is particularly true of magic, by which we mean Satanical influences and agencies controlling human action. Under Paganism, the devil was truly what St. Paul designates him—"the prince of this world;" he often took possession even of the bodies of men. Our Blessed Lord cast him out, indeed, but only from those who were willing to renounce his kingdom, and to enter into that which He established. Satan does not usually, now, take possession of the *bodies* of men, but he very frequently enters into and controls their *souls*.

Nor is magic extinct; it has merely assumed a new form, adapting itself to the advanced stage of our civilization. We have learned to do away with the cumbrous machinery of fire, smoke, sulphur, and jargon, with which the ancient magicians usually called up the spirits from the vasty deep; we have only to signify our wish to have them appear, or even think of them with wistfulness, and, presto! they announce their presence, in any shape we desire, by scientific raps, graceful table-tippings, astounding revelations, or other wonderful manifestations! Magic has been refined and reduced to a science by our enlightened generation! Apollonius Thyanæus, the Salem witches, and old Cotton Mather himself, have been fairly thrown into the shade by our wonderful improvements and discoveries in the Black Art!

Such being the spirit, or at least the tendency, of the age, we have thought it not inappropriate to republish the following paper, written many years ago. The facts which it discloses will exhibit one notable phase in the history of modern magic, connected with the very origin, and with the early progress, of the religious revolution called the reformation.]

"Quando diabolum collo non habemus affixum, nihil nisi speculativi theologi sumus." Dr. Martinus Lutherus. Colloquia Mensalia—de Verbo Dei, (Edit. Eisleb.) fol. 23.

"When we have not the devil hanging about our necks, we are but drivelling theologians." Dr. Martin Luther. Table-Talk.

Subject abstruse and delicate.—Great light shed on it in the sixteenth century.—"Demonology and Witchcraft."—Probing the wound.—Two methods of investigation.—A *profound* theologian.—A familiar spirit.—Luther at the Wartburg.—Cracking nuts with the demon.—The "ink-stained" victory.—Karlstadt and Luther.—A withering invective.—The table-talk.—Luther's theory of Demonology.—Knowing the demon.—Remedies against the evil one.—Caterpillar and flies.—Sorcery and witchcraft.—Famous conference with Satan.—Private masses abolished.—The demon's interest for Luther's soul.—The Satanic argument.—Luther vanquished.—Attempted explanation.—Luther at Orlamunde.—Bandying compliments.—Familiar demon of Zuinglius.—Luther's enemies killed by the demon.—Karlstadt's death.—Theoretical Demonology.—Three arguments from the Scriptures.—Conclusion.—Demonology before and since the reformation.—A word in extenuation.

Be not startled, gentle reader, if, from so strange a text, we should preach a strange sermon. At the very outset, we feel and must express a lively sense of our utter incompetency to enter into the abstruse investigations connected with Demonology. We fear that we are but drivelling theologians at best, as our ambition has not hitherto inclined us to

make the special acquaintance of Lucifer, or to admit him to that kind of *tête-à-tête* which the father of the reformation so graphically paints by the expressive figure of "his hanging about our necks." *He* could speak on the subject not only from observation, but from experience, as we shall soon see; *we* can only look into the matter at a distance, and see it in an obscure manner. With such a guide, however, as Luther, we may hope to penetrate into many occult mysteries hitherto unexplored by human eye. We shall also find, as we proceed, that much additional light has been thrown on this hidden subject by Luther's brother reformers, Zuinglius, Œcolampadius, Karlstadt, and others.

In fact, the world was greatly in the dark on a matter of such vital interest, until the dawn of the glorious reformation. Among the signal benefits which this event has bestowed upon mankind, not the least important is the great additional light it has shed upon Demonology; by which word, we mean a *science*[1] treating of the various influences which the evil one exercises, or may exercise, over human affairs. These influences, as we shall endeavor to show, were reciprocal. The reformation was as much indebted to Demonology as this latter was to the reformation. The two went hand in hand. A late distinguished Protestant author—Sir Walter Scott—has written an elaborate treatise "on Demonology and Witchcraft." We intend to do a similar work, though on a much smaller scale, by writing a paper on Demonology and the Reformation, which latter, if it was not *witchcraft*, has at least contributed not a little to *bewitch* the minds and hearts of men for the last three hundred years.

We, of course, mean no disrespect whatever to Protestants of the present day. Among these, we are happy to reckon many enlightened men, who are as much shocked at the extravagances of the early reformers as we can possibly be. They will not be offended with us, we trust, if we venture to lift up one corner of the veil which hitherto concealed from the eyes of many well-meaning men the deformities of their fathers in the faith. We could not raise the entire veil without causing a blush on the cheek of modesty; and we fear that even the partial exposure we shall be constrained to make will shock not a little the sensibility of some among our readers. To these, we would beg to say, that the love of truth demands the sacrifice; and we shall make it with all the charity and forbearance which the subject will allow. We shall give nothing but undoubted facts, drawn from the testimony of the reformers themselves, which, we presume, will be viewed as unexceptionable evidence by their children in the faith. If we be compelled to use the knife in anatomizing early Protestantism, we will try to sharpen the in-

1 We shall see that the reformation raised it to the dignity of a science.

strument, and to handle it with as much gentleness as may be, in order to give the least possible pain to the patient. The most approved modern method, adopted by the school of the able French surgeon—the late M. Dupuytren—demands celerity in the operation; and we shall accordingly endeavor to make quick work in our surgical dissection of the inveterate ulcer of three hundred years' standing, which the reformation has imparted to human nature.

There are two methods of ascertaining the influence which the evil one had on the origin and progress of the reformation. The first is that to which we alluded above—by examining the testimony of the early reformers themselves, who surely had the best right to know "of what spirit they were." The second, which will greatly confirm the conclusions reached by the first, will be,—by a reasoning *a priori* on the characteristics and principles of the reformation itself. Both these modes of illustration will serve to throw light on a subject as interesting and important as it is delicate and abstruse. All we ask is a patient hearing. In the language of Dr. Martin Luther himself, we say: "Strike, but hear!"

I. Were we to measure the depth of Luther's theological knowledge by his own favorite rule, embodied in the aphorism at the head of this paper, we would incline to the opinion that he was indeed a profound theologian. If his knowledge did not reach far upwards towards heaven, it at least had a wonderful depth: it went down to the very bottom of a certain hottish place! If we are to credit his own reiterated testimony on the subject, the prince who rules in this lower region was his constant companion and instructor,—his familiar genius! He himself has left recorded, in his voluminous writings, the history of many of his contests and interviews with the prince of darkness, who sometimes appeared to him as an enemy, endeavoring to baffle him in his undertakings, and anon, as a friend, whispering comfort, and suggesting additional means of warring successfully against the Pope. Whithersoever he went, this, his familiar spirit, followed him, and sometimes even anticipated him in his movements.

"The devil gave not a moment's rest to the reformer; he appeared to him and annoyed him by day and by night; at table and in bed; in the church as well as in his study; at home and even in his cellar."[1] "While at the convent at Wittenberg, when he began to read the Bible, or was at his desk translating the psalms, the devil would steal softly up to him, and suggest all kinds of wicked fancies to his mind. If Luther feigned not to understand him, the devil flew into a passion, threw his papers about, closed up and sometimes tore his books, and then put

1 Tisch Reden, or Table-Talk, fol. 619; Audin's Life of Luther—American Edit., p. 403.

out the candle. If Luther sought refuge in bed, the demon was there before him.[1]

After the famous diet of Worms (A. D. 1521) in which Luther, relying on the protection of his powerful patron—the Elector of Saxony—acted so bold and fearless a part, the policy of the elector and his own free consent made him, for more than a year, a voluntary prisoner in the strong castle of Wartburg. This he called his Patmos; and if we are to credit his own account, it was for him, if not a place of heavenly revelations—as its prototype had been to the blessed John,—at least the theatre of strange satanical apparitions for his *enlightenment*, and of remarkable struggles with the powers of darkness. We will let him describe, in his own peculiar language, one of these singular combats:

"Anno 1521, as I departed from Worms, and not far from Eisenach, I was taken prisoner. I was lodged in the castle of Wartburg, my Patmos, in a chamber far from people, where none could have access unto me but two boys, that brought me twice a day meat and drink. Now, among other things, they brought me hazel-nuts, which I put into a box, and sometimes I used to crack and eat them. In the night-time, my gentleman the devil came, and got the nuts out of the box, and cracked them against one of the bedposts, making a very great noise and rumbling about my bed; but I regarded him not at all. When afterwards I began to slumber, then he kept such a racket and rumbling upon the chamber chairs, as if many empty hogsheads and barrels had been tumbling down; and although I knew that the stairs were strongly guarded with iron bars, so that there was no passage either up or down, yet I arose to see what the matter was; but finding the door fast shut, I said, 'Art thou there, Satan? so be there still: I commit myself to Christ, my Lord and Saviour, of whom it is written, *Omnia subjecisti sub pedibus ejus*—thou hast put all things under his feet'—and then laid me down to rest again."[2]

On the wall of the room, in which he lodged at the Wartburg, there is still shown a dark stain, which is accounted for on demonological principles. It seems, that in one of his reiterated visits, Satan became rather importunate. Luther was engaged in writing, and could not bear to be disturbed just then. After bearing the intrusion as long as his patience could possibly endure, he at length roared out at the top of his stentorian voice—"Begone!" The evil one did not, however, choose to take the hint; but he still continued his unwelcome presence. Varying his tactics, "he changed himself into a fly, and by his buzzing annoyed the acute hearing of the monk, who at length took his inkstand, and threw

1 Tisch Reden, or Table-Talk, fol. 619; Audin's Life of Luther—American edit., p. 403.
2 See Table-Talk, p. 290; and Audin, p. 388.

it at the winged insect. "See," said the keeper of the Castle to M. Audin in 1816, "this is the stain of the ink, which time has not been able to efface."[1]

This was not the only "ink-stained" victory, which the reformer could boast of having gained over his satanical majesty. The huge blots of wasted ink, still visible on the door of his old cell in the Augustinian convent at Wittenberg, remain to this day, to attest many such triumphs.[2] And one of the most distinguished scholars now in Germany informed the writer of this paper, that both this room and that at the Wartburg are at this present time frequented by pious Lutheran pilgrims; and that the ink-stains are viewed with special reverence, as evidences of the superior prowess of the great German reformer! After the departure of the monks, Luther took more spacious apartments in the convent. We are not informed, whether, in thus leaving the theatre of his former glory, he was more exempt from satanical visitations.

While Luther was a voluntary prisoner in the Wartburg, Karlstadt and other hot-headed disciples of reform were enacting strange scenes in his favorite church of Wittenberg—the cradle of the reformation. They abolished the Mass, defaced the venerable church of All Saints, broke its statues, tore down and burnt its beautiful paintings, as so many relics of popish idolatry; and scattered to the winds the ashes of those beautiful arts, which had for centuries within its walls paid willing tribute to religion and to piety. Luther heard of these enormities in his Patmos: his heart was pained at the intemperate zeal of his disciples, and his pride was hurt at their daring to make any change without his co-operation. He swooped like an eagle from his mountain height on these baser birds of prey, who were tearing his beloved flock. Throwing away his cassock and his pilgrim's staff, he mounted his war-horse, and clad in a heavy coat of mail, with a long sword, casque, boots, and spurs, he made his entrance into Wittenberg, surrounded by a large body of attendants. His beard was long, his eye darted fire, and his opponents already quailed before his presence. Thus strangely accoutred, he ascended the pulpit of All Saints, and delivered an impassioned invective, from which we shall extract those portions that bear on our present subject—the Demonology of the reformation.

"I know Satan: I know that he does not sleep: that his eye watches for times of trouble and desolation. I have learned to wrestle with him, and do not fear him: I have inflicted on him more than one wound from which he will long suffer. What mean, then, these novelties which have been introduced in my absence! Was I at such a distance

1 Audin, p. 180. 2 Ibid., p. 370.

that I could not be consulted? Am I no longer the source of pure doctrine? I have preached it; I have printed it; I have done more mischief to the Pope (this was *pure doctrine!*) either while I slept, or was drinking beer with Philip and Amsdorf, than all the princes and emperors put together."[1] * * * "What must the devil think, when he sees you enact all your fancies? The sly rogue keeps himself quiet in hell, since he knows what tragedies your doctors are about to excite."

What a misfortune! what a loss to the world is the absence of this same "sly rogue!" How worthy of a Jeremiad!!

We have already referred more than once to Luther's Table-Talk. This book details to us the subjects of his familiar and unreserved conversations,—in the famous tavern of the Black Eagle at Wittenberg,—with his favorite disciples, Philip Melanchton, Justus Jonas, Amsdorf, Staupitz, Aurifaber, and others. Every thing that the reformer said was carefully noted down by his admiring disciples. It was they who first published his Table-Talk in one huge folio volume of one thousand three hundred and fifty pages, besides a copious index. If there was any indiscretion, in thus exposing to the world the conversation of their master in his most unguarded moments, *their* over partial zeal in collecting his words must be censured. One of them, Peter Rebstock, says, in the preface to his Latin edition of the work, that "it was at table that Luther dispensed the gospel in its greatest purity." Mathesius and Aurifaber also published editions in German; and they profess to have collected with pious care all the sayings of Luther, contained either in his oral conversations, or in his printed works. Frederick Mecum, and Erasmus Albert, two other contemporary Lutheran theologians of eminence in the sect, praise the work, "as better than the best sermon," and "as embodying consoling and affecting conversations held by their well-beloved at table, which should be generally diffused among the people." The first and best editions of the work were published by Lutheran Ministers: at Eisleben, Luther's birthplace, in 1566; at Frankfort, on the Oder, in 1567 and 1571; at Jena, in 1591; at Leipsic, in 1603 and 1700; at Dresden and at Leipsic, in 1723.[2]

Let us then see what this "Ale-Pope" of the Black Eagle, and his boon companions, tell us on the subject of Demonology. Let us gather up reverently some of the "crumbs which fell from the reformer's table." Our appetite will be satisfied with a few morsels: we will be scarcely tempted to take a fuller meal. So revolting, in fact, are many of the conversations recorded in that volume, that we turn away from their perusal with disgust unutterable; and we dare not shock the modesty of our readers, by laying bare even one half of the enormities disclosed

1 Tom. viii. Opp. Lutheri.—Audin, p. 237.

2 See authorities quoted by Audin, p. 385; and in Note on pp. 401-2.

by the midnight revels of those boasted apostles of reform! No wonder Luther's disciples became subsequently ashamed of this exposure of their well-beloved master. Christopher Besold asserts, that it was not Luther's intention to have those conversations published. According to him, they were words "which escaped him in a state of semi-inebriation, and in a place where all things except piety are held to be allowable."[1] But this was manifestly an after-thought: the earliest and most favored disciples of the reformer, as we have seen, were proud of those maxims, and they published them to the world, both in German and in Latin. As they fell from him in his moments of unreserved communication with his friends, they afford perhaps the best standard by which to judge of his real character. The maxim,—*in vino veritas*—in wine there is truth,—is as sound as it is old.

The Table-Talk is full of discourses on the devil, and on the charms of women. Impiety and licentiousness there struggle for the mastery. The latter, perhaps, has gained the ascendency; but our business is with the former. We shall endeavor to extract from the Table-Talk those passages which exhibit Luther's theory of Demonology. Should our pages be sullied in the recital, we wish it to be borne in mind that the blame does not attach to us.

According to the Saxon reformer, the evil one is everywhere:—

"There are devils in the forests, in the waters, in the deserts, in the marshes,—wherever, in fine, there are creatures to torment. Some hang on the side of black clouds; others excite storms, raise up tempests, hurl thunder-bolts, dart lightnings, and, in fine, infect the air, the sea, and the fields. The philosophers and physicians attribute these things to the stars."[2]

Still the evil one has his own peculiar tastes; he loves some places better than others:—

"In different parts of the world, there are places of which the evil spirits are fond. Prussia is the residence that pleases them most. In Switzerland, not far from Lucerne, on the top of a lofty mountain, is a lake called Pilot's Lake. The devil often plays pranks there. In my own country on Potlersberg, there is a lake into which if you cast a stone, you are sure to excite a storm. The whole country would be in an uproar."[3]

A favorite theory with Luther is, that Satan is the author of physical evils,—of sickness and of death:—

"The apostle (Heb. ii.) gives the power of death to the devil, and Christ calls him the man of death. Indeed he is a murderer, who could

1 "Ubi omnia cum liceant, non licet esse pium." Beckerungs—Motiven, ch. 8, sec. 3, n. 5—apud Audin, p. 385.

2 Table-Talk edit., Eisleben, p. 277.

3 Ibid., p. 294.

kill you with a slight tap, and who has more poison in his pocket than all the druggists in the world. If one fails, he immediately applies another. The devil is more powerful than we can believe or imagine."[1] Again: "I believe that satan is the author of all the maladies of man: for satan is the prince of death. Pestilence, sickness, wars, are the work of the demon, and not of God. Osiander may say what he likes, but there *are* hobgoblins, who torment us in our sleep, and beat us till they make us sick."[2]

In proof of all this, he here relates the singular adventure about the devil and the bag of nuts, which we have given above. Again, he says:

"Physicians assign only natural causes for diseases. Whence comes this sickness? What has occasioned it? How is it to be cured? That is all they trouble themselves about, and they are right. They do not see that it is the devil who afflicts the sick, and that the cause of these maladies is not natural."[3]

Alas! physicians are equally blind and perverse at present, notwithstanding the transcendent light of the reformation! In another place he asserts, that "fools, the lame, the blind and the dumb are possessed by the devil. Physicians who treat them by the rules of art know nothing of the matter."[4]

Luther applied this strange theory, in accounting for his own sickness and for that of his friends; and, as we shall see presently, in explaining the death of his enemies. During the Diet at Augsburg in 1530, he was lying sick at Coburg. He gives this forcible description of his malady:

"My head rings, or rather thunders: were I not to quit study, I would faint. My head is no longer any thing but a small chapter, which will presently become a paragraph, and end by terminating in a period."[5] "It is not a natural malady," he adds, "it is the finger of satan that presses heavily on me." Again: "I have received your letter. I was learning to know satan. I was alone. Veit and Cyriacus had left me. The devil did his business so well, that he forced me to quit the room, and mingle with the inhabitants."

In 1540 his cherished disciple Melanchton was taken dangerously ill at Haguenau. Luther flew to his bedside, accompanied by the Elector of Saxony. On entering the sick man's chamber, and on discovering every symptom of death in the appearance of one he so much loved, Luther turned to the elector, and uttered this strange exclamation: "See, then, how the devil has spoiled our work!"[6] But the work was not spoiled: Melanchton revived and recovered, in spite of the prince of darkness!

The reformer gravely discourses to his disciples concerning the most

1 Table-Talk, edit. Eisleben, pp. 281–303.
2 Ibid., p. 296.
3 Ibid., p. 494.
4 Ibid.
5 Epistola Melanchton.—12 Maii.
6 Audin, p. 450.

efficacious means of driving away the demon. His patent remedies are, wit, music, prayer, and dogged silence. And such wit! We dare not transcribe one of his exhibitions of pleasantry, for the purpose of exorcising this unearthly visitant;[1] and our pen very unwillingly traces the following blasphemous *recipe* for ridding one's self of his hated presence. The person annoyed is enjoined to say to satan: "My dear devil, if Jesus has not shed blood enough for me, do pray to God for me; I beg it of you."[2] A favorite remedy was music. "The devil is a gloomy spirit, who only wishes to annoy, and whom joy afflicts. Music drives him away: as soon as he hears us sing, especially hymns, he flies off."[3] To some that consulted him as to the best means of driving away the spirit of darkness, who seems to have given sore trouble to the early reformers, he answered: "Do nothing: speak not to him; let him alone, and he will decamp soon enough."[4]

He thought that the devil frequently changed himself into the form of a wolf, of a caterpillar, or a fly:—

"I have found many varieties of the caterpillar in my garden. I thought it was the devil who sent them to me. They have, as it were, horns on the nose; they have rings of gold and silver. Outside they appear brilliant; inside they are full of poison," &c.[5] * * * "The devil is like a fly. As soon as a fine book appears, the fly goes over its white pages, leaving well-known traces of its presence, as much as to say, 'I have been there.' So the devil, when he finds an innocent and pure heart, sullies it."[6]

He could not brook the presence of a fly, which he viewed as a little winged imp of satan. When one of them would alight on his book or face, he lost all patience—"The d—l take you," he would say, "you ape and follower of satan! If I open my Bible, you are there, you wretched fly, with your paws and filth, as if you would say: 'This book is mine.' * * * The devil acts precisely as you do."[7]

He religiously believed in witchcraft and sorcery, and held the opinion that witches should be punished with death. The subject was brought up in the Table-Talk, on the 25th of August, 1538, on which occasion, alluding to those female servants, who, being possessed by the devil, stole milk, butter, and fresh eggs, he discoursed after this wise:

"These sorceresses deserve no compassion. For my part, I would burn them. It is said that the butter has a bad smell, and falls to the ground when any one eats it. Whoever maltreats a witch, is himself tormented by the devil; more than one schoolmaster and ecclesiastic can attest this. If our sins irritate and offend God, much more does witchcraft,

1 Those who are curious in such matters, may see it in the Table-Talk, edit. ut supra, p. 290.
2 Ibid.
3 Ibid., p. 266. See Audin, p. 389.
4 Table-Talk, edit., p. 216; Audin, p. 403.
5 Ibid., p. 393.
6 Table-Talk, edit. Frankfort, p. 355.
7 Ibid., p. 625; Audin, p. 403.

which may truly be called a crime of high treason against God,—a rebellion against His infinite power. The jurists, who have so accurately discussed the question of revolt, hold that the revolt of a subject against his prince is justly punished with death. Should not witchcraft, which is an act of rebellion of the creature, who refuses to have faith in God, and trusts in the devil, be also punished with death?"

Shades of the puritans, who burnt the witches at Salem! You had, after all, a noble precedent for your righteous work of blood! You did but carry out the principle of the great father of the reformation!

Luther was on very good terms with the devil. Take this declaration of his in the Table-Talk, as evidence:—

"I have been always better treated by the devil than by men; and I would rather be strangled by the devil, than by the emperor. I would at least die by the hand of a great man."[1]

But the most curious proof of his familiarity with the evil one is furnished us by himself, in the full account which he gives us of his famous conference with the devil. This is perhaps the most singular page in the life of the reformer; and we would not be doing justice to our subject, were we to omit adverting to this strange history. There is some difference of opinion among the learned as to the time and place of the conference in question: the more probable opinion places it at the castle of Wartburg, in 1521. The fact itself, with all its startling details, is unquestionable: it is vouched for by the reformer himself; and it is not denied by his admirers, however they may now be inclined to explain it away.

The subject of the conference was the lawfulness of private Masses, the spirit of darkness, as might have been expected, taking ground against them, as wicked and idolatrous; while Luther feebly and imperfectly vindicated them. Its result was, that the reformer, unable to answer satan's arguments, abandoned his position, gave up the doctrine as untenable, and from that time ceased, in fact, to celebrate private Masses! He who had vaunted his hardihood in opposing Popes, emperors, the ancient fathers,—the whole Church and the whole world; he that had never been known to yield his opinion to mortal man; he, the unbending Luther, yielded to the overpowering logic of the demon, and for the first time acknowledged himself fairly vanquished! The arguments of satan were so very simple and absurd on the face of them,—they were based on assumptions so silly, and statements so false in point of fact, that the merest tyro in theology could have readily answered them; yet Luther proclaims them unanswerable, and, in point of fact, he yields to their evidence![2]

1 Audin, p. 286.

2 In a letter to Melancthon (12), written about this time,—August 1, 1521,—he declares emphatically, "That he would never more celebrate private Mass:" "Sed et ego amplius non faciam Missam privatam in æternum." Verily he was a prompt, if not a sincere convert.

But the most striking circumstance of all is the tender interest evinced by the demon for the enlightenment and eternal salvation of the reformer! We had heard of his "transforming himself sometimes into an angel of light;" but it is always to exhibit error and vice in the garb of truth and virtue, for the deception and spiritual ruin of those whom he is thus permitted to tempt. In the conference with Luther, he assumes a new character altogether. According to the Protestant view of the matter, he appears as the successful champion of truth against error; and all for the purpose of rescuing the great reformer from the destructive system of Popery, and of fatal idolatry! In the Catholic view of the case, the whole matter is easily explained: the devil appears as the bungling advocate of error, and, acting according to his well-known character, succeeds in deceiving a man who was willing to be deceived, and who, the evil one well knew, would be a powerful instrument in his hands for deceiving others.

This is all so surpassingly strange, that it will scarcely be credited without the strongest evidence. We present what must be decisive in the case—that of Luther himself, who says:—

"I once suddenly awoke about midnight, and satan began to dispute with me. 'Listen to me, learned doctor,' says he. 'During fifteen years you have daily celebrated private Masses. What if all these Masses have been a horrible idolatry? What if the body and blood of Jesus Christ be not present there, and that you have yourself adored, and made others adore, bread and wine?'"

Luther answered: "That he had been made priest; that he had received ordination at the bishop's hands; and that he had acted according to the command of his superiors." In reply, the satanical theologian entered into an elaborate argument to prove: 1st, that his ordination was invalid, because both he, and those who ordained him, had not the true faith, by denying the one mediator Christ Jesus, and having recourse to the Blessed Virgin and the saints; 2dly, that in celebrating private Masses there was "wanting a person for whom he should consecrate, and to whom the sacrament should be given—that is, the Church, and the body of the faithful," who were not present at such Masses; and 3dly, that "there was wanting, the end, the design, the fruit, and object for which Jesus Christ instituted this sacrament;" which, according to him, was "that it should be eaten and be drunk to fortify the faith of His (Christ's) members to preach and announce in the Mass the benefits of Jesus Christ."

To these three heads, the whole long-winded argument of satan may be fairly reduced; and it is singular enough that these same satanical *theses* constituted, subsequently, the groundwork of the Lutheran doctrine on the Holy Sacrament condemned in the Council of Trent! The

whole reasoning is obviously based on a tissue of unfounded assertions, and of hollow sophisms. To the former category belong the assertions that Catholics, in praying to the Blessed Virgin and the saints, denied the mediatorship of Christ, and that consequently they believe no more in Jesus Christ "than the Turks, and all the devils;" as also the statement which avers that in private Masses the fruit of the holy sacrifice is not applied to the whole body of the faithful, whether present or not at its celebration. To the latter class belong the absurd principles, that sound faith is required in the minister of the sacrament for its *valid* administration, and that the priest does not *validly* consecrate unless he be so far gifted with personal holiness as to correspond in every thing with the "end and design" of Christ in instituting the sacrifice and sacrament. If these principles be once admitted, there is no longer any certainty in regard to the valid administration of any of the sacraments; and the validity of ministerial ordination, especially, will be involved in an endless maze of perplexities.

How did Luther answer the arguments of the evil spirit? He did not answer them at all: he yielded the point to the superior logical prowess of his adversary, whom he even took as his instructor and guide in the new religion he was establishing! He concludes his graphical account of the whole conference in the following characteristic words:—

"I behold now the holy fathers, who laugh at me, and exclaim: 'Is this the celebrated doctor who is nonplused, and cannot answer Satan? Do you know, doctor, that the devil is a lying spirit?' Thank you, fathers. I would not have known until now, learned theologians, that the devil was a liar, unless you had said so. In truth, if you were obliged to suffer the assaults of Satan, and to dispute with him, you would never speak as you do of the practice and traditions of the Church. The devil is a severe antagonist, and he presses one so closely, that it is impossible to resist him without a special grace of the Lord. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he fills the soul with darkness and with fear; and unless he has to do with a man who is master of the Scripture, he easily overcomes him. It is true, he is a liar; but he does not speak untruths when he accuses us, for then he comes to the combat with the double testimony of the law of God, and of our own conscience. I do not deny that I have sinned. I do not deny that my sin is great. I do not deny that I am liable to death and damnation."[1]

Neither do we, doctor: but this strange apology for the devil, and for your own defeat—of you, who never before knew, or at least acknowledged defeat—must sound peculiarly strange in the ears of those who recognize you as an Apostle of reform, and a champion of truth against

1 De Missa angulari, Lutheri Opp. edit. Jenæ, tom. vi., pp. 81, 82; Edit. Wittenb., tom vii., fol. 228 seq. See also Basnage, Histoire des Eglises reformées, tom. iii., ch. vi.; and Bayle, Dict., Art. Luther

error! To us, who believe no such thing, your embarrassment and discomforture are natural enough. All that surprises us is, that you have had the candor to acknowledge it; and that, notwithstanding this your acknowledgment, many still believe in your mission to reform the Church of God! Many of these, your friends, even go so far, doctor, as to question your own word in the above narrative; or at least to maintain, with the minister Claude, that this is all a mere allegory, and that you had no *real* struggles with the devil—your own reiterated declarations to the contrary notwithstanding! True, this attempted explanation does not mend the matter: for allegory or no allegory, the principle is still the same; and it will be always true, that the devil in person, or, "the abstract principle of evil in general," out-argued you on the subject of private Masses, and that you obeyed his *luminous* teachings! But could you rise from the tomb, how you would lash, with your burning eloquence, those presumptuous upstarts, who thus dare to reform your reformation, and to deny the reality of your contests with Satan! Then would the world be edified by a torrent of withering invective, of which that poured out on the luckless heads of Karlstadt and his associate ultra reformers of Wittenberg was but a faint specimen!

The facts we have hitherto alleged are singular chapters in the history of Demonology and the reformation. We will add, by way of appendix to the work, a few other curious passages. His Protestant contemporaries never once thought of denying Luther's intimacy with the devil: some of them even went further;—they wished it to be increased! By his invectives from the pulpit of Wittenberg, he had grievously offended the good Protestants of Orlamunde, who had been guilty of the double crime of sheltering his truant disciple Karlstadt, and of leaning to the opinions of the Anabaptists. The authorities of the town invited Luther to a conference on the grounds of mutual dissatisfaction. The reformer accepted the invitation; and on his appearance at Orlamunde, he entered into a long argument with the town council, and with a famous cobbler theologian, named Crispin, who volunteered his services on the occasion. We venture not to hazard an opinion on the merits of the discussion; or to decide whether victory perched on the banner of the cobbler, or of the reformer. One thing is certain: the good people of Orlamunde awarded the triumph to Crispin, and when Luther was leaving the city, they pelted him with stones, and exclaimed: "May the devil and all the imps have you! May you break your neck and limbs, before you leave the city!" [1]

About the time of the reformation, it was peculiarly easy to pursue the interesting study of Demonology: "not only the forests, the waters, the

1 Lutheri Opp., edit. Jenæ, tom. ii., fol. 497.

deserts, the fields, and the marshes," were inhabited by demons; but also the bodies and souls of all the opponents of Luther, who himself, if we are to credit his own declarations, had an abundant supply! Subjects for aiding the investigation of the curious student were never more plentiful. The monks were the chief antagonists of the reformer: they, of course, were tenanted by a whole legion!—

"The monks are the lineal descendants of satan. When you wish to paint the devil, muffle him up in a monk's habit. The monks are the ministers of satan. What a roar of laughter there must be in hell, when a monk goes down to it."[1]

His brother Protestants, who, following their own private judgment, ventured to differ from him in explaining the Bible, received similar courtesy at his hand. Speaking of the Zuinglians, who denied the real presence of Christ in the holy Sacrament, he thus proves that they are children of satan:

"May God chastise them, by letting them bite, tear, and devour each other; for we know that the spirit of God is a spirit of union, and that his word is *one*. This is a great proof that these *Sacramento-magists* came not from God, but from the devil."[2]

The argument, which is a very sound one, might have been retorted with equal force against Luther and his followers: and it was retorted. After the conference at Marburg, in 1528, between Luther, Melanchton, Justus Jonas, and Cruciger on the one part; and Zuinglius, Œcolampadius, Martin Bucer, and Gaspard Hedio, on the other—the two opposition churches of Wittenberg and Zurich bandied the following compliments:

Wittenberg: "Wretched and wicked Zuinglius! you wish to destroy Christianity by your new interpretation! Listen not to these sacramentarians; fly them, as if they were satan! You, Zuinglius, are a false prophet, a mountebank, a pig, a heretic!"[3] Zurich: "It is as certain that Luther is a devil, as it is that God is God."[4]

Zuinglius also had his own familiar spirit,—"he could not say whether it was black or white, as he related only a vision;"[5]—and this spirit had pointed out to him a new text (Exodus, xii.) whereby he might answer the Lutherans, who contended for the real presence. These, in their turn, taunted him with his hesitancy, as to the important *previous question* whether his new instructor was black or white.[6] The Swiss reformer took ample revenge by appealing to the open avowal of Luther, who had expressed no doubt whatever as to the character of *his* nocturnal preceptor! Alas! for the world, if such men as these

1 Table-Talk, p. 109; Audin, p. 395.
2 Letter to his brethren at Frankfort, 5th January, 1525; Audin, pp. 408, 409.
3 Luther de Cœna, and liber contra Sacramentarios; Audin, p. 416. 4 Ibidem.
5 Schlussernburg in Proem Theol. Calvini; Audin, p. 409. 6 Ibid.

were sent by God to reform the Church, which His divine Son "had purchased by His blood!"

On learning the death of any of his theological opponents, whether Catholic or Protestant, Luther generally ascribed the occurrence to the agency of satan. In his treatise *de Missa Angulari*, in which he relates the wonderful conference with Satan, above referred to, after having duly extolled the power of the evil one, he says:—

"And this explains to us how sometimes men are found dead in their beds. It is satan who breaks their necks and kills them. Emser, Œcolampadius, and others like them, have fallen into the claws and talons of satan, and have died suddenly."[1]

Something similar had been predicted of Zuinglius, who met a violent death on the battle-field, and who had said "that Luther was possessed not by one devil only, but that he was tenanted by a whole troop of them."[2] Of his death, Luther says: "Zuinglius is dead and damned; having desired, like a thief and rebel, to compel others to follow his error."[3]

The current opinion among the Lutherans, as to the manner of the luckless Karlstadt's death, is too curious to be passed over in silence. This weak-minded man, after having successively adopted every absurd creed that was broached in Germany, was driven a wanderer from city to city, by the relentless persecution of Luther, his former cherished disciple. Forced to fly from Saxony, he at length, after much wandering, found a shelter for his gray hairs in the Swiss city of Basle. The reform writers of the day,—Erasmus, Albert Læscher, and others,—thus relate the manner of his death:—

"As he was preaching in the cathedral (of Basle), in 1541, he saw a black man enter, who sat down by the consul. On descending from the pulpit, he asked the consul what was the stranger's name? The consul had not seen any one. On Karlstadt's return to his house, his servant told him that, during his absence, a black man had come there, had taken up his son in the air, and then let him fall, without doing him any hurt. On going away, he said to the child, 'Tell your father that I will return in three days!' Karlstadt took to his bed, and in three days afterwards expired,—'strangled by the devil,'—as we are assured by many witnesses, among whom are the pastors of Basle."[4]

We might, if our limits permitted, adduce many other testimonies of a similar kind, all going to show in what light the reformers viewed one another; and likewise what were their respective theories on the subject of Demonology. But the facts already alleged must convince every

1 Cf. Hospinian His. Sacr., tom. ii., p. 220; Audin, p. 188.

2 "Non obsessum ab uno spiritu, sed occupatum a caterva demonum." Zuing. Contra Lutherum.

3 Lutheri Opp., tom. ii., fol. 36, cited by Florimond.

4 Luther Epist. ad Joannem elect. Saxon. Hesse—Vie de Zuingle, &c. See Audin, p. 420—note.

unprejudiced mind how great and wonderful was their skill in this recondite science, and how vast was its influence on the revolution, miscalled *the reformation*. Surely the reformers themselves were the best judges in this matter. And if they are to be believed, when they deliberately state in clear and unequivocal language what influence the spirit of darkness had over themselves and their compeers, the question is at once settled, that satan had vastly more agency in bringing about and consummating that revolution in religion than God and the love of truth. This is an inference which flows irresistibly from the premises above laid down. May all approach the subject with the calmness necessary to view it in a proper light, and to come to a sound conclusion![1]

II We have hitherto treated of what we may call the *practical* Demonology of the reformation. We have exhibited, in the sayings and doings of the reformers themselves, the practical agency of the evil one in bringing about that revolution. This would of itself suffice to settle the whole question, and to present a satisfactory commentary on our text.

But we mean, further, to show that the principles of *theoretical* Demonology strongly confirm the conclusion already reached. These principles are laid down in the inspired volume, to which our dissenting brethren are wont to appeal with so much confidence. If we can prove from the Bible itself, that the reformation was originated in, and consummated by, a spirit more in accordance with the principles of satan than with those of God, then have we fully established our proposition. Out of many arguments bearing on the subject, we select the three following:

1st. The spirit of God and of the Christian religion is a spirit of mortification and of self-denial; that of satan, on the contrary, is a spirit which favors self-indulgence and the gratification of animal passion. This cannot be doubted for a moment. Speaking of the essential conditions of discipleship, Christ says: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me."[2]— Did the reformers manifest a spirit in accordance with this principle? They openly proclaimed the very reverse, both by word and by example. Fasting, long prayers, celibacy, and monastic vows, they held in abhorrence, as the works of Antichrist and of satan,—who certainly agreed with them on this point. As Erasmus had caustically remarked, the tragedy of the reformation always terminated "in the comedy of marriage!" In the face of his solemn vows to God, Luther, at the age

1 Those who may wish to see more on this subject, are referred to Bishop Trevern's Discussion Amicale, vol. i., pp. 68 to 84, where many facts and testimonies are accumulated.

2 St. Matthew xvi. 24

of forty-two, contracted a sacrilegious union with Catherine Bora, who had herself made similar vows. His example was generally followed by his disciples. Whatever was most painful to human nature in Religion,—fasting, confession, the divine office,—was totally abolished. And the passions of mankind were strongly appealed to, in order to bring about this destruction of holy things. Considering the downward tendency of our fallen nature, no wonder the attempt proved successful!

2d. The spirit of God is one of humility and obedience to constituted authority; that of the reformation was the very opposite of all this. Christ said: "Amen, I say unto you, unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven: and whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."[1] His beloved disciple, St. John, says: "We are of God. He that knoweth God, heareth us: he that is not of God, heareth us not: by this we know the spirit of truth, and the spirit of error."[2] The very essence of the reformation was pride, and a consequent spirit of revolt against all legitimate authority. Every man was to rely on his own private judgment, and to reject whatever it did not sanction, no matter if constituted authority, and the judgment of the whole world, and of the Church,—which Christ commanded us "to hear" under penalty of being considered "as heathens and publicans,"[3]—enjoined the contrary! Luther boasted more than once of being *alone:* he laughed at the authority of the ancient fathers, and spurned the voice of the Church, in spite of the command of Christ. His whole life was a violent warfare against the constituted powers in the spiritual order; and a struggle for the proud supremacy of private opinion. Lucifer had rebelled against lawful authority in heaven: Luther's was a similar revolt against lawful authority on earth! According to the rule of St. John, laid down above, his was not then certainly "the spirit of truth," but "the spirit of error."

3d. The spirit of God is a spirit of peace, of union, and of love; that of the reformers was a spirit of warfare, of disunion, and of hatred. St. Paul tells us, that "He is not a God of dissension, but of peace; as also I teach in all the churches of the saints."[4] The reformers made him a God of war, by introducing dissensions innumerable into His Church, and by occasioning, if not causing, many civil feuds and bloody wars. Witness the war of extermination carried on against the poor peasants of Germany, of whom at least one hundred thousand were inhumanly butchered, and this at the instigation of Luther and the reformers.

1 St. Matthew, xviii. 3-4.
2 1 John, iv. 6.
3 Matthew, xviii. 17.
4 1 Corinth. xiv. 33.

Witness also the no less sanguinary civil war of thirty years' duration,—terminating in the peace of Westphalia, 1648,—in which all Germany was laid waste with fire and sword. This too was a religious war, caused directly by the doctrines of the reformation. Look at the religious sects, which have sprung up under that principle of discord—the right of private judgment. It is almost impossible to count them; so numerous are they, and withal so very changeable.

And yet all these are but the bitter fruits of that tree of dissension, which Luther planted and nurtured to maturity! St. Paul reckons among the works of the flesh "enmities, contentions, emulations, wrath, quarrels, dissensions, sects."[1] The whole reformation was full of them: they constituted its quintessence,—its very life and soul. We have seen above, that Luther employed this very argument, to prove that the dissensions introduced into the Church of Wittenberg, in his absence, by Karlstadt and others, were "the work of the devil;" and that the doctrines of the sacramentarians had originated in the same source. These latter, we have also seen, retorted the argument with irresistible force. In fact, this spirit of disunion and of sects is the plague-spot of Protestantism. And, according to the avowal of the heroes of the reformation themselves, it is a conclusive proof, that that revolution was not, and *could not be*, the work of God.

We will conclude this paper by an extract from one of the most able publications of the day,—the Dublin Review.[2] We may gather from it what was the state of Demonology before the reformation; and what influence this event exercised in its development and progress.

"In the 'mysteries' of the middle ages, the devil always plays an odious and ridiculous part; and even Dante and Tasso, who give him a gigantic stature, have only, if we may so express ourselves, looked through a microscope at the Lucifer who excited at once the laughter and the dread of our forefathers; so completely have they succeeded in representing him at once as hideous and stupid. The reformation was too much indebted to the great tempter, not to take his part against his Catholic aspersers. Luther first began, by showing him off in their celebrated interview as a perfect scholar; Milton transformed him into a complete hero; Goethe lent him all his powers of sarcasm and philosophy; and Byron represented him as a high-bred gentleman: indeed, he now stands so high in the estimation of those who have strayed beyond the pale of Christianity, that most of them, we verily believe, would feel not a little proud of a personal acquaintance with the fallen one."

We beg finally to say, that, if there is aught of severity in this article, it is not our fault: truth compelled the disclosure, which might have

1 Galat. v. 20. 2 For November, 1840, p. 381.

been much more ample and startling, had we felt disposed to be malicious; or had we not been fearful of shocking too much the sensibility of our readers. Our object has been to heal, and not wantonly to wound. The medicine may be deemed too strong and unpalatable; but we thought, that no milder treatment could cure a disease so inveterate.

XLI. REV. WILLIAM BYRNE.

[The following notice of a zealous and most efficient Missionary in the West is extracted from an anniversary eulogy, pronounced over his tomb, by his son in Christ, whom he had labored so zealously to train up in virtue and learning, and who repaid his parental solicitude with filial love and tearful remembrance. It is now republished in permanent form, as a slight tribute to the memory of one who sought not human praise, but lived and labored only for God, and died a martyr of charity.]

The Rev. Wm. Byrne was born of poor, but respectable and pious parents, in the county of Wicklow, Ireland, about the year 1780. He was one of a large family of children, and his father dying when he was yet quite young, the care of his widowed mother and of the family devolved, in a great measure, on him. He fulfilled the trust thus committed to him by Heaven, with all the earnest disinterestedness for which he was ever after so conspicuous. He had neither opportunity nor means to acquire a classical education; he could only learn the common elementary branches, and for a knowledge of these, he seems to have been indebted to a pious uncle. This was the more painful to him, as from his earliest boyhood, he had an ardent desire to become a priest, and to labor for the salvation of souls. While yet a boy, he had heard from the altar that passage from the Apocalypse which represents the virgins as following the Lamb, whithersoever He goeth—and from that moment he resolved to consecrate his virginity to God. But he could bide his time, and trust in Providence. The bloody scenes of the "Rebellion" in 1798 made a lasting impression on his youthful mind. He sympathized deeply with the Irish patriots, and he had many near relations who fought under their banner at Vinegar Hill. Often has he described to us in glowing language the closing horrors of that bloody struggle, when the beautiful scenery of Wicklow was marred and desolated; and even his own mother's cottage was threatened with the flames. By night, you might then behold one half of that beautiful county lighted up, from hill-top and valley, by the burning houses and cottages of the more odious "rebels."

After remaining with his mother until he had passed his twenty-fifth year, he found that he could make the necessary arrangements for coming to the United States; and one leading motive for this step, was a hope that he might thus be enabled the more speedily to carry into effect his darling project, of devoting himself to God in the holy minis-

try. Not long after his arrival in America, he entered Georgetown College, and applied for admission into the Society of the Jesuits. He was received on probation, and made his thirty days' retreat. After remaining, however, for some months at Georgetown, he ascertained that, in consequence of his advanced age, and his neglected studies, he could not hope, at least for many years, to be ordained in the Society of Jesus; and not wishing to confine himself to the humble office of a simple lay-brother in the Society, when he thought he had a vocation for the priesthood, he resolved to leave Georgetown, and to seek counsel, as to his future life, of the venerable Founder of the American Hierarchy—Archbishop Carroll. The Archbishop received him kindly, heard him patiently, entered into all his views, and advised him to apply for admission into Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg. The late excellent Bishop Dubois, then president of this institution, received him with open arms, pointed out his future course of study, and with the tender charity of a father, encouraged him to proceed in his undertaking. Finding in him a great talent for managing youth, he assigned to him the office of prefect in the institution, and from the vigilance, activity, and tact of Mr. Byrne, in the discharge of his important office, he derived great satisfaction and relief in the most responsible station of president.

Like St. Ignatius, Mr. Byrne began to study Latin when near the age of thirty; and he often cheered himself on by so bright an example. Less energetic minds would have given up the undertaking as impracticable; but his, like a vessel riding the topmost wave, always rose with the difficulties it encountered. His labors were hallowed by religion, and sweetened by the tender offices of friendship. At Mt. St. Mary's he became acquainted with the late Rev. G. A. M. Elder, and, though different in disposition, and seemingly uncongenial in temperament, yet these two contracted an intimate and tender Christian friendship, which lasted through life, and contributed much to the happiness as well as to the usefulness of both.

To prosecute more rapidly his sacred studies, Mr. Byrne repaired to the Theological Seminary of St. Mary's, Baltimore, which was then in a flourishing condition, under the newly constituted "Marian Faculty," composed of Doctors Tessier, Deluol, and Damphoux. Here, however, Providence permitted that he should encounter new difficulties. He had not been long in Baltimore, when, owing to circumstances which it is not necessary here to detail, it was thought advisable for him to leave the seminary, and to go—he knew not whither. It is proper, however, here to record the fact, that he ever entertained and expressed for the distinguished gentlemen of that institution sentiments of the greatest respect; and though he often spoke on the subject of his leaving Baltimore, he is not known to have uttered one unkind word concerning any

of them. Of the late venerable Dr. Tessier, in particular, he was wont to speak in terms of the highest eulogy, and his own pupils were as much conversant with the character and virtues of this truly good man, as if they had been acquainted with him all their lives.

He had been ordained subdeacon, and had therefore made an irrevocable vow to attach himself to the holy ministry; nor had he, when leaving Baltimore, the most distant idea of abandoning his vocation. He threw himself into the arms of Providence, and Providence directed his course westward. At Pittsburgh, he met with the venerable Bishop Flaget, who willingly accepted the tender of his services for the diocese of Bardstown. The fact that he was to labor in the same field with his dear friend, Mr. Elder, and that, toiling side by side, they would sweeten the labors of the ministry by the soothing words of friendship, was an additional reason for attaching him to the choice he thus made. After some preparation at the Seminary of St. Thomas, he and his friend, Mr. Elder, were both raised to the holy order of priesthood, in the new cathedral of St. Joseph, at Bardstown, by the late Right Rev. Dr. David. They were the first priests ordained in this cathedral, and the first ordained by Bishop David. Shortly after his ordination, Mr. Byrne was appointed pastor of the congregation of St. Charles and of Holy Mary's, and of the adjoining stations. Though his health had been much impaired by a long and rigid course of study, yet he labored in his new charge with the most indefatigable industry. He was always at his post, and never was known to miss an appointment. Whether sick or well, he might be seen, by day and by night, on horseback, visiting the sick, or attending his congregations or stations. His zeal was fed by labors and difficulties, as fire is fed by fuel. Besides his ordinary duties, he visited monthly the congregation of Louisville, more than sixty miles distant. As a preacher, he was not eloquent nor pathetic—but his discourses were plain, solid, and instructive. His style was different from any which we find laid down in books on rhetoric—it might be called the *pointed*. He had a quick eye to observe the faults and deficiencies of his flock; and many who would not be led to the practice of virtue by the honeyed tones of persuasion, were at least often deterred from open vice by his pointed invectives from the pulpit. He eradicated many evil customs, and did much, both by word and example, to stimulate that spirit of sincere piety for which those congregations are now so conspicuous.

He had lived so long in colleges, and had so long fulfilled the disagreeable office of prefect, that he had become disgusted with that kind of life, and had firmly resolved never more to engage in it; and he was not much in the habit of changing his resolutions. Yet the ignorance of the children in his various congregations, and the consequent diffi-

culty of teaching them their religious duties, whilst most of them could not read, made him think seriously about establishing some institution for elementary instruction, by which this inconvenience might be remedied. The difficulties were great and appalling. But what were difficulties to him? They only quickened his zeal and nerved his resolution. He had neither money to build, nor men to conduct such an institution. But his energy supplied every difficulty. Once he had overcome his great repugnance to the undertaking, by persuading himself that it would promote the glory of God and the good of his neighbor, all other obstacles vanished. He laid his plans before the bishop, who had already entertained similar views, and who warmly approved them, encouraging his zeal with a solicitude truly paternal. He immediately set about his task. The first thing to be done was to procure a site for the seminary. He purchased a farm, and paid for it by subscriptions raised among those favorable to his undertaking. As there was, however, but little money in the country at the time, he had great difficulty in raising the necessary amount, and especially in converting into cash the articles of produce subscribed by many. The farm paid for, the next thing was to erect suitable buildings. An old stone distillery on the premises was soon fitted up for the purpose of an academy of learning. Mr. Byrne was himself almost constantly with the workmen, and laboring with them bareheaded, under a scorching sun. He had made an arrangement with the parents of children, that every thing contributed by them to the institution, either in money or in work, should be refunded in tuition, which was to be at the very lowest rates. The parents were to pay nothing for board, only furnishing a certain quota of provisions per session. A plan so reasonable, and so fully adapted to the wants of the community, could not fail to be successful. At length the long and anxiously expected day for the opening of the new school arrived, and it was on that day filled to overflowing. Long shall I remember the mingled sensations of awe and joy which I felt, in common with forty or fifty urchins, as on that day we entered the walls of St. Mary's Seminary—the name given to the infant establishment. It was early in the spring of the year 1821.

Thus were laid the foundations of a school, which, with more trials and difficulties than have, perhaps, fallen to the lot of any other institution, has subsisted with ever-increasing popularity for twenty-two years,[1] and has at length taken its stand among the first chartered colleges of the country. It was founded by *one man*, amidst difficulties which would have appalled almost any other—it was sustained for more than twelve years by the indomitable energy of *one man*. It boasted no

1 This was written in 1843.

money endowment; but it could boast an endowment far more noble—unquenchable zeal, hallowed by religion! The Rev. Mr. Byrne was president, sole disciplinarian, sole prefect, sole treasurer, and at first almost sole professor—he filled every office. And at the same time, he was often compelled to attend missionary calls. Yet he found time for every thing. Often have we known him, after all had retired to rest, to go several miles on horseback to attend a sick call, which he could not find time to attend during the day, and after returning and taking a brief repose, to be the first one up in the morning. His quick eye immediately discovered those who possessed the greatest talent; and amidst all his other occupations, he found time to train up several of these for teachers. Thus in less than a year he had raised up a body of tutors and officers, who subsequently relieved him of much labor, and continued their studies, whilst engaged in teaching those branches which they had already learned.

The seminary had become very popular throughout Kentucky; its strict discipline, and the moral and literary advancement of its pupils were justly admired. Its founder had liquidated almost all its debts, and had nearly completed an additional building for the accommodation of more students, when God permitted the whole to be consumed by fire! He was absent in Louisville at the time, and we remember well the sadness which sat on his brow, when on the next day he rode into the inclosure, and beheld the smouldering ruins of what had cost him years of anxious toil! Yet the suddenness of the shock did not unnerve him—it gave him new energy. In a few short months, St. Mary's Seminary arose from its ashes fresher and more beautiful than ever! During the months in which the new college was being erected, Mr. Byrne toiled day and night; he was not a mere looker on, but he took part in the work. While not thus employed, he was engaged in giving instructions to several of his more advanced students, whom he retained with him. In a few years, he had recovered from the pecuniary embarrassment consequent upon the late accident by fire; he had also paid the debts of the new building, and had an additional edifice almost completed, when in one night, by another severe visitation of Providence, this last was consumed by fire, involving him in a debt of more than four thousand dollars! He was not discouraged by this second misfortune, and offered up the Holy Sacrifice the next morning in thanksgiving to God for having preserved the main building. While those who came to condole with him seemed sad and dejected, he treated the matter lightly, and observed, smiling, that his only cause of grief was the loss of his hat, forgotten in the new building on the evening previous!

Nothing daunted, he rebuilt the burnt edifice on a more enlarged plan, and in a few years was enabled, by patient industry and rigid economy,

to pay all his debts, and to place the institution on a firm and enduring foundation. It may here be proper to glance at the advantages which St. Mary's Seminary has bestowed upon the country, especially during the twelve years, from 1821 to 1833, that it was under the immediate superintendence of its founder. During all that time, the number of students ranged from eighty to one hundred and twenty; and taking one hundred as the average number, we ascertain that the institution gave instruction, partial or complete, to at least twelve hundred youths. These were from all parts of the State; and many of them, on their return to their respective neighborhoods, established private schools, which they endeavored to assimilate to their *alma mater*. Thus the benefits of education were not confined to those who had been students of St. Mary's Seminary; this institution gave an impulse to knowledge, which affected the whole State, and extended even to the adjoining States. And all this good must be attributed to the energy of one man! Those who know how difficult it is to found, how much more difficult to keep up a literary institution, must be impelled by these facts to give him more credit than is usually awarded in such cases.

We now come to an act in his life, which displays his character more, perhaps, than any other, and which must forever endear his name to St. Mary's College, and immortalize it with posterity. He had founded St. Mary's; had clung to it, amidst all its misfortunes and vicissitudes, for twelve years; he had twice raised it up from its ruins; he had spent thousands on thousands of dollars upon it; the property was his own, the fruits of his own industry; and he made a free donation of it, while living, to the Society of Jesuits, believing them much better qualified to conduct it than himself, and thinking that he could be more usefully employed elsewhere! Though advanced in age, and worn out in constitution, yet he thought of renewing, in his declining years, the scenes of his more vigorous manhood. He had been on a visit to Nashville, and having seen the necessity of an institution such as St. Mary's at that place, where the Catholic religion had to contend with neglect and scandals, he had resolved to make it the theatre of his future labors. In a letter to Bishop Flaget, he observed that all he needed in leaving St. Mary's to found a new institution, was his horse, with ten dollars to bear his travelling expenses! Some time before this, he had conceived a similar idea in regard to an establishment near Paducah, in Jackson's Purchase. This last enterprise he had, however, abandoned, probably because he had reason to believe that his absence at that time might have been detrimental to the interests of St. Mary's. At least, it was not because he deemed such an undertaking impracticable; for whoever knew him must have learned that to *him* few things appeared, or were impracticable. He had made up his mind in regard to his undertaking

at Nashville, and he delayed it for a short time, only to aid for a season his friend, Rev. Mr. Elder, in the administration of St. Joseph's, which was then laboring under pecuniary difficulties.

But God was satisfied with his previous labors, privations, and sacrifices, and He called him to Himself. He allowed him to breathe his last in the arms of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, whom he had always respected, and with whom, at Georgetown, he had first learned to breathe the pure atmosphere of a religious life. But in the closing scene of his life, God wished to give us a bright example of virtue the most heroic. He had sacrificed bodily comfort, by a long course of privations and of toils—he had sacrificed the fruit of all his labors, by one generous donation, made for the love of God—he was now to sacrifice his life, and fall a victim of divine and fraternal charity! The *cholera* came with all its fearful horrors; consternation seized upon the spirits of all. It was an awful storm, which bowed down even the oaks of the forest. But there was one spirit which quailed not—the Rev. William Byrne was ready to live or to die, as might be the will of God! In common with all his brethren of the ministry, he exposed himself to the danger, wherever duty called; but he had greater reasons than any of them to fear the fatal disease. He had been for many years subject to a chronical complaint, very analogous to the *cholera* in its symptoms, and whenever he exposed himself to rain or to cold, as he did whenever duty required, he might be seen for hours writhing in the very agonies of death—with cramps of the stomach, and spasms just like those of a cholera patient. He was well aware of all this, and he had reason to predict that if ever he should take the cholera, he would fall a victim to it, being a subject already predisposed to its attacks, without having any longer strength of constitution to struggle successfully against them. Under these circumstances, he cheerfully answered a call to visit a poor negro woman, dying with that disease. He was not bound to answer the call by any pastoral charge, but he felt himself bound, by the more general consideration of catholic charity and zeal. Before going, he was heard to say, that it would probably cause his death. He went; prepared her for death, and came home himself to die! With the disease upon him, he yet said Mass the next morning—from the altar he went to his bed of death, and five hours after he had terminated that hallowed sacrifice, he offered cheerfully the sacrifice of his life! One would imagine himself reading of the saints or martyrs of old—but he is only reading of the closing act in the life of one who lived and moved in the midst of us, and whose life, while he was living, was not sufficiently appreciated! The minister of God may well exclaim: May the Lord, in his mercy, grant me the happiness to die a death so worthy a priest! "May my soul die the death of the just, and may my last end be like theirs!"

XLII. THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

"If nothing delights me, nothing also terrifies me more, than to speak of the glory of the Virgin Mary."—[St. Bernard, Sermon iv. de Assumptione.

In honoring the saints of God, we honor Jesus Christ, the Head of the saints, who, in crowning their good works, according to the language of St. Augustine, only crowns His own abounding mercies. This remark is specially applicable to the honor we pay to the ever-blessed and Immaculate Mother of Jesus Christ. We venerate her, because she is His Mother—because He honored and obeyed her throughout His life on earth—and because He adorned her with so many graces and excellences, as made her deserving of honor. The principle of St. Paul—"*honor to whom honor is due*" (Rom. xii.)—is fairly applicable to her. The honor we pay to the Mother, necessarily redounds to the Son; and far from being offended with us for venerating her, He would be displeased with us, were we to withhold from her the honor which is her due. He is the great Sun of Justice, the Sun of the religious world—the only source of the supernatural light of faith, and of the genial warmth of grace. She is the moon—*pulchra ut luna*—which, though it contain no light nor heat of itself, yet has more reflected light than any of the planets. And, to continue the allegory, as the moon sheds her light over the world during the night, so, also, she sheds on us her mild radiance during the night of this life, and especially during the darkness of tribulation.

The Church of Christ has ever cherished a most tender devotion towards the Blessed Virgin. In endeavoring to instil this sentiment into the minds and hearts of her children, she has given additional evidence that she is truly the spouse of Jesus Christ; while she alone has accomplished the prophecy made by the Virgin herself, that "all generations should call her blessed." St. Epiphanius speaks of a sect called Colliridians, who carried their feeling of veneration for her to the most unwarrantable length of offering her divine honors, thus grossly insulting her and her Divine Son. The Church immediately condemned this idolatry, and excluded the Colliridians from communion as heretics. Perhaps the fact, that such a heresy sprang up at so early a period, might be cited as an evidence of the tender devotion cherished by Christians of that day for the glorious Mother of God. Such a heresy would be impossible among Protestants of the present day. When, in the beginning of the

fifth century, Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, denied that Mary was *Theotocos*, or the Mother of God, there was a burst of general indignation throughout the entire Christian world. The third general council of the Church was promptly assembled at Ephesus in 431, in a church dedicated to God under the name and invocation of Mary; the new doctrine was examined and at once condemned; and so great was the popular feeling on the occasion, that when the decree of the council was made known, the vaults of the church were made to re-echo, and even the streets of the city to resound with acclamations in honor of the great and blessed *Theotocos!*

This devotional feeling of the people was chiefly manifested on the feasts instituted by the Church to commemorate the life and virtues of the Virgin. Of these, the greatest and most solemn was the festival of the Assumption. This commemorated the happy termination of her earthly career, and the glorious consummation of her bliss, by her entrance into the glory prepared for her by her divine Son. While on this day the faithful poured out their hearts in thanksgiving to God for the privileges bestowed on Mary, they were, at the same time powerfully stimulated to imitate her many virtues, by a view of the brightness of her crown. And while in spirit they accompanied her in her triumphant entry into heaven, and listened to the angelic exclamation which greeted her, "Who is she that cometh up from the desert filled with delights, and leaning on the arm of her beloved?"[1] they did not forget to invoke, with humble confidence, her intercession in behalf of those who were yet sorrowfully journeying through the wilderness of life, and to enter into the pathetic sentiments of that beautiful anthem, the Salve Regina.

Ancient writers are not fully agreed as to the place of the Virgin's death. Some of the Fathers even went so far in their reverence for her memory, as to deny that she died at all, and to assert that God, to crown His other favors, bestowed on her the gift of immortality, and transferred her to eternal life, without permitting her to taste death. Of this number is St. Epiphanius. But this opinion seems wholly inadmissible, for it is not to be supposed that she received a privilege which was denied to her divine Son. Many think that she died at Ephesus. The chief grounds for this opinion are: 1st, the fact that John, the beloved disciple and the divinely appointed protector of the Virgin, closed his earthly career at Ephesus; and 2d, the supposed testimony to the fact of the council of Ephesus in 431, the Fathers of which, in a letter to the clergy and people of Constantinople, state that Nestorius had been condemned in the city of Ephesus, and mentions as its peculiar patrons, "John, the Theo-

[1] Canticles, viii. 5.

logian, and the Holy Virgin Mary, the Mother of God." [1] But neither reason is conclusive. The second reason rests upon a very uncertain explanation of an obscure passage, and the first upon facts which are, to say the least, very doubtful. Though it is admitted that St. John passed the last years of his life at Ephesus, yet it is by no means certain that he fixed his abode there before the death of the Virgin, which, according to the most probable opinion, occurred about twelve years after our Lord's Ascension, or about the year 46. St. Paul seems to have had special charge of Ephesus, as long as he lived. We find him appointing Timothy bishop of that city about the year 64, and about a year later, or shortly before his martyrdom under Nero, he wrote his second epistle to Timothy, in which, without making the most distant allusion to the beloved disciple's being at Ephesus, he requests Timothy to pay him a visit in Rome, where he was confined in prison. Had St. John been in Ephesus at that time, is it not probable that St. Paul would have alluded to the fact, and perhaps advised his own disciple to seek counsel at his hands? It is, then, not certain that St. John took up his abode at Ephesus, until after the death of the Apostles Peter and Paul, about the year 66; and it does not even appear that he did so until after his return from Rome, on the occasion of his miraculous preservation from death, when by order of Domitian he was cast into the caldron of boiling oil at the Porta Latina. This happened some time after the year 80. These reasons have induced many to think, that St. John remained in the vicinity of Jerusalem, until after the death of the Blessed Virgin; and this being once admitted, the argument above alleged to prove that she died at Ephesus, would prove, if it proved any thing, that she died at Jerusalem. The famous church bearing her name at Ephesus is an evidence of the early devotion of the Ephesians to her memory, but it is no proof that she died in that city; otherwise we might prove, by a similar argument, that she died in a hundred different cities, in which churches were erected in her honor at an early period of the Church.

The more common, and we think the more probable opinion is, that after our Lord's Ascension, she continued to live in the house of St. John on Mt. Sion; and that she died in Jerusalem, and was buried at the foot of Mt. Olivet, in the valley of Jehosaphat, near the garden of Gethsemani. On that spot her tomb was exhibited for centuries, and there it may yet be seen. This is the opinion of Andrew of Crete, who lived towards the close of the seventh century,[2] and of St. Germanus, patriarch of Constantinople, in the eighth century.[3] It is also the opinion of the Arme-

1 Labb. Concill., tom. iii. "In qua Joannes Theologus, et Deipara Virgo Sancta Maria."—Some critics have expounded these words to mean, that the tombs, or, at least, churches erected near the tombs of John and the Blessed Virgin were at Ephesus; but the words may mean only that both were held in special veneration by the city, and that churches were erected in honor of both, which we know to have been the case.

2 Oratio in Dormition. B. Mariæ. 3 Orat. in Dormit., Deiparæ.

nian[1] and of the Muscovite Christians. About the year 740, St. Willibald visited Jerusalem on a pilgrimage, and he saw an empty tomb of the Virgin at the foot of Mt. Olivet.[2] The venerable Bede places her tomb on the same spot;[3] as also Adamnan, an Irish monk, who visited Palestine towards the close of the seventh century.[4]

In speaking of the death and subsequent translation to heaven of the Blessed Virgin, the ancient Fathers and writers on the Martyrology employ different terms, which, however, imply almost the same thing. The *Repose* or *Sleep* of the Virgin, the *Passage* or *Transit* of the Virgin, and her *Assumption*, all refer to the same event, viewed under somewhat different aspects. The last epithet, however, which is now common in the Catholic Church, seems the most appropriate, for it expresses the *act* of her translation to heaven, by the agency of some power extrinsic to herself; whereas the second, common in the Greek Church, might imply a translation effected by herself, while the first implies no translation at all, but only the fact of her death, under the scriptural image of repose or sleep.

There can be no doubt, that immediately after the death of the Virgin, her soul was transferred to bliss eternal. All admit this. No Christian can for a moment doubt this proposition. The lofty dignity, the surpassing excellence, and the unspeakable purity of that soul, compel the belief, that it is not only in the realms of bliss, but that it occupies the very highest seat of glory which could be awarded to a mere creature. The exaltation of her soul, and the glories which encircle it, are the chief subjects commemorated in the Feast of the Assumption. And if only the soul of the Virgin had been assumed into heaven, and the festival had been instituted only to commemorate this Assumption, it would have had a full and adequate object.

But a very ancient, pious, and venerable tradition, common to the Greek and Latin Churches, and held also by the ancient Oriental sectaries, asserts also the *bodily* Assumption of the Mother of God. And we will endeavor to show: 1st, that the fact for which that tradition vouches, is reasonable in itself, and such as, from the nature of things, we would naturally be inclined to look for and to admit; and 2dly, that the historic evidence which sustains the fact is very respectable, and such as of itself would render it highly probable, if not wholly certain. We must, however, remark here, that, though a belief in the bodily Assumption of the Virgin is universal among Catholics, and is evidently sanc-

1 Concil. Armenum, A. D. 1342, apud Marténe, Vet. Script., tom. viii., p. 351.

2 Apud Canisium, tom. ii., p. 183. 3 De Locis Sanctis, p. 502.

4 See his testimony in Mabillon, Itinerarium, Sect. 3.

We might also add here the authority of Hypolytus Thebanus, whose work—a sort of chronicle of the life of Christ and his Apostles—is published by Schelestrate, from an old Vatican MS. (No. 573). This old writer says that the Blessed Virgin lived eleven years after the Ascension of Christ, in the house of John the beloved disciple at Jerusalem, which house was a place of common resort for the early Christians, and is hence called by him quaintly enough, the MATER ECCLESIARUM—"the Mother of the Churches."—See Schelestrate, Antiquitates, vol. i., p. 510.

tioned by the public service of the Church, yet it constitutes no article of Catholic faith: still, its rejection by a Catholic could not be excused from the imputation of imprudence and temerity.[1]

I. The tradition avers, that the Blessed Virgin died, and was interred by the Apostles and disciples of the Lord who were in the vicinity; that, on the third day thereafter, these visited the tomb in which her body was not found, but only her garments, which exhaled a most sweet odor; and that from this public fact, the opinion generally obtained among the early Christians that her glorious body had been transferred to heaven with her soul. This is the substance of the tradition. We have nothing to do with the details—many of them absurd and fabulous—which some have attempted to graft on the original narration. Such are many of the circumstances detailed in an old work on the Assumption, falsely ascribed to Melito of Sardis, but probably written by an anonymous Greek writer of the sixth century, who was as injudicious as he was obscure. All that the Church festival necessarily implies is the simple fact, that the body of the Virgin was taken up to heaven.

Many reasons *a priori* would incline us to a belief in this anticipated resurrection of the Mother of God. St. Matthew tells us,[2] that on the death of Christ, "the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints that slept arose; and coming out of the tombs after his resurrection, came into the Holy City and appeared unto many." It seems certain, then, that on the resurrection of Christ, who was "the first fruits of the dead," many arose in the body. And it is a highly probable opinion, held by St. Ignatius, martyr, Origen, Eusebius, Epiphanius, and many others, that these went up to heaven in their bodies, with our blessed Lord in his Ascension.[3] If this opinion be admitted, may we not infer, *a fortiori*, that the Virgin Mother of God was bodily assumed into heaven? If this privilege was bestowed on ordinary saints, and those too belonging to the old dispensation, would it be withheld from the brightest ornament of the New Testament, from the glorious Mother of God? She was by far the purest and most excellent of all God's creatures—

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast."[4]

She had never been sullied by any, even original, defilement. One of the brightest angels of the heavenly court had been sent on an embassy to her, and he had pronounced her "full of grace," and had declared her the chosen temple of God: "the Lord is with thee." Is it credible, then, that she would have been denied the privilege of anticipated resurrection,

1 Benedict XIV., De Festis, p. 499.

2 Chap. xxvii., ver. 52, 53.

3 See Benedict XIV., De Festis, p. 502, where, with his usual wise moderation, he says that this opinion "suam non caret probabilitate"—is not wanting in probability.

4 Wordsworth.

which had been awarded to others? Is it to be believed that her soul would have been transferred to heaven, without the pure and immaculate body which it had inhabited—the jewel without the casket which inclosed it?

Again, that body had been the chosen temple of God made man; and she was the Mother of God. Christ ascended to heaven in the flesh; is it not natural to suppose that he wished to see His dear Mother in heaven? Not the soul of the Virgin alone, but the soul united with the body, was the Mother of Christ; therefore it is reasonable to believe that the Blessed Mother of God was transferred to heaven in the body. We will conclude this part of the argument in the language of M. Joly, an able defender of the bodily Assumption: "Who," says he, "will deny the *power* of God to effect such an Assumption? Who will presume to question His *will* to effect it? Who will dare assert, that the Blessed Virgin, whom an angel sent by God himself saluted and declared 'full of grace,' was undeserving of this favor, especially after she had become the Mother of God?"

II. The reasons hitherto alleged, however they may prepare the mind for admitting the fact of the bodily Assumption, are not of themselves sufficient to prove its existence. Like all other facts, it must be established by evidence. Is the testimony, usually adduced to prove it, sufficient to convince a reasonable mind? We think so, and we will endeavor to sustain our opinion, by exhibiting a brief summary of that evidence.

We freely admit, that there is not extant any *direct* testimony to the fact from any writer who lived during the first five centuries of the Church. We as freely grant, that the testimonies alleged by the learned Canisius[1] from writers of that period, are taken from works which more enlightened critics believe to be either spurious, or of very doubtful authority. On the other hand, it is equally certain, that many authorities produced by Launojus and others from writers of those ages, against the fact of the Assumption, are wholly worthless. Truth requires these admissions on both sides; and a good cause can never suffer from the truth.

How, then, we are asked, can we venture to assert a fact of which no mention is made for five centuries after it is said to have occurred? If we were certain that no mention had been made of it, by any writer of that period, the argument, though merely negative, and therefore not conclusive, might yet have considerable force. But have we any such certainty? Have all the writings of the Fathers, or even half of them, been preserved until our day? How many thousand volumes of them have been lost by conflagrations of cities and libraries, and by other casualties, during a period when it was so easy to destroy works, of

[1] Lib. v., ch. v. De Maria Deipara.

which in many cases but one copy, and in all, but few copies were in existence? How many, think you, of the works belonging to the period in question, perished in the Alexandrian Library, containing six hundred thousand valuable manuscripts, all of which were burnt in 632, by order of the fanatical Caliph Omar? How many, or rather how few, of the six thousand volumes which the great Origen is said to have written, have come down to our days?

But there is another consideration, which greatly weakens the force of the objection. Most, if not all the Fathers, during that period wrote on subjects to which a mention of, or even an allusion to, the Virgin's Assumption, would have been wholly foreign. How few writers of the present day, even on religious and theological subjects, have occasion to refer to this topic! And what would be thought of the writer, who to prove that a belief in the bodily Assumption of the Virgin is recent in the Catholic Church of the present day, should allege the silence on the subject of nineteen out of twenty of our standard writers for the last five hundred years? Would his line of argument be thought conclusive? We think not.

But though we have no direct, we have at least indirect testimonies of the fact from the first five centuries of the Church. We have the evidence of writers, both Greek and Latin, from the sixth to the present century, many of whom refer to the testimony of previous writers, and nearly all of whom speak on the subject in a tone of confidence, which precludes every doubt, and proves that they are only giving utterance to the general and settled belief of their age; a belief too, not of a new opinion, but of a fact handed down from previous centuries. If such be the character of the evidence we are about to adduce, it must certainly be viewed as strong, if not conclusive. And that it is such, we think every impartial mind will admit.

Our first witness is St. Gregory of Tours, a writer of the sixth century, and the father of French history. Speaking of the Assumption of the Virgin, he uses this clear and explicit language:[1] "The Lord ordered the most sacred body of the Virgin to be taken up to Paradise, where now, united with her soul, it is exulting with the elect, and enjoying for ever, without any fear of change, the good things of eternity." Had there been any doubt on the subject in the sixth century, he would certainly have spoken with some hesitancy. St. Ildefonsus of Toledo, a writer of the seventh century, bears evidence to the same belief, though it must be admitted that he speaks less confidently. He says:[2] "Nor ought we to omit, what many through a feeling of piety most willingly believe, that she was on this day bodily raised up to the palace of heaven."

1 Lib. de Miraculis, ch. iv. 2 Sermo vi. de Assumpt.

Were it deemed important to multiply testimonies to establish what few will deny—the general belief in the bodily Assumption of the Virgin in the Latin Church after the sixth century—we might bring the testimony of Fulbert,[1] of St. Peter Damian,[2] and of Peter Blesensis,[3] who wrote in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. St. Thomas of Aquin, and the scholastic Theologians generally, held the same belief.[4]

The testimony of the Greek Fathers is perhaps more important, because they lived nearer Jerusalem, where the fact occurred, and perhaps had access to many sources of information which may not have been open to those of the Western Church. Many of them, in fact, appeal to the testimony of previous writers, whose works have since perished. Thus, about the year 630, St. Modestus delivered a discourse on the Assumption, in which he proved the fact from reason, and from the testimony of more ancient authors. This work is cited by Photius in his Bibliotheca Orientalis, and it was published at Rome by M. Giacomelli in 1760. Towards the close of the seventh century, Andrew of Crete not only states the fact of the bodily Assumption of the Virgin, but gives it with all the important details referred to above.[5] In the eighth century, St. Germanus, Patriarch of Constantinople, bears explicit testimony to the same tradition.[6]

Among the Greek writers of the eighth century, none was perhaps more distinguished than St. John Damascene. As a historian, as a critic, and as a theologian, he stands justly pre-eminent among the writers of his age. He would not surely have hazarded a statement on so grave a subject, without being borne out by the strongest evidence. In the second of his Homilies, "on the Sleep of the Virgin," he relates the following public facts, and appeals to the authority of the historian Euthymius as his warrant for the statement. The Empress Pulcheria had erected a magnificent church at Constantinople, which she had dedicated to God, under the name and invocation of the Virgin. Influenced by an ardent desire to find the body of the Blessed Mother of God, she and her imperial consort, Marcian, sent an embassy to Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem, desiring him to use every exertion to find the body, which, they had learned, was still preserved in her tomb in the Garden of Gethsemani. Juvenal answered that the tomb still remained, but that the body was not there; and that on the third day after her death, the Apostles having opened her tomb, found nothing but her garments, which exhaled a most fragrant odor. Marcian and Pulcheria then directed that the sepulchre with the garments, well sealed, should be brought to Constantinople.

These same facts are also related by Nicephorus, in his history, written in the following century.[7] Some have attempted to invalidate the testi-

1 Sermo 2, de Nativitate.
2 Sermo de Assumpt.
3 Sermo 28 de Assumpt.
4 Summa. Pars iii., Quest. 27, Art. 1.
5 Orat. in Dorm. B. M.
6 Orat. in Dorm. Deip.
7 Lib. xiv., ch. ii., and Lib. xv., ch. xiv.

mony of Nicephorus, who further states that the tomb was actually transferred to Constantinople, by alleging the fact that Burchard in his Travels,[1] and several other writers, testify to having seen the tomb of the Virgin in the Garden of Gethsemani, for centuries after the reign of Marcian and Pulcheria—in the fifth century. But this has but little force; for Nicephorus may be understood as implying that the bier only, or inner portion of the Virgin's tomb, was transported to the Imperial City, and that the tomb itself, or rather the monument erected over it, still remained at Jerusalem.

Here, then, we have a very grave writer stating a public fact, the actors in which were an emperor, an empress, and a bishop, and supporting his assertion by appealing to the testimony of a previous writer, then well known. We also find his testimony confirmed by that of a standard historian of the following century. Would Damascene have hazarded the assertion, under the circumstances, unless the fact had been deemed evident and incontestable? Had he done so, would not some one have contradicted him? Would not the facts, as well as the documents which he alleged, have been called in question? And would Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem, have given the answer he did to the imperial envoys, unless he had been fully warranted in so doing by the uninterrupted tradition of his Church?

But we have still stronger evidence for the fact we are endeavoring to establish; we have the public and official documents of both the Latin and of the Greek Church, contained in their respective Martyrologies, Sacramentaries, and Liturgies. The bodily Assumption of the Virgin is clearly implied in a prayer prescribed for the Feast of the Assumption, in the Sacramentary of Pope Gelasius, as enlarged by Pope Gregory the Great, towards the close of the sixth century. The old Gothic Missal, edited by Cardinal Thomasius, and republished with notes by the learned Mabillon, clearly asserts the same fact. We must observe that this Missal is at least as old as the eighth century; for it went out of use early in the ninth, when, by order of Charlemagne, the Roman Missal began to be generally used throughout Germany and France. To the testimony of the Missals and Sacramentaries we may add that of the ancient Martyrologies. In the old Martyrology of the Latin Church, the Feast of the Assumption is clearly mentioned. It is remarkable, however, that in this, as in many similar ancient documents, two distinct feasts are indicated: one of her Depositio, Dormitio, or death, which was set down for the 18th of January; and the other of her Transitus, or Assumption, which was celebrated, as at present, on the 15th of August.

It is not altogether certain when the Feast of the Assumption was first instituted and observed in the Church; nor is it important to our present

[1] Pars i., ch. vii.

inquiry. The fact of the Assumption may have been undoubted, and yet, for various reasons, a feast to commemorate it on a special day may have been delayed. It appears certain that, shortly after the council of Ephesus in 431, several feasts of the Virgin began to be celebrated throughout both the Latin and the Greek Churches. It is also certain, that the feast of the Assumption was generally observed before the close of the sixth century, when the Emperor Mauritius, as we learn from Nicephorus,[1] published an edict by which he commanded all his subjects to observe this feast on the same day—the 15th of August. About two centuries later, an edict of similar tenor was issued by Charlemagne. These imperial laws were no doubt made with the express or tacit consent of the bishops, and were designed, not to institute new feasts, but merely to secure uniformity in the observance of those already in existence. In regard to the feast in question, this uniformity in respect to the day has existed throughout the Greek and Latin Churches for more than twelve centuries. The Greek Church not only bears evidence to the fact of the Assumption, in her *Menologium*,[2] or martyrology, but it has even gone further on this subject than the Latin Church, and confirmed it in a public synod held at Jerusalem in the year 1672, under the Patriarch Dositheus. Among the declarations of this council, in opposition to the doctrines of Calvin, is found a very strong one in favor of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and of her bodily Assumption.

To conclude, we have endeavored to prove that the belief in the bodily Assumption of the Virgin is both reasonable in itself, and sustained by strong historical evidence. No valid argument against its reasonableness can be adduced, either from philosophy or from Revelation; and from history, no positive proof can be alleged against the fact. The unanimous consent on the subject of the Greek and Latin, and Oriental Churches, the general consent of Martyrologies and Liturgies, the common opinion of Christians attached to all the old churches, and the difficulties of explaining this wondrous agreement, unless on the hypothesis that the fact really occurred; these constitute, taken together, a mass of evidence which no reasonable mind can resist. The maxim of Tertullian may be here applied, "Quod ab omnibus est creditum, non est erratum, sed traditum"—"What all agree in believing is not an error, but a sound tradition." This is specially true, when this common belief and agreement are found to exist in the bosom of that Church which was built "upon a rock," concerning which, Christ pledged His solemn word that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" and to the ministers of which, he promised that "He would be with them all days, even to the end of the world.[3]

1 Lib. xvii., ch. xxviii. 2 Ad. diem 15, Augusti.

3 Matt. xvi and xxviii. Those who wish to see more upon this interesting subject may consult an essay sur Trepas de la Sainte Vierge in the Bible de Vence, tom. xii.; also, Suarez Tractat. de Mysteriis R

We append to the foregoing, the following lines taken from an English Catholic Journal. They will be found to contain a fine poetical description of the Assumption. They were attached to Raphael's picture of the Assumption, lately exhibited at the Bristol (England) Institution. The poet, it will be seen, has adopted the opinion that the Holy Virgin died at Ephesus.

In Ephesus our Lady dear,
Christ's holy mother, died;
And many a day around the bier
Her mourners watched and sighed.

For, O, she wore no look of death
In that long slumber deep;
But seemed as one whose gentle breath
Forebore to breathe asleep.

Her lips still kept their native red,
Her eyes retained their light;
And round the honors of her head
A glory circled bright.

No wonder, then, her mourners dear
Should common custom waive,
And for a long, long time forbear
To give her to the grave.

At length, by awe and reverence led,
With faith to cheer the gloom,
They made in mother earth a bed,
And gave her to the tomb.

With skill did they the same devise,
And bade the stone record—
"Here, waiting resurrection, lies
The Mother of our Lord."

Not long, when from the countries round
The bless'd Apostles came—
The chosen few still faithful found
To spread their Master's name.

M. Virginis; the Vindiciæ Assumptionis contra Launojum, written by an anonymous author, under the fictitious name, Avocat; Thomassin, Traite des Fetes, liv. ii., ch. xx.; and Benedict XIV., de Festis J. C. et B. M. V., ch. 8, and de Canoniz., liv. i., ch. xliii., etc., etc.

And soon they found that sacred place
Where she was laid to rest,—
The hailed as Mary, full of grace,
By Gabriel, the blest.

To Salem all, with one accord,
They will her body bear,
And lay her where was laid the Lord,
In Joseph's sepulchre.

With pious awe they lift the stone,
That holds her name in trust;
Where late beneath, outstretched and prone,
Was laid her hallow'd dust.

With reverence deep, they bend, they bow,
Look down into the tomb,
And what see they?—fresh flowerets blow
In all their summer bloom.

The fragrant lily, fair and white,
Profusely flourished there,
'Mong leaves as green, and full, and bright,
As ever did earth bear.

While round about, in order brave,
Did roses thickly bloom,
Giving unto the darksome grave
The garden's sweet perfume.

Choice emblems of that blessed one
Who there was laid to rest;
The mother of God's only Son,
Our Lord forever blest.

For she was like the lily fair,
And spotless as it snows,
And sweet as is the fragrance rare
Embosomed in the rose;

The first above all woman-kind,
And over all the blest,
The mother dear of Him designed
To give the weary rest;

Who nursed him through His infant years,
Her wonder, hope, and pride,—
Who shed for him unnumbered tears,
And mourned Him when He died;

She might not (did His servants cry,
Belief, their spirit's trust),
Be left with cold mortality
To moulder into dust;

And glad and wondering at the sign
To them so strangely given,
They hailed it as the proof divine
Of her ascent to heaven.

This lovely legend Raphael drew,
With his unrivalled dyes,
And set the Virgin full in view
Ascending to the skies.

INCONNU

BRISTOL, October 5, 1842.

XLIII. ROME AND BERLIN.*

Rome and Berlin! How deeply interesting, and yet how widely different, the trains of ideas connected with the names of these two great European capitals!

Rome takes us back, through the eventful agitations of the middle ages, to the period when the Church was shrouded in the darkness of the catacombs, and Christians were cast to the lions, amidst demoniac shouts of an infuriate mob, in the Flavian amphitheatre; and further back still, to the time when the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul first announced the glad tidings of salvation, amidst gaudy magnificence and marble palaces, to those proud men who were the ancient masters of the world. She tells of the sufferings she has endured, of the storms she has weathered, of the victories she has won, of the deadly opposition she has encountered from the world, from the flesh, and from the devil, throughout the long and eventful ages of her history; and of her glorious triumphs over difficulties and dangers which would have annihilated any merely human institution, not guaranteed by special promises of God. After having survived so many perils and won so many laurels, in her protracted conflict with the powers of the earth, she still stands forth proudly erect, the queenly metropolis of the Christian world, the "eternal city," as immovable as the seven hills upon which she is seated—the fit type of a religion which is alone unchangeable in the midst of change. Her history is the history of the Christian world; blot her out from the historic page, and all is left in darkness and chaos; and history itself becomes an enigma, a labyrinth. It would be like striking out the sun from the heavens, and leaving mankind to grope their way in utter darkness.

The historic associations connected with Berlin are much more recent and much less rich and varied; still they are not wholly devoid of interest for the philosophic inquirer. In a religious point of view—that to which we propose at present chiefly to direct our attention—her history bears almost the same relation to that of Rome, as the history of Protestantism does to that of Catholicity. The Prussian kingdom may be

* *Notes of a Traveller on the Social and Political state of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and other parts of Europe, during the present century.* By Samuel Laing, Esq., Author of "A Journal of a Residence in Norway," and of a "Tour in Sweden." From the second London edition. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1846. 1 vol., 8vo pp. 451.

said, in fact, to owe its origin to that great moral and religious revolution of the sixteenth century, called, by courtsey, the reformation. The apostasy of Albert, general of the Teutonic order in Germany, laid the foundation of the secular margraveship of Brandenburg, which, stationary in extent and power for nearly two centuries, at length, by successive encroachments and brilliant military conquests, swelled into the present kingdom of Prussia, with Berlin as its capital. The history of Prussia is thus, to a great extent, identified with that of German Protestantism. Like Protestantism, it is but of yesterday, and has no ancient history nor venerable reminiscences; like Protestantism, it owed its origin to apostasy and treachery, and its subsequent extension and prosperity to violence and the strong arm of military power; and like Protestantism, it is now made up of "shreds and patches" of different colors and figures, bearing little resemblance or assimilation to one another, and fitted together into a whole, without either aptitude in the parts, or taste in the arrangement. In the forcible language of Mr. Laing:

"The history of the Prussians as a nation is but of yesterday, and is not properly their history, but that of the sovereigns of a small part of the present Prussia—of Brandenburg—who, beginning the world about a century ago with a margraveship of about one and a half million of subjects, have, by good luck and military talent, gathered together a kingdom of shreds and patches of other countries, containing about fourteen millions of people. These have no national history of ancient times common to all, or to a majority of Prussians, and connecting the present with the past by feelings of veneration and hereditary attachment. Prussia has, in ordinary parlance, only a geographical or political meaning denoting the Prussian government, or the provinces it governs—not a moral or social meaning. The Prussian nation is a combination of words rarely heard, of ideas never made, the population not being morally united by any common sentiment or spirit of nationality distinguishing them in character, mind, or habits from the other German populations around them, the Austrian, Bavarian, Saxon, or Hanoverian."[1]

Thus Rome and Berlin, considered as Christian capitals, may be said to be fitting types and suitable representatives of two great antagonistic principles which have been for three centuries contending for the mastery in the religious world—the Catholic and the Protestant. The former is of all ages and of all nations, or rather, it is of no particular age and of no single nation; it knows no periodic cycle in time, nor geographical boundary in space; the whole earth is its inheritance, and all time is given to it to run its career of truth and mercy; the latter is, by its very nature, as well as by the facts of its history, as local in space as it is of limited duration in time; it has precisely the traits common to all other merely human things; it knows the vicissitudes of time and change; it

1 Notes of a Traveller, pp 108, 109.

is of the earth, earthly; it is a kingdom in the world, and of the world; in one word, it reflects the hue of those earthly feelings and political combinations with which it is brought in contact, and changes with times, places, and circumstances. The whole history of Protestantism confirms this view, as clearly as the entire history of Catholicity establishes its fixed permanency, and unearthly oneness, in the midst of change and division.

Hence it is, that, whilst Catholicity has but one capital and one centre, which has been ever the same in position and authority; Protestantism has many, and these perpetually varying both in locality and in influence. Geneva was once the recognized centre of a numerous and influential fragment of the Protestant body; but Geneva has long since fallen from her high estate, and her prerogative has departed forever. The very pulpit of John Calvin now fearlessly, and in the open light of day, sends forth doctrines for the utterance of which Calvin sent Servetus to the stake; and Geneva has actually become the organ of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Gibbon, much more than of that stern and morose sect, which has ever been the most distinguished for its almost fiendish hatred of the ancient religion of the saints and martyrs. Servetus has at length been avenged on Calvin in his own cherished city, and the disciples of Socinus, if not the philosopher of Ferney, now sits in the chair of the Genevan theocrat. What a falling off! If you wish to find the capital of modern Calvinism you must go to Edinburgh, in the old, or to Philadelphia or New York, in the new world; and even there you will find the centre of only one or another among the many divisions into which this ambitious sect has been torn by the wrangling spirit of its ministers and members.

London and New York may, perhaps, be set down as the headquarters of those numerous and jarring modern Protestant sects, who complacently give to themselves the title of Evangelical—just as the first reformers complimented themselves by assuming the name of Gospellers. But the selection of these two centres seems to have been the result merely of that fortuitous combination of circumstances which made them the great commercial emporia of the old and new world; it was certainly not based on any historical fact or time-honored association of Christian history. They were chosen because they were easiest of access, and were deemed the most suitable headquarters of all those various and high-sounding associations for religious purposes, with which Protestantism has thought proper to cumber its operations in modern times; not, assuredly, because any one seriously believed that they would become effective centres of Christian unity. The results of the numerous religious anniversaries, held every successive spring in New York, and that of the famous grand convention of Evangelical Protestants, lately held in Lon-

don, would suffice to dissipate this idea, if it had ever entered into the head of any sensible man. Protestantism is merely human, and, therefore, destined to be buffeted to and fro, to the end of time, on the stormy sea of human opinions and passions. Its nature and its whole history clearly establish this fact.

But there is yet another Protestant centre, more important in its influence—at least much more effective in its method of wielding that influence—than any which we have hitherto named. Besides a vast moral influence over the whole Protestant body, especially in Europe, and more particularly in Germany, the cabinet of Berlin assumes to itself the entire regulation of religious affairs, even to the remotest details, among those eight millions of Prussians who are reckoned as Protestants. Berlin is as much the seat of a papacy as Rome itself, and the King of Prussia takes to himself more power over the consciences of his subjects than the Pope of Rome is charged with having ever done, even by the worst enemies of the Catholic Church. Be not startled, gentle reader; it is even so. The Prussian king is supreme, both in Church and State; he claims as strong a jurisdiction over the minds and consciences of his subjects, as he does over their bodies and their external acts as citizens; he defines what doctrines are to be believed, what moral lessons are to be given from the pulpit, what texts even the ministers are to preach from, what form of worship they are to adopt, what hymns they are to sing; in a word, he claims full and entire dominion over the spiritual concerns and the souls of his Protestant subjects.[1] And in doing all this, he has but carried out that great principle of a union of Church and State—or rather a complete subserviency of the former to the latter—which all the other Protestant potentates of Europe have for three centuries practically adopted in their respective dominions. In Sweden, in Denmark, in Holland, in Hanover, in England, and even in the otherwise free Protestant Swiss cantons, the civil power has ever exercised, and even now claims, as a matter of right, to exercise this absolute control over the religious faith and worship of the subjects. In all of them there is, even at this enlightened day, a complete union of Church and State, which is not a mere dead letter, but is strictly enforced in all its most minute details.

Religion thus became a mere slave and creature of the State; the noble handmaid of heaven was made to bow down her stately form to the very dust, and to kiss the feet of her earthly oppressors—of monsters—who, not content with lording it over their subjects in worldly matters, have impiously seized on the prerogative of the high priesthood itself, without being anointed of God or chosen to this office, as was Aaron of old. And this degrading enslavement was brought about by

1 This was written in 1847. Considerable political changes have since occurred in Prussia; but the king is still head of the Protestant Church, now, as ever, subservient to the State.

the very men who have stunned our ears with their loud cries of liberty, and their harsh denunciations of papal tyranny! The reformers raised the battle-cry of freedom; but no sooner had they seduced the multitude from their former allegiance to the Catholic Church, than they forged for them new chains far more galling than those which the latter had shaken off—chains of iron, unwillingly worn, instead of those of gold, the pressure of which they had scarcely felt. Were these religious leaders deceived themselves, or did they mean to deceive others? Were they honest men, or were they mere hypocrites? Their followers were certainly deceived, and they as certainly deceived them; but whether they did it intentionally or not, God alone can judge.

If any among our readers should think that we have stated the case too strongly, we beg them to attend, for a few moments, to the evidence bearing on the subject, which we shall rapidly condense from Mr. Laing's work, referring them, if they wish for fuller information, to the work itself. Our narrow limits will compel us to confine our remarks to Prussia, upon the religious, literary, moral, and social condition of which Mr. Laing is very detailed and explicit.

A mere glance at the distinctive features of the Prussian government will suffice to convince the most skeptical, that it is a military despotism of the very worst kind that the imagination can conceive, scarcely surpassed even by that of the Russian Bear himself—another great antagonist of the Catholic Church. The Prussian government is every thing—the people are nothing but tools in its hands—mere automata, to be moved on the political chessboard according to its sovereign will and pleasure. Their political and social rights, their education, their modes of thinking, and their faculty of giving expression to their thoughts, their religion itself, and even the most sacred rights and duties of the domestic sanctuary, are governed by the supreme autocrat of Berlin. He and his paid functionaries lord it over their bodies and their souls at pleasure. There is no popular representation whatever[1]—no liberty of speech—no liberty of the press. It would almost seem that the fourteen millions of God's intellectual creatures, who are bowed down under this oppressive rule, are expected to think with but one mind, and to act with but one will—the mind and will of their lord and master at Berlin. They may smart under the iron rod of the oppressor, they may be crushed in the dust by his despotism, their grievances may be unbearable, their hearts may be on the point of breaking under the accumulation of suffering, but they must bear it all in silence; not a complaint or murmur must escape their lips, else the state-prison is to become their dreary abode.

This is no exaggeration; it is a sober statement of an appalling fact.

1 Since 1848 there has been a species of representation, and a semblance at least of freer government; but late events leave it still in doubt whether the monarchy is limited or really despotic. Time must decide.

Thus, when the venerable octogenarian archbishop of Cologne was, but a few years ago, dragged by a brutal soldiery from his palace to a state-prison in the dead hour of night, merely because he could not in conscience submit to the religious dictation of Berlin, not a single press in Prussia dared utter a syllable in reprobation of the high-handed tyranny; and those who did give vent to their pent-up feelings of indignation, had to do it in some secret and incautious whispers, lest they too should fall into the clutches of the government minions. Thus, again, when a Prussian regiment was lately marched to the doors of the Protestant churches of Silesia, to force the people to receive the newly appointed ministers, and to assist with proper reverence at the new-fangled service just established by the Prussian cabinet, they dared not murmur, but had to abide their hard fate in silence. Those ministers, and that portion of the laity who would not thus submit, were forced into exile; and we may form some idea of the number of those Protestant victims for conscience' sake, from the fact that two thousand nine hundred and sixty-six individuals were included in the amnesty proclaimed by the late monarch on his accession to the throne in 1840.[1] All this tyranny was, indeed, exposed by a portion of the German press; but it was by that portion which was beyond the reach of the Prussian censorship, which, however, exhibited its spirit, and signalized its zeal, by forbidding the obnoxious prints from crossing the Prussian border. And all this happened in the nineteenth century, and under the auspices of that Protestant religion which has been for three centuries boasting its love of liberty, and sneering at the tyranny of Rome! All this happened in the greatest and most powerful Protestant government on the European continent; a government which sprang into existence in consequence of the reformation, and which has been basking in its genial influences for more than three centuries!

A circumstance which greatly aggravates this tyranny, and makes it still more insufferable, is the hope of freedom with which the Prussian population were tantalized; especially under the reign of the late monarch. At the commencement of his reign, he promised much; he even rescinded some of the more obnoxious acts of his sterner father, liberated the archbishop of Cologne, and granted a general amnesty to political and religious offenders. But he afterwards thought proper to disappoint the high expectations awakened in the popular mind by these first acts of a wise and liberal policy. The Prussian population was as much enslaved as ever, and there existed no reasonable hopes that their bonds would be speedily broken. The Prussian government had adopted a false position, and it seemed disposed to maintain it at all hazards. It promised much, but was disposed to do very little. It endeav-

1 Laing's Notes, etc., p. 215.

ored to gull the people by an attempt to reconcile things which were wholly irreconcilable. This false position is thus vigorously set forth by Mr. Laing:—

"A rigid censorship of the press, and a general education of the people; a religious population, and an interference of the government with, and a subversion by its edicts of, the religious observances, forms, and prayers of a Church, for which their forefathers had shed their blood in the battle-field; a moral people, and an intermeddling of the hand of government in the free action of man as a moral agent, in the sanctity of family duty and management, and during the most precious period of human life for forming the moral habits and character—a barrack-room education for all classes; a wealthy and happy people, and a ruinous yearly demand of that time and labor out of which national wealth and well-being can grow, for the sake of an idle and unfounded display at reviews and parades of a military strength, not efficient, in reality, from the nature of its materials, for military purposes;—these are incompatibles which even Prussian discipline cannot make to march together."[1]

Perhaps the very worst feature in the despotism we are attempting to describe was the system of military service adopted by the Prussian cabinet since the wars of Napoleon, and established by edicts of the 3d September, 1814, and 21st November, 1815.

"By this system," says Mr. Laing, "every subject between the years of twenty and twenty-five, without distinction of fortune, birth, class, or intended profession, is bound to serve as a private soldier in the ranks of the standing army for a period of three successive years. From this obligation, only the most obvious incapacity, from bodily or mental defect or infirmity, can excuse any individual, and that incapacity must be examined and admitted by the local board of commissioners for military affairs, whose proceedings are reported to, and watched over by, a superior provincial board, and both report upon every claim for exemption to the war department. By the construction of these boards, it is impossible that favor, partiality, or local interest can screen any individual from his turn for entering the service for three years," etc.[2]

By this despotic system, most rigidly enforced, and totally different from our own militia system, every male citizen of Prussia is compelled to give three of the most precious years of his life to the army; and not only this, but he becomes, from the date of this service to the very verge of the grave, a regularly enrolled soldier in one or other division of the standing army, to be called into service every year for two or four weeks, and whenever his attendance may be deemed necessary, by an irresponsible and despotic government, for the emergencies of either peace or war. Thus, the entire male population is forced to receive a barrack-room education, with all its demoralizing influence, its blunting

1 Laing's Notes, p. 213. 2 Ibid. pp. 111, 112.

of the finest feelings of nature, and its training to the duty of passive and blind obedience to authority. Nothing could be better calculated to rear up a nation of abject and crouching slaves, ready on all occasions to do the bidding of an imperious military master. No one is exempt from this long and degrading camp drill; and the youth who wishes to travel, or to emigrate from his country, before discharging this military service, is stopped on the border, denied his passports, and compelled into the army against his will. "The whole land is thus one vast camp—the whole population one army."[1] Not even the candidates for the sacred ministry are exempted from this intolerable burden. One of the finest and most remarkable passages of Mr. Laing denounces the tyranny of this policy, especially in regard to the Catholic clergy. We cannot refrain from giving it entire, as it does so much honor to the author's head and heart, and is, withal, so apposite to the matter in hand:—

"A more justly felt, and, to Catholic feelings, more revolting grievance is, that the youth studying for the priesthood in the Catholic Church are subject, like other young men, to serve for three years (commutable by special favor to one year) in a regiment of the line; and the only exemption in their favor is, that they may be allowed to postpone the commencing of their military service until their twenty-fifth year; and then, if they have actually become members of the priesthood, and have taken sub-deacon's orders, they are exempt altogether; but all depending upon the good finding of Protestant military functionaries. The clerical student in our Protestant Church follows a course of study and of life, which fits him for every social duty, as much as, or more, than other men; and if military or other social duty is required by the State, no good reason can be shown why he should be exempt more than other citizens, if he have no clerical duties, or status in the Church. But the Catholic priest must be bred from infancy to his vocation, must be bred like a female to abstinence, chastity, purity, self-denial of all appetites and indulgences, and kept, like the well brought-up female, in ignorance of the vice and mental contamination familiar to men. To put a man so bred into the ranks of a regiment, and to live in barracks and guard-rooms for three years, or one year, or even one day, is demoralizing the individual, and tainting the purity of mind required for his peculiar social condition as a popish (!) priest, devoted to a life of celibacy; and whether that position be right or wrong on religious, social, or moral grounds, it is tyranny in a government to disregard what its subjects do regard."[2]

Much has been said in praise of the Prussian educational system; and we do not deny that it has its excellencies. It brings education to the door of all; it works with military precision and vigor; it forces parents to send their children to school, whether they will or not, whether they need their services at home or not, under the rigid penalty of imprison-

1 Laing's Notes, p. 113. 2 Ibid., pp. 210, 211.

ment.[1] Its mechanical organization is perfect; but does it secure the highest objects of education? Does it enlarge, elevate, and enlighten the youthful mind? Or is it not rather a cunningly devised machinery for breeding up a nation of subservient and trembling slaves? Of what use is the mere knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic to a people who are reared at the same time without any moral elevation, and with principles which necessarily make them ever afterwards mere automata?

Mr. Laing has examined this question in all its length and breadth; he has devoted three long chapters to its consideration;[2] and he has proved, by facts and arguments which are conclusive and unanswerable, that the system is highly injurious and pernicious in its influence on the morals, on the religion, and on the social condition and character of the people; that, instead of raising them up in the scale of social life, it enthrals, debases, and degrades them into mere slaves, wholly devoid of all proper self-respect, and of all intellectual, moral, religious, and political freedom. He has established all this to a demonstration. He has shown, that "the lowest class of the Prussian population are, intellectually, but big children who know their letters;" that "they are in an extreme inertness of mind;"[3] and that they are, with all their pretended learning, unmeasurably below the peasantry of many other countries in which popular education is less generally diffused. They are taught just so much as the government wishes—just enough to make them accomplished slaves; no more.

Our limits will not permit us to give even a condensed analysis of his facts and arguments on this branch of the subject. We must refer those who wish for more extended information to the work itself, or to the notice of it in a recent number of the Dublin Review. We can make room for only one or two extracts:—

"The almost mechanical operations of reading, writing, and reckoning are unquestionably most valuable acquirements; who can deny or doubt it? but they are not education; they are the means only, not the end—the tools, not the work—in the education of man. . . . . If the ultimate object of all education and knowledge be to raise man to the feeling of his own moral worth—to a sense of his responsibility to his Creator, and to his conscience for every act—to the dignity of a reflecting, self-guiding, virtuous, religious member of society—then the Prussian educational system is a failure. It is only a training from childhood in the conventional discipline and submission of mind which the State exacts from its subjects. It is not a training or education which has raised, but which has lowered, the human character. This system of interference and intrusion into the inmost domestic relations of the people, this educational drill of every family by State means and machinery, supersedes parental tuition. It is a fact not to be denied, that

1 Laing's Notes, p. 171. 2 Ibid., chapters vi., vii., viii. 3 Ibid., p. 264.

the Prussian population is at this day, when the fruits of the educational system may be appreciated in the generation of the adults, in a remarkably demoralized condition, in those branches of moral conduct which cannot be taught by the parents; because parental tuition is broken in upon by governmental interference in Prussia, its efficacy and weight annulled, and the natural dependence of the child upon the words of wisdom of the parent—the delicate threads by which the infant's mind, as its body, draws nutriment from its parent—is ruptured."[1]

The Prussians "morally are slaves of enslaved minds. Compulsory education, compulsory religion, compulsory military service, and the finger of government interfering in all action and opinion, and leaving nothing to free-will and uncontrolled individual judgment—produce youths well educated, as it is called, because they can read, write, and sing, well dressed, well drilled, and able-bodied; and whose *selbstgefühl*,[2] whose moral sense has not been educated, raised, and cultivated, even to the extent of making them feel debased, or degraded, at running, cap in hand, begging at the side of carriages on the highway."[3]

Nothing, perhaps, established more satisfactorily the utter debasement and degradation of the Protestant educated mind in Prussia, than the tame submission of eight millions of enlightened Protestant Christians to the high-handed measure of their monarch, by which the ancient Lutheran and Calvinistic churches were annihilated, and a third thing—neither Lutheran, Calvinistic, nor Catholic, a mere religious creation or freak of the royal mind—was substituted in their place. The vast body of Prussian Protestants, in fact, almost all of them, submitted to this sweeping destruction of all they had hitherto most dearly prized without opposition, and almost without a murmur of dissent. The monarch spoke out his sovereign will, and his trembling subjects abandoned their time-honored worship, and hastened to obey, with the prompt alacrity of well-drilled soldiers. Who ever before heard of such a phenomenon as this in any Christian and enlightened country or age? We might have believed such a thing of Mohammedans or Hindoos; to have believed it of Christians in the nineteenth century would have appeared impossible. Yet it is even so. We have said that the Prussian monarch is more a Pope than he of Rome; and this fact alone, if all others were wanting, would suffice to establish our assertion beyond a possibility of refutation. Who ever heard of a Roman Pope ever claiming to abolish one religion long established, and to establish another of his own devising on its ruins? This remarkable feat was reserved for a Protestant pope, whom Protestant Christians set up over themselves, after having dethroned the venerable Pontiff of Catholic times.

This strange amalgamation of the two antagonist communions into the one "evangelical church of Prussia," was recommended in a royal edict, issued September 17, 1817; it was declared consummated in an-

1 Laing, pp. 172, 173. 2 Self-respect or esteem. 3 Laing, p. 176.

other royal edict, bearing date June 30, 1818. The monarch at first proposed to effect the union by moral force alone; but, with the usual chicanery of the court of Berlin, it was really enforced by violence and by the satisfactory—at least, conclusive—argument of the musket-ball and the bayonet. Under this wholesome discipline, all Protestant Prussia fell instantly into the new ranks, at the word of command from headquarters! The few Silesian Lutherans, who at first proved refractory, were soon literally *dragooned* into conformity. The Lutherans and Calvinists had been quarrelling for three centuries about the real presence and predestination; the more they had disputed, the further they had grown apart; the pope of Berlin kindly volunteered his services to settle their controversy—as never had a Roman Pope settled a controversy before—by the sword and the bayonet; and these fierce religionists instantly drop their spiritual armor, and become as quiet and tractable as lambs!

Such, then, has proved to be the influence, present and palpable, of the much eulogized educational system of Prussia. By their tame submission to the royal orders, the Prussians have recognized and forever established the principle, that religion is a mere creature of the State, and that the king is supreme in spirituals as well as in temporals. They have virtually received the doctrine contained in the following extract from a tract published in Berlin, with the approbation of the royal censorship, in 1835, and for which we are indebted to Mr. Laing:[1]

"Do ye believe in God? then must ye believe in Christ. Do ye believe in Christ? *then must ye believe in the king.* He is our head on earth, and rules by the order of God. THE KING HAS APPEARED IN THE FLESH IN OUR NATIVE LAND."

We know of no parallel to this atrocious blasphemy, which makes the king a sort of incarnation of the Deity, save in attempts made lately to inculcate a similar doctrine, in the catechism published by imperial authority in Russia: certain it is, that no such principle was ever broached in Catholic times or in a Catholic country. In this, as in other particulars, all the refinements of despotism are to be sought among those who are forever clamoring about their love of liberty, and taunting those of the ancient Church with their advocacy of a galling slavery.

It is a singular fact, freely admitted by Mr. Laing, that the Catholic population on the Rhine and in the province of Posen are the freest, the most enlightened, and the most enterprising portion of the Prussian kingdom; and it is a fact still more remarkable, that their superiority should be traced by a man of Mr. Laing's strong religious prejudices to

1 Laing's Notes, p. 190. The tract is entitled: Sendschreiben wieder die falschen propheten.

their principles as Roman Catholics. Yet such is the case, as the following extracts will show :—

"Her Rhenish and Westphalian provinces are not only wealthy and manufacturing; they are liberal, and hang very loosely to the autocratic principle of the Prussian government. They retained, when they were handed over to Prussia, their former laws and law courts . . . . and they have nothing in their laws or courts in common with the rest of Prussia; they suffered no revival or intrusion of the old feudal or the Prussian jurisprudence and tribunals, and have very clearly indicated that they would not suffer it. They have shown, in their support of the Catholic bishop of Cologne—arising evidently not from a blind spirit of fanaticism, but from a spirit of opposition to despotic sway—that they are not a population to be governed, like military serfs, by the will or caprice of a cabinet. It is from this population of about 4,000,000, that the impulse has been given to the great movement of the German people in the German league." [1]

"This population, living under French law, is the very kernel of the Prussian kingdom—a concentrated population of from three to four millions, the most wealthy, commercial, and manufacturing, and the most enlightened upon their rights and wants, of any, perhaps, in Germany. In the province of Posen, again, at the other extremity of the kingdom, the French administration, by *justices de paix* and by open courts of justice, and open examination of witnesses, prevails over the general Prussian administration." [2]

That the Prussian Catholics were disposed to range themselves on the side of popular freedom, in consequence of their principles as Catholics, is avowed and proved in the following remarkable passage :—

"The principle that the civil government, or State, or Church and State united, of a country is entitled to regulate its religious belief, has more of intellectual thraldom in it than the power of the popish (!) Church ever exercised in the darkest ages; for it had no civil power joined to its religious power. It only worked through the civil power of each country. The Church of Rome was an independent, distinct, and often an opposing power in every country to the civil power, A CIRCUMSTANCE IN THE SOCIAL ECONOMY OF THE MIDDLE AGES, TO WHICH, PERHAPS, EUROPE IS INDEBTED FOR HER CIVILIZATION AND FREEDOM—for not being in the state of barbarism and slavery of the East, and of every country, ancient and modern, in which the civil and religious power have been united in one government. Civil liberty is closely connected with religious liberty—with the Church being independent of the State. . . . In Germany, the seven Catholic sovereigns have 12,074,700 Catholic subjects, and 2,541,000 Protestant subjects. The twenty-nine Protestant sovereigns, including the four free cities, have 12,113,000 Protestant subjects, and 4,966,000 Catholic. Of these populations in Germany, those which have their point of spiritual government without their States, and independent of them—as the Catholics have at Rome—enjoy certainly more spiritual independence, are less exposed to the intermeddling of the hand of civil power with their religious concerns, than the Protestant populations, which, since the reformation, have had Church and State

1 Laing, p. 155. 2 Ibid., pp. 230, 231.

united in one government, and in which each autocratic sovereign is *de facto* a home-pope. The Church affairs of Prussia in this half century, those of Saxony, Bavaria, and the smaller principalities, such as Anhalt Gothen, in all of which the State has assumed and exercised power inconsistently with the principles, doctrines, observances, and privileges of the Protestant religion, clearly show that the Protestant Church on the continent, as a power, has become an administrative body of clerical functionaries, acting under the orders of the civil power or State." [1]

We must give yet one more passage of a similar import, in which the author acknowledges, with his usual candor, that the German Catholics, in the late controversy regarding mixed marriages, took the liberal side, stood on the most popular ground, and struck a successful blow for liberty :—

"The popish (!) priests stand upon the defence of acknowledged spiritual rights, which—if taken away by a royal edict, without any concurrence to it through a constitutional representation, and a law or act to which the people are not parties—would lay open all rights, as well as those claimed by the clergy, to the arbitrary interference of the civil power Independent altogether of superstition or Church influence, the Catholic clergy have here a support from this connection between their cause and the cause of liberal constitutional government, as opposed to a government of arbitrary edicts and irresponsible functionaries. Between submission to the Pope in all the questions with the Catholic Church, and a representative constitution sanctioning by the voice of the people themselves the supremacy of the State in those questions, no third way is opened to the Prussian government. It seems a decree of fate in social economy, that representative governments, parliaments, shall spring up in every age from collisions between the civil and the ecclesiastical powers." [2]

Listen to these avowals of an enlightened and candid Protestant writer, all you who have been crying out for these last three centuries, that all the liberty is on the side of Protestantism, and all the slavery on that of Catholicity. Listen to them, all you who represent the Papacy as the very nucleus of spiritual despotism. Who would not prefer being placed under the mild spiritual jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff, to being ground down into the dust under the iron rule of the "Prussian home-pope?" Who, especially, would not prefer to acknowledge the authority of the liberal, enlightened, and wise Pius IX., who commenced his Pontificate under such flattering auspices, to yielding a blind submission, in spirituals as well in temporals, to the arbitrary dictations of the stern anti-Catholic autocrats, who lord it over their people at Berlin and at St. Petersburg?

1 Laing, p. 194. 2 Ibid., p. 198.

XLIV. OUR NEW "AMERICAN" LITERATURE.*

[The following notice of a class of Know-Nothing books, which flooded the country in 1855, during the height of what was called the American Movement, may, by some, be considered as too tart, and wanting in dignity. A more serious style, however, would have scarcely been suited to the subject; although we would hardly adopt this tone at present. We leave the article nearly as it stood, and republish it now, merely as showing the spirit of that period of remarkable excitement and fanaticism, and as an integral part of the *res gestæ*. Some books are so very absurd, as to deserve no other treatment than that of ironical ridicule.]

A NEW literary era has dawned upon us. Henceforth Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, Cooper, and Paulding are to be laid on the shelf; their productions have become already stale, and their pages, hitherto reputed so interesting and brilliant, begin to pall on the newly awakened literary taste. Their laurels have faded, and there is no longer any "speculation" in their dimmed and lustreless eyes! Nothing will now pass muster among "American" literateurs, that is not strongly seasoned with Laurence Sterne's Cheshire cheese—No Popery. This single ingredient has assumed a paramount importance; its absence renders the literary repast dull and insipid, while its presence in sufficient quantity whets the appetite, and enlivens the social intercourse of the literary guests. So that a writer be orthodox in this more than Carthaginian hatred of Rome, he receives at once a sound *Protestant* "plenary indulgence" to violate at will good taste, all truth, and all decency, and to commit all possible, and almost impossible, faults of style, arrangement, and illustration. Whatever his faults, he may rest assured that they will be passed over, or leniently dealt with; and that in spite of them all, his writings will be widely circulated, and greedily devoured by thousands of sympathizing "American" patriots, hungry for money and place! He may violate all the probabilities; his narrative, or tale of fiction,

*1. *The Sons of the Sires; a history of the rise, progress, and destiny of the American party, and its probable influence on the next presidential election. To which is added a review of the letter of the Hon. Henry A. Wise against the Know-Nothings. By an American.* Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 1 vol., 12mo, pp. 223.

2. *Stanhope Burleigh; the Jesuits in our homes. A Novel. By Helen Dhu.* 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 406. New York: Stringer & Townsend. 1855.

3. *The Arch-Bishop; or Romanism in the United States. By Orvilla S. Bellisle.* Beautifully illustrated; sixth edition. Philadelphia: published by William White Smith. 1855. 1 vol., 12mo, pp. 408.

may not only be wanting in vraisemblance, but it may verge on the confines of the ridiculous, impossible, absurd; it matters not—he can utter nothing too startling for the belief of his politico-religious sympathizers.

Gullibility, inherited, it would seem, by Brother Jonathan from his good-natured and respected sire, is the order of the day; and why should not the knowing bookseller or bookmaker reap a golden harvest out of the Know-Nothing mania of the age? Is not this the age of progress, the enlightened and glorious nineteenth century? The "almighty dollar" governs all things—more now than ever—and why should not our shrewd and calculating political *literati* make hay while the sun shines? They have an instinctive feeling that their time is short, and hence their eager haste to work rapidly these exuberant "nopopery" mines of untold wealth. More money has been coined by the Protestant ministers and their friends from the abuse of the Pope, than from all the banks that were ever chartered. And there is this difference in favor of the Pope's bank, that it has never yet been known to suspend or fail! For eighteen centuries it has bravely stood the brunt of all opposition, and the run of all adverse combinations. Why, then, should the enterprising men of this enlightened age be prevented from carrying on a crusade, which, besides being holy, has at all times proved so vastly profitable? Are not men now "wide awake" to the secret of money-getting; and why seek to debar them from entering upon this unfailing avenue to wealth? Is not this a progressive age? It is, verily!

A crisis has arrived. The Pope, not satisfied with imperial Rome and beautiful Italy, has cast a wistful glance at the teeming Valley of the Mississippi, which his followers are preparing for his inheritance; though politically so weak that he cannot maintain himself in his temporal sovereignty over his own insignificant States without foreign bayonets, his vaulting ambition seeks to make new conquests in the heart of a vast new continent! The Pope is verily coming, and let the friends of liberty beware!

"That power, ever ready for self-aggrandizement, looked with a wistful eye to the dominion of this broad land. The Mis-issippi Valley would have made more than a second Italy. It would have been a magnificent seat for the Sovereign Pontiff, and then it would have been not only far more beautiful and extensive than the States now subject to the triple crown, but it would have yielded such handsome revenues. The Pope of Rome could have made it quite convenient to shift the seat of his dominions from the seven hills to that broad valley, seeing that he would not have broken the hearts of his people by leaving them."[1]

1 Sons of the Sires, pp. 57, 58.

A terrible and unmitigated monster of ambition and tyranny must be this same poor Roman Pontiff! He claims universal dominion in temporals as well as in spirituals; and his followers not only allow, but support the claim! Is any one hardy enough to deny a fact so palpable? If so, the proof, clear as day, is at hand! "The distinguished Bellarmine, the prince of their theologians, and the most eminent controversialist of his age," is brought forth in triumph, as the unimpeachable witness to the fact, that such is the Catholic doctrine![1] What matters it, if Bellarmine says and proves the precise contrary of what they allege as his opinion, and in the very treatise, and in the very volume and book, to which the "no popery" crusaders so boastingly refer? What matters it, that he, in that very book, devotes four full chapters to an elaborate refutation of the ultra and absurd opinion of a few obscure and obsolete theologians, to whose ridiculous notion he had referred only historically, and with a special view to its refutation? Few would have the opportunity or the inclination to refer to the original; most readers would swallow with relish the glaring imposture, and money would meantime flow into the pockets of the enterprising falsifier of Bellarmine! Fewer still would probably be able or willing to detect the glaring forgery perpetrated on St. Thomas Aquinas,[2] whose views are diametrically opposite to what they are represented to be.[3]

As this falsification of Bellarmine is a pretty fair specimen of the unscrupulous manner in which our adversaries deal with Catholic authorities, we will, in serious sadness, devote a brief space to an exposition of the reckless trick attempted on "American" citizens in this enlightened nineteenth century, by men, too, wearing as a mask the holy garb of religion.

We have lying before us, a handsome copy of Bellarmine's works in six large folio volumes.[4] Though the distinguished writer is known to have advocated, as his own private opinion, certain papal prerogatives, which are not only no doctrine of the Catholic Church, but which are repudiated by the great body of our theologians; yet, on the matter in question, he is clear and explicit: a conclusive evidence that the principle, charged as a doctrine of the Church, has been banished even from the province of enlightened and sound Catholic opinion. Bellarmine lays down, and fully establishes against all gainsayers, the three following propositions, which we will first give in the original, and then translate for the benefit of a portion of our readers:

"Quod ad primum attinet, tria ordine probabimus:
"Primo, Papam non esse dominum totius orbis;
"Secundo, Non esse dominum totius orbis Christiani;

1 Sons of the Sires, pp. 200, 201.
2 Ibid., p. 201.
3 See Bellarmine, *infra cit.*
4 Edition of Venice, 1721.

"Tertio, Non esse dominum ulliusprovinciæ, aut oppidi, nullamque habere jure divino jurisdictionem mere temporalem."

"As regards the first point, we will prove three things in order:

"First, That the Pope it not the sovereign (lord) of the whole world;

"Second, That he is not the sovereign of the whole Christian world;

"Third, THAT HE IS NOT THE SOVEREIGN OF ANY PROVINCE, OR TOWN, AND THAT HE HAS, OF DIVINE RIGHT, NO MERELY TEMPORAL JURISDICTION WHATSOEVER."[1]

One would think that this is quite explicit enough to settle the question of Bellarmine's theory, in regard to the extent of papal jurisdiction. But how explain the gross dishonesty of those, who so basely pervert his authority for their own vile purposes? Are they afraid of the truth, that they resort so readily to falsification? Have they adopted, as their line of conduct, the motto of the wicked, as set forth in the following passage of an inspired prophet?—"We have entered into a league with death, and we have made a covenant with hell. When the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come near us; FOR WE HAVE PLACED OUR HOPE IN LIES, AND BY FALSEHOOD WE ARE PROTECTED!"[2] It would almost seem so. Else why resort so habitually to misstatement, when there is a question of assailing the Catholic Church? Why constantly substitute calumny, garbling, and forgery for truthful statement and fair quotation?

That this is the ordinary system of tactics adopted by those who are now busy in inaugurating the new era of pure "American" *Literature*, we will proceed still further to show by facts and specifications. But our readers will, we trust, bear with us, if we occasionally drop the serious vein, and indulge in the humorous and satirical. If we cannot always carry out the principle of the Latin Poet—Facit indignatio versum,[3]—we may avail ourselves of the privilege implied in the poet's question—Quid vetat ridendo dicere verum?[4] The new literateurs often so far transgress the boundaries of probability, of possibility, and even of common prudence, in the notable art of—fabrication, as to stimulate the mirth of all sensible men, who are not wholly blinded by the "American" literary mania.

The reverend ministers, who are the prime movers in the "American" crusade, have no intention of uniting Church and State,—not they. The Blue Laws of New England are not to be re-enacted; the elective franchise is not to be confined to sound church members of orthodox communions; Protestant heretics are not again to be expelled or executed; and even the poor crazed witches are to be henceforth left in perfect freedom to career the world, mounted on their favorite broomsticks!

1 Edition of Venice, 1721, vol. i., chap. ii., p. 433. He fully establishes all these propositions. Ibid. in chapters ii., iii., iv., and v.

2 Isaiah, xxviii. 15.

3 Indignation makes the verse—or inspires the poet.

4 Why not laughingly tell the truth?

No union of Church and State is even contemplated,—O no! "The influence" of the new organization is to be "as gentle as the kissing zephyr," but "powerful as the gale that agitates the ocean to its profoundest depths;" and "having laid it down as a fundamental principle to interfere with none in their civil and religious rights, and to act without ostentation or restraint, they (the Know-Nothings) cannot be otherwise than successful."[1] Again—"Do they not resist all show of intolerance? Does not he (Mr. Wise of Va.) know that a fundamental principle of the party is—NO UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE? Does he not know that they contend for the largest liberty to all, consistent with the safety of the republic?—that they welcome the oppressed from all climes?—that they are pledged always to keep it a free asylum for all classes and creeds? If he did not know their principles, why write about them?"[2]

Who so incredulous or wicked as to doubt any one of these "zephyr-like" professions of charity and love of liberty? Have they not been all triumphantly and *luminously* proved to the world, time and again, by the *light* of some five or six Catholic Churches, burned to the ground, as a fitting sequel to the last anniversary celebration of our national independence? Has not the charity of these men for foreigners "of all classes and creeds" been signalized by the bloody civil feuds which have so often immortalized our principal cities, and in which poor strangers, who had fled hither for an asylum from oppression, have been hunted down like wolves by the mild, inoffensive, liberty-loving, and "zephyr" breathing lambs of this new "American" fold?

No union of Church and State is contemplated; certainly not! No such idea ever entered the brain of the three thousand preachers, who sent the mammoth remonstrance to Congress against a measure strictly political! No such notion is entertained by the sixty ministers, who, at the call of their country, nobly descended from their pulpits, and condescended to serve in the late "praise-God bare-bones" Parliament of Massachusetts! No such thought has entered the heads of those reverend men of God who have been elected, "without any merits of their own,"—as they no doubt meekly avowed,—to the Congress of the United States; still less could any such notion be indulged in, even as a temptation, by that numerous class of clerical aspirants who are now panting for State legislative or Congressional honors all over the republic? No, it is a base slander to suppose, for a moment, that any intention of uniting Church and State exists even among the dreams of the new organization, whose rule it is to act "without ostentation or restraint." As for "ostentation," they are certainly very retiring and silent in their habits;

1 Sons of the Sires, p. 159. 2 Ibid. p. 195.

as to the "restraint," they own no other than that which consists in blind obedience to the dictates of their leaders!

They disavow all thoughts of persecution, being in favor of "the largest liberty," civil and religious! "They will not persecute Catholics, but they will take care that the Catholics do not persecute them."[1]—How prudent their forecast! How discreet their valor! "They will take care that Catholics do not persecute them:"—certainly. There is great and imminent danger of this frightful contingency! The Catholics in our republic already number about, or nearly, ONE-TWELFTH PART of our population! There is actually one bloody Catholic for every twelve meek and inoffensive—"zephyr breathing"—Protestants! Have not the latter the strongest motives for fearing a terrible persecution from the former? May not a second St. Bartholomew's day dawn suddenly upon us? It reminds us of a large boy—some six feet high—binding securely the limbs of a small urchin of three feet six, lest the latter should inflict on him a terrible castigation! It is about as prudent, and almost as valiant!

But the danger, if not present, is at least prospective. This is clearly proved by the claim of temporal sovereignty set up for the Pope and established by Bellarmine,—who, as we have seen, proves precisely the contrary,—"and by the defiant tone of Jesuitical bishops and archbishops of the Roman Church in this country. Their assumed superiority over all others, their haughty bearing, their arrogance and intolerance, became manifest, etc."[2]

When, how, and where? WE would really like to know. The official acts of our prelates are before the world; their pastoral charges, diocesan and conciliary, have been spread out over the land on the wings of the press; nothing has been concealed. Let the passage be indicated which breathes "arrogance, intolerance, or haughty bearing," and then the accusation will be made good. If such language cannot be quoted; if a contrary spirit altogether breathes throughout all those official documents, then may we safely say that here, as elsewhere, our *literary* crusaders are reasoning by contraries, are building up their argument upon a foundation existing only in their own brain, and are thus carrying out the motto quoted from Isaiah.

But preachers are not admitted to hold civil office in Virginia; and though the wisdom of this enactment is not questioned, Mr. Wise is severely rated with being most inconsistent, in sustaining the soundness of the principle involved in the law of his State. By advocating it, "he sets up distinctions, by imposing a disability upon men, not for crime, but because they are ministers of religion;" thereby "throwing a dark and damning suspicion over their character as men of integrity," and

1 Sons of the Sires, p. 121. 2 Ibid., pp. 165 and 172.

"placing clergymen in the only other class excluded from official stations—viz.: duellists, or persons who have been convicted of great crimes and been the inmates of the state-prison."[1] The mysterious secret is here reluctantly disclosed. So, these reverend men of God are not in favor of a union of Church and State; not they! They merely wish to be free from "the dark and damning suspicion against their character as men of integrity," that they may not, in their exclusion from civil office, be ranked with duellists and public felons! This foul suspicion must rest upon them, if they are excluded from the arena of wrangling political strife, and kept in their more elevated position of spirituality. Verily, their logic is as acute, as their literature is refined!

But the Bible, the precious Bible, is in danger! The wicked "Romanists"—from whose blood-stained hands this holy book of revelation was originally received, and to whom the very men who are now making so fierce an outcry are indebted for their possession of it at all—"are waging a Popish war against the Bible;" and "it was the apprehended danger that the Bible might, in this free land, be a second time sealed, aye and chained too, that caused the American people to rise up to defend their rights, and wither the hand that would dare do this iniquity. The sentiment of not only the people, but also of the children of this nation, has been sung through the wide realm of this Union—'We won't give up the Bible, God's holy book of truth.'"[2]

Oh, no! "Don't give up the Bible;" that's the noble and soul-stirring battle-cry which led your patriot fathers to victory in the memorable riots of Philadelphia; when the holy book was paraded through the streets in solemn procession, headed by reverend ministers of God; and when, amidst profane maledictions and civil feuds, which made the streets run with the blood of murdered citizens, and in that beautiful light of burning Catholic churches, houses, and libraries, which turned night into day, and revealed the graves of the dead torn open and the corpses stripped of their valuable ornaments, this same hallowed battle-cry of "SPARE, OH SPARE, THE BIBLE!" was raised from pious throats, as a divine warrant for all these deeds of sacrilege and blood! What matters it, if all that outcry about the Catholics wishing to banish the Bible from the common-schools was proved, at the time, to be a base calumny, by the official report of the Protestant common-school commissioners? What matters it, if the real issue is ignored or misrepresented; if the question in fact concerned the version to be read, and not the Bible itself?

You "need not stop to prove that the Catholic Church is the enemy of freedom in all its aspects. Her history, her doctrines, her spirit, her writers, and her priests have filled the world with monuments proclaiming the truth of this assertion."[3] Oh, no! we beg you "not to stop" at such

1 Sons of the Sires, pp. 208, 209. 2 Ibid., p. 217. 3 Ibid., p. 168.

trifles, you who generally stop at nothing! Catholics "have filled the world with monuments" proclaiming their bitter and undying hatred of freedom! Only think of it! It was these same base traitors to all freedom, who filled the world with such monuments of tyranny as Magna Charta, trial by jury, no taxation without representation, habeas corpus, stationary courts, and wise municipal laws and polity! It was they who rescued Europe from barbarism, and re-established social order and well administered law! It was they who built up the Free Cities, and "filled the world" with such horrid "monuments" as the Republics of the Swiss Cantons, of Andorra, Genoa, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Sienna, the northern Italian Cities, and San Marino! It was they who first reared on this virgin continent the broad banner of universal freedom, civil and religious!

But the shade of Balmes torments you, "glaring at you with fiery eyeballs!" Don't be alarmed; you can easily quiet his ghost, as you did that of Bellarmine! All you have to do, is—precisely what you have done—to make him say just the opposite of what he does say! Very simple, is it not; but was it not more simple to refer us to the very page, thereby facilitating the detection?[1] You "did not stop" to tell us that, *on that very page*,[2] Balmes uses this language: "We certainly have now (in Spain) no need of importing toleration from abroad; *it already exists among us so fully, that no one is afraid of being disturbed on account of his religious opinions.*"

To cap the climax of "Popish horrors and abominations," the Jesuit's oath is alleged in full;[3] and capital is made out of the hair-breadth escape of Miss Bunkley from St. Joseph's, Emmittsburg![4] What does it matter that "the Jesuit's oath" has been, already a hundred times, denounced as a forgery, and proved to be such? What difference does it make that it bears on its very face unmistakable marks of being a fabrication, and of being one, too, most clumsily made? What are these trifles to the saints, who will greedily swallow this, as they have already swallowed a thousand other absurdities, if possible, even more glaring and monstrous! Did they not devour with relish, the veritable papal Bull of excommunication duly copied from Sterne's obscene romance—Tristram Shandy!

Then that admirable story of Miss Bunkley's miraculous escape from the dungeons of St. Joseph's. It is really capital! She might easily, at any hour of any day, have gone out quietly by the door; but this would have been decidedly tame and un-romantic; she had a brilliant fancy, and a romantic taste, and accordingly she wisely preferred getting

1 Sons of the Sires, p. 168.

2 P. 76, of Balmes—On Civilization, etc.; published in one large 8vo volume by Murphy & Co., of Baltimore.

3 P. 192, note.

4 P. 199.

out through the window in the night! No doubt we shall soon have a most valuable accession to our "American" *Literature* in the shape of a rehash of "Maria Monk's Awful Disclosures;" and it will be about as valuable and as truthful as its illustrious prototype! We hope, only for the honor of the country, that it may be more decent.

But Rome does not change, while all else is changing around her! This is a serious charge, the changes upon which are rung with singular ability and eloquence![1] We are to have the Spanish Inquisition, the French St. Bartholomew's, and a thousand other horrors renewed among us in this noble land of freedom; all because Rome is so perverse as to be unchangeable in her doctrines! We suppose that we are to have too, an invasion of the Moors, and a coup d'etat à la Napoleon, besides, perhaps, an irruption from the grim-looking man in the moon, which would render us decidedly lunatics. The latter invasions are about as likely to occur as the former!

However, if Rome does not change, popular sentiment and opinion in our republic, it is freely avowed, are any thing but unchangeable. In this noble country of our birth and of our affection, "the members of the human family are constitutionally not more frail than their opinions are fluctuating. To-day, some of the unstable are devoted to a system, which to-morrow they utterly repudiate."[2]

Never, perhaps, was a truer thing said or written, whether by friend or foe. The class of "the unstable" is very numerous, and those composing it seem to be stricken with mania every lustrum,—near the eve of the presidential election. They generally, however, come to their senses again shortly after the election; and "the sober second thought" restores thus the equilibrium of the temporarily unbalanced popular mind. This periodical mania is not so very surprising after all, when we consider the means adopted to bring it about; when false statements, malicious reports, strong appeals to passion, and forgeries innumerable are sown broadcast over the land; by men, too, in whom the people have reason to confide as leaders. At present, when many of the leaders in the crusade are dignified with the title of reverend—from whose lips and pens naught but truth, and charity, and peace should be allowed to drop—we are not greatly surprised that the people should be priest-ridden, and kept in ignorance. But the reaction must and will come; and those who have contributed to delude honest thinking men will have a heavy account to settle with an indignant and betrayed community, to say nothing of the far more awful reckoning at the bar of an offended and outraged God! Let them look to it in time! Time is short; eternity never ending!

1 P. 122, seqq., of Balmes—On Civilization, etc. 2 Ibid. p. 160.

We have confined ourselves to the work which is first on our list, partly because it has some pretensions to facts and reasoning, and partly because it was issued by one of our most extensive and enterprising book publishers,[1] whom we are, however, sorry to see giving currency to such matter. The other works above enumerated are professedly romances; and in this respect, if in no other, they are far more honest than the one which we have reviewed,—they make no profession of telling the truth, and thus they do not sail under false colors. As romances, they are very far below mediocrity, and they are really worthy of no serious notice. We may, however, at some future time, waive this consideration, and amuse ourselves and our readers by hitting off their monstrous incongruities and absurdities. They are, in every respect, worthy the *literary* epoch which they contribute to inaugurate. They are suitable contributions to our "American" *Literature*—we had almost written *Litter*-ature—and the pun, though bad, would probably have been at least as good as the subject.

1 Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of Philadelphia.

XLV. BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine Artist; written by himself: containing a variety of information respecting the Arts and the History of the Sixteenth Century, with the Notes and Observations of G. P. Corpani. Translated by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. In two volumes, 12mo. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 1845.

This is certainly a most curious and entertaining autobiography, though we can scarcely agree with Lord Walpole, who is said to have pronounced it "more amusing than any novel." The overweening egotism of the writer which peeps out from almost every page, his malevolence towards many of his rivals and patrons, and his manifest leaning towards the marvellous, to say nothing of the minuteness and tediousness of his details in matters often of little interest, are serious blemishes in his narrative. We would expect, and might willingly excuse, a certain amount of self-praise in an autobiography; but there are certainly bounds to this indulgence, and we are sorry to say that Cellini is in the habit of overstepping them. But this feature, however it may detract from the interest and merit of the work, is, after all, a very pardonable fault, were it not coupled with another for which we can scarcely find any excuse. The author deals most unsparingly with almost all those who happened to differ with him in opinion, whether in matters of taste or of business. He calls his rivals in trade by the most opprobrious names; he often ascribes to them, and even to his generous patrons, the most unworthy motives; he seems to forget their past kindness in his momentary pique or abiding malevolence. It matters not how much they may have hitherto aided and befriended him; one act of neglect, one word of unkindness, one disagreement in a matter of taste, one failure to appreciate his labors, blots out the long catalogue of past favors, and transforms the benefactor into the enemy.

A man may, if he choose, write his own life, and boast his own achievements, and the world may read, and even believe his narrative if it list; but we hold that he has no right to libel his contemporaries, or to make his own little personal piques, jealousies, aversions, and quarrels the matter of history. And yet we are of the opinion, that the Memoirs of Cellini owe their great popularity in England and in this country, as much at least to this censorious and carping spirit which disfigures them, as to any intrinsic merit they possess. Mankind seem to have an inherent love of gossip and slander, and the man who spreads out this banquet with the greatest bounty, especially if he serve up such delicate

morsels as Popes, cardinals, and bishops, is sure to cater well for the popular appetite. The good-natured public, lured on by this palatable seasoning, will devour much food which were otherwise wholly insipid. Had Cellini written a sober narrative, dealing in facts as they were, and painting his contemporaries in their true colors, we venture to say that both himself and his autobiography would have been long since buried in oblivion; or at least that the knowledge of himself and of his works would have been almost confined to Italy.

We would not be understood as wishing to detract from the merits of Cellini, as a man and an artist; we speak of him only as a writer. But even in this latter capacity his work, notwithstanding the defects just noticed, is full of interest. It could not be otherwise. He lived in an age of great men. "There were giants in those days." He was the contemporary of such men as Popes Clement VII. and Paul III., Dukes Alessandro and Cosmo di Medici, Francis I. and Charles V., Cardinal Bembo, Michael Angelo, Bandinello, Titian, Sansovius, and Julio Romano. He was thrown by circumstances into frequent contact with all these great men, not to mention many others almost equally illustrious; he speaks of their characters, of their taste, of their conversation and conduct in public and in private, of their appreciation of the fine arts, and of many other things concerning them too trivial for general history, yet of sufficient interest to be preserved for the amusement, if not the instruction, of mankind. His narrative embraces a little more than the first half of the sixteenth century, a period perhaps the most interesting in all history; a period which witnessed the rise and ephemeral triumph of Protestantism, the political convulsions in Germany and in Italy, the eventful wars of Francis I. and Charles V., and the literary and artistic glory of the men who figured in "Leo's golden days." Italy then maintained an undisputed literary supremacy over the world, though at that very time the very portion of Europe, which was perhaps the least cultivated in refinement and the arts, was constantly crying aloud against her ignorance, superstition, and darkness, mental, and moral, and religious!

Making all proper allowance for the personal vanity of Cellini's autobiography, we must still admit that he was a very great man, one gifted with a genius which shone with almost dazzling lustre, even in the brilliant age and country in which his lot was cast. He was a bright ornament to the schools of Tuscany and Rome, and he shed no little of his own lustre on the infant school of arts founded by Francis I. in Paris. As a goldsmith, as a jeweller, as an enameller, as a chaser on gold, silver, and steel, as a striker of coins and medals, he perhaps greatly surpassed all previous artists; he, in fact, either created or thoroughly renovated many branches of these useful and ornamental arts. For taste, for elegance of design, and for neatness and beauty of finish, his works were

deservedly popular in his own age; and such of them as have been preserved to the present day are still admired, not only as curious antiques, but as specimens of most elaborate workmanship.

But he was not content with the superior excellence to which he had attained in these several cognate arts; he aspired after nothing less than to rival Michael Angelo himself as a statuary. He cultivated with unabated ardor the noble art of design, and, if we are to credit his own declarations, his colossal statue of Perseus, as well as some others of his works, surpassed those of all other contemporary artists, Michael Angelo's alone excepted. To the transcendent genius of Michael Angelo even *he* deferred; he looked up to him as to some being of a higher sphere; he revered him as his master, and thought more of the smile of approval beaming from his face than of the smile of Popes, kings, and emperors. The principal other artists, of whom he speaks in terms of unalloyed commendation, are Julio Romano and Titian, neither of whom, it appears, ever crossed his path or thwarted his purpose. Had they, or even had the great Michael Angelo himself done this, our word for it, they would have felt his sting, and would have dwindled down instantly into second-rate artists, or no artists at all.

The life of so extraordinary, and withal so eccentric a man, as Benvenuto Cellini, cannot fail to prove interesting to such persons as have not perused his Memoirs for themselves. For the benefit of such, we will attempt a brief sketch of it, interspersed with such reflections as arose to our minds while reading his book. In doing this, we will follow his own narrative, which though minute and detailed, we found by no means dull or insipid.

Benvenuto Cellini was born at Florence, of respectable parents, on the feast of All Saints, in the year 1500, at precisely twelve o'clock, between 1st and 2d November! His father, Giovanni Cellini, upon the infant being presented to him by the midwife, exclaimed: "O Lord, I thank thee from the bottom of my heart for this present, which is very dear and *welcome* to me." The child was hence called *Benvenuto*, which, in Italian, means *welcome*. This father was as great an original, as his son afterwards proved to be. He had been for many years a distinguished worker in ivory, as well as an ingenious machinist, and constructor of musical instruments, some of them on principles entirely new. During his advanced age, he gave himself up almost entirely to the cultivation of music; and no object was dearer to his heart than that Benvenuto should excel in playing on the flute. He applied him to it at a tender age; and when the child gave any evidence of progress, the old man became ecstatic with delight. To satisfy this humor of his parent, Benvenuto did all he could to attain to excellence in flute playing; and not without some success, though he had little relish for music. His

aspirations were, however, much higher than to become even what his doting parent so fondly anticipated—the first musician in Italy. Feeling a strong inclination for the more refined mechanical arts, he prevailed on his father, after much entreaty, to bind him apprentice to a Florentine goldsmith and jeweller, named Antonio de Landro, or more commonly Marcone. His father consented to the arrangement; but with the solemn stipulation that his son should still devote some time each day to the flute.

He was progressing in his trade to the entire satisfaction of his master, when he gave evidence of that impetuous and mercurial temperament which characterized him ever afterwards, and rendered his whole life so unhappy and unsettled. His younger brother, who had taken to the profession of arms, having got into a bloody affray in the streets of Florence, Benvenuto flew to the rescue; and for their participation in the riot, both were banished for six months to a distance of ten miles from the city.

An exile, he soon began that eventful career of a wanderer, which he pursued almost to the end of his days. He repaired first to Sienna, then to Bologna, and subsequently to Pisa, in all of which cities he continued to work at his trade of goldsmith under eminent artists. On the expiration of his term of banishment, he returned to Florence, and, after a severe attack of illness, re-entered the shop of his old master, Marcone. He had now made so much progress in the art, as to be able not only to support himself, but also to contribute greatly to the support of his aged father, and of a poor sister with a large family; and it reflects great credit on his heart that he never afterwards forgot them, even amidst his brightest fortunes, no matter where his lot happened to be cast, or how much the various courts of Europe vied with one another in rewarding him.

Burning with an ardent desire of excelling all others in his profession, he now applied himself to studying the noble art of design, after the models which those eminent masters of the art, Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, had left in Florence. In order to prosecute his studies with still greater facilities, he repaired to Rome, in company with a gifted young artist named Tasso. Here he remained two years, dividing his time between study, and a series of singular, and often mad adventures, into which our space will not permit us to enter. Suffice it to say that, in general, throughout his life, he never appears to have turned aside from a quarrel; but, on the contrary, to have scented one from afar, and to have rushed into it con amore—merely for the sport of the thing. Something of this propensity may be ascribed to the troubled and unsettled condition of the age in which he lived, much more of it to his own hot temper and excitable nature. If we are to

credit his own narrative, he had as many rencounters as the renowned Don Quixote himself, and with much more real and substantial antagonists; and he saw and conquered more men in buckram than even the redoubtable Jack Falstaff! We do not make this remark with a view wholly to discredit his account, which we believe to be in the main correct; but our impression is, that having written his Memoirs when he was already advanced in life,[1] he gives abundant evidence not only of the garrulity of old age, but also of its glowing exaggerations, when recounting the deeds done in youth.

On his return to Florence, he succeeded so well in his profession, as to awaken the admiration of the polished Florentines, and to arouse the jealousy of his brother artists. The ill-feeling awakened between him and his rivals resulted in a bloody rencounter between him and Gherardo Guasconti, a cousin of one of them; and, for severely beating and wounding his antagonist, Cellini was compelled again to fly from Florence, disguised as a friar. He then repaired for a second time to Rome, where he soon distinguished himself in the double capacity of musician and goldsmith. He met with a noble patroness in the person of Signora Porzia Chigi, whose excellent taste, womanly virtues, and munificent encouragement of the arts, he extols to the skies. Pope Clement VII. took him into his service, both as a musician in the pontifical choir, and as papal goldsmith, in which latter capacity he was subsequently employed on various works of importance. Introduced by a disciple of Raphael to the bishop of Salamanca, this prelate, who was a man of wealth and taste, employed him to execute a beautiful piece of plate. He performed his task with signal ability, but not so soon as his patron had expected. The latter was displeased at the delay, and was in no hurry to make payment. Meantime, one of the bishop's Spanish friends accidentally broke the handle of the vase, and, to prevent its coming to the prelate's knowledge, flew with it to Cellini, whom he entreated to repair it forthwith. The artist did so; but resolved to retain the plate, until he had been paid in full for his previous labor. Hereupon ensued a serious affray between Cellini and the Spanish servants of the prelate, who attempted to break into his shop, and to carry off the vase by force. Their attempt was thwarted by the resolute defence of Cellini and his friends, who rallied to his assistance. The bishop chided his servants, and sent word to Cellini that he should be paid in full on restoring the vase. The author's description of his reception at the bishop's palace, and of what happened there, is whimsical enough. We subjoin it as a specimen of his manner:

"There I made my appearance, Paulino following me close with the piece of plate. To make my way through the line of domestics was like

1 He began his Memoirs in 1558, and terminated them in 1566, in the 66th year of his age. Vol. ii., p. 210.

passing through the signs of the zodiac; one of them looked like a lion, another like a scorpion, and a third like a crab, till at last we came into the presence of this revered prelate, who uttered the most priest-like, Spaniard-like words that I ever heard. All this time, I never once looked at him, or so much as answered a single word; at which his lordship seemed to discover more resentment than ever, and, having ordered pen, ink, and paper, desired me to write a receipt. I then looked him full in the face, and told him that I would readily do so after I had received my money. The haughty bishop was then more exasperated than ever; but, in fine, after a great deal of scolding and hectoring, I was paid, and afterwards, having written an acquittance in full, left the place in high spirits. Pope Clement afterwards heard the whole affair," the author adds, "having first seen the piece of plate in question, though it was not shown him by me. He was highly pleased at what had happened, and said publicly that he entirely approved of my behavior, so that the bishop heartily repented of what he had done."[1]

The author next quarrelled with Rienzo da Ceri, from whom he accepted a challenge to fight a duel. He vanquished his adversary, though without bloodshed. He then applied himself with signal success to the delicate art of engraving devices for seals, under the able master Lautizio. During the plague, which broke out about this time in Rome, he employed his leisure hours in reviewing and sketching the antiquities of the city. After the plague had subsided, he became a member of a grand society of artists organized in Rome, under the presidency of Michelagnolo, of Sienna. He describes some meetings and a grand entertainment of the society, at which the great Giulio Romano was present.[2]

Cellini now applied himself to the curious art of *damaskeening* in steel and silver, on Turkish daggers, and also of making new devices for medals and settings for rings. Here, as in other things, his mechanical genius and fertile invention were crowned with complete success. But his indefatigable labors were constantly varied by singular adventures, in which he manifested his fierce temper and indomitable courage. On one occasion, he signalized himself by a brave defence against a whole band of armed adversaries.

The author was at Rome in 1527, when the Duke of Bourbon, with his army of banditti and Lutheran Vandals, laid siege to the city. He immediately took up arms, for which he seems to have had as great a relish as for the gentler arts. If we are to believe his own account, it was a ball from his arquebuse that killed the duke, while he was in the act of scaling the walls of Rome. After the invaders had entered the city, the Pope retired to the Castel Sant' Angelo, which held out for some time. Cellini acted as chief bombardier of the castle; and, by his skill and fatal precision in levelling the pieces, he greatly annoyed the enemy, and often thwarted their designs. The castle was finally surren-

1 Vol. i., p. 47. 2 Ibid., p. 59, seqq.

dered by capitulation, and the Pope publicly declared his indebtedness to the bravery and ability of Cellini.

Shortly afterwards, Cellini returned to Florence, where he succeeded in compromising with the magistrates for his past transgressions of the law. We next find him in Mantua, where he met with Giulio Romano, who introduced him to the duke of that city. But his indiscretion soon made him depart abruptly from Mantua, and return to Florence, where his heart was torn with anguish on finding that his father and many of his nearest relations had been swept off by the plague. He could not long remain amidst a scene of such desolation; he accepted the urgent invitation of the Pope, and again repaired to the eternal city. The Pontiff received him with great kindness, employed him in many difficult works in his profession, and appointed him engraver of the papal mint. His success was so brilliant, and the encouragement of the Pontiff so marked, that many artists of Rome began to envy him, and to meditate his ruin. His shop was robbed, and he was calumniated before the Pope, as the maker of certain counterfeit coin which happened to be then in circulation. But he defended himself with address and eloquence, and the Pope's confidence remained unshaken. Through the singular sagacity of his dog, which seized a man in the public streets of the city, and held him fast, in spite of all efforts to disengage it, he discovered the villain who had robbed his shop, and recovered the articles which had been stolen. The Pontiff next employed him in making a magnificent chalice, to be borne in the papal procession. After some delay and consequent misunderstanding with his illustrious patron, he at length completed the chalice, so as to give universal satisfaction. His enemies were, however, busy; and finally, through the representations of Pompeo of Milan, one of the Pope's favorites, he lost his situation as engraver of the mint. Cellini subsequently worked himself into various difficulties and affrays, in one of which he had well-nigh killed his adversary. He, in consequence, fled from Rome, and repaired to Naples. Here he remained but a few days, having, through the kind intervention of the cardinal di Medici, obtained the Pope's pardon, and an invitation to return to Rome. He waited upon the Pontiff, presented him with a fine medal which he had struck of him, and was again received into the papal service.

Paul III., the successor of Clement VII., continued to encourage the abilities of Cellini, and reinstated him in his old place of engraver of the mint. But believing that some of his enemies meditated his assassination, and dreading the punishment of the law for having killed Pompeo of Milan in a quarrel, he precipitately fled from Rome, and went to Florence. His reputation had preceded him to his native city, and Duke Alessandro received him with open arms. But before engaging in the

duke's service, he stipulated that he must be allowed some time to visit Venice. He made the tour, and passed some days with that eminent colorist, Titian, whom he justly eulogizes for his superior skill as a painter. During the journey, he, as usual, met with a variety of adventures, and got into several affrays, from which, according to his own account, he came out decked with all the laurels of victory. His laurels were, however, sullied by a petty revenge he took on a tavern-keeper near Ferrara. The only offence of this man was, his having demanded the reckoning before his guests went to bed. Cellini boasts of having punished his insolence, by privately ripping up his feather-beds, and doing other damage to the amount of about fifty crowns![1]

On his return to Florence, Duke Alessandro appointed him superintendent of his mint, and loaded him with honors. But Cellini's spirit was still restless, and on the invitation of Pope Paul III., who promised him pardon for past offences, he returned to Rome. Here he was taken dangerously ill, and on his recovery returned to Florence, to breathe once more his native air. He did not, however, remain long in Florence, for he found the mind of the duke greatly prejudiced against him. He once more repaired to Rome, where the Pontiff employed him in a curious piece of workmanship, which he designed presenting to Charles V., then on the point of visiting Rome. The author describes the brilliant pageant of the emperor's triumphal entry into Rome, and gives us the identical speech which he made before him on his presenting the pontifical present. He even relates that the emperor admitted him to a private interview, loaded him with praises, and engaged him to set a splendid diamond, intended as a present to the Pope. But even here his fortune did not run smoothly; the imperial present intended for him slipped into the hands of Signor Durante, his associate in making the papal presents to the emperor. He was the more annoyed at this, as, according to his account, Signor Durante was very awkward on the occasion, and did not know how to make a speech befitting the imperial ear.

Thinking himself neglected at Rome—where, however, he was daily loaded with favors—Cellini conceived the sudden resolution of visiting France. He accordingly set out with haste, accompanied by his apprentice, Ascanio; and having passed through Florence, Bologna, and Venice, he arrived at Padua, where he made some stay with Cardinal Bembo,[2] who showed him every possible attention. Resuming his journey, he passed through Switzerland and Lyons, and arrived safely at Paris. He was introduced to Francis I. at Fontainebleau, and was received with every demonstration of kindness. Francis I. did every thing in his power to retain our artist at the French court; but having fallen sick at Lyons,

1 Vol. i, p. 177.

2 He was not yet a Cardinal.

to which city he had followed the royal retinue, he conceived a sudden disgust for France and every thing French, and set out with haste on his return to Italy. On his way, he met with a curious adventure in crossing a river, which we will lay before our readers in his own whimsical language:

"When we had passed the mountains of the Simplon above mentioned, we came to a river hard by a place called Isdevedro. This river was very broad and deep, and had a long narrow bridge over it without any rails. A considerable dew had fallen in the morning, so that when I came to the bridge, which was some time before the rest, I perceived it to be very dangerous. I therefore ordered my young men to dismount and lead their horses. Thus I safely got over, and rode on, talking to one of the Frenchmen, who was a person of condition. The other, who was a scrivener, stayed behind us, and laughed at the French gentleman and me, for being so fearful about nothing, as to take the trouble of walking. I turned about, and seeing him at the middle of the bridge, begged of him to come on cautiously, as the place was exceedingly dangerous; the other, keeping up to the national character of his country, told me, in French, that I was a poor timid creature, and that there was no danger at all. Whilst he uttered these words, he spurred his horse a little, which, instantly stumbling, fell by the side of a great stone: but, as God is merciful to fools, the stupid rider and his horse both fell into a great hole. As soon as I perceived this, I began to run as fast as I could, and with great difficulty got upon the stone; from this I hung suspended, and catching the border of the scrivener's cloak, pulled him up by it, whilst the water still ran from his nostrils; for he had swallowed a great quantity of it, and narrowly escaped being drowned. Seeing him at last out of danger, I congratulated him on his escape, and expressed my joy at having saved his life. He answered in French that I had done nothing at all, and the point of most importance was his having lost a bundle of papers to the value of many a score of crowns; and this he seemed to say in anger, being still wet, and his clothes all dripping with water. I turned about to our guides and desired them to help the fool, telling them I would pay them for their trouble. One of the men exerted himself to the utmost, and fished up his papers, so that the scrivener lost nothing."[1]

Cellini passed through Ferrara, and finally reached Rome, where he was destined to meet with worse adventures than any that had heretofore fallen to his lot. The friends of Pompeo whom he had killed, the rivals whom he had eclipsed, together with Pier Luigi Farnese, the favorite of Paul III., had been all actively employed during his absence in prejudicing the mind of the Pontiff against him.

To add to his other misfortunes, his own servant, Perugio, turned against him, and openly accused him of having taken and secreted large amounts of the papal treasure, while Castel Sant' Angelo was besieged by the army of the Duke de Bourbon. While acting as bombardier in the

1 Vol. i., pp. 227, 228.

castle, Cellini had been commissioned by Pope Clement VII., the predecessor of Paul III., to remove and secrete a large amount of valuable jewels, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy; and this circumstance had lent probability to the charge. Hence, very shortly after his arrival in Rome, he was arrested and conveyed a prisoner to the Castel Sant' Angelo. In an examination before the governor of the city, he made an eloquent defence; but still he could not persuade his judges of his innocence. He was remanded to prison for further examination. The superintendent of the castle treated him with every possible kindness, notwithstanding the efforts of Pier Luigi to have him treated with the utmost rigor.

Had he remained patient but for a short time, his innocence would no doubt have been fully established, and he would have been set at liberty. But his restless and feverish spirit could not brook the restraint of a prison. Finding that the intervention of the French court was ineffectual in procuring his release, he meditated an escape from the castle with the assistance of his boy Ascanio. So impetuous, however, was his temper, that he quarrelled with Ascanio very soon afterwards about the merest trifle, and even went so far as to forbid his appearance at the castle, though the affectionate youth came only to sympathize with his master. The keeper or constable of the castle was periodically troubled with a strange disorder, which caused him to act in a most whimsical manner, and even sometimes, while the paroxysm was on him, to behave like a madman. The old gentleman at those times was exceedingly nervous and suspicious, and one day he interrogated Cellini whether he had any intention to fly from the castle. Cellini thought to humor his fancy by assuring him that he intended to make a pair of wings, to wax them well, and to fly in earnest. The old man stood agape while his prisoner was dilating upon the structure of his wings, and the quality and quantity of the wax he intended putting on them; but he finally awoke from his reverie with the exclamation, that

"He knew Cellini had the cunning of the devil, and would avail himself of the opportunity to make his escape; so he was resolved to keep him locked up with a hundred keys, that he might not slip out of his hands."[1]

Yet Cellini contrived to effect his escape, in a manner almost bordering on the miraculous. After having succeeded in picking the locks of his cell, he managed to lower himself from the battlements by means of slips of the sheets of his bed, which he had prepared for the purpose. After he had thus escaped from the inner prison, the difficulty was but half overcome; the outward walls and battlements were still to be passed;

1 Vol. i., pp. 246, 247.

day was already beginning to dawn; and Cellini was not prepared with the necessary apparatus for surmounting so many unexpected barriers. Still, by taxing his ingenuity to the utmost, and making a desperate effort, he succeeded in making good his escape; not, however, without having broken his leg in the leap from the last battlement. Stunned by the fall, and smarting with the pain of his wound, he did not yet give way to discouragement or despair. Finding that he could not walk, he crawled along as best he could, till he at length prevailed on a water carrier to convey him on his beast of burden to the steps of St. Peter's church. Cardinal Comdro kindly received him into his house, where he lay concealed for some time, and had every attention and nursing which his condition required.

Shortly afterwards, the Cardinal felt compelled to deliver him up to the Pontiff, his place of concealment having transpired. He was again committed to the castle, and was treated with greater rigor than ever by the suspicious and half-crazy constable, whose malady had been greatly increased by his prisoner's escape. Cellini was thrown into a dark room, where he suffered greatly, but only for a short time. However, when he asked for some books to dispel the tedium of his confinement, the constable sent him "a Bible of his (Cellini's) in the vulgar tongue, with another book containing the chronicles of Villani."—A Bible given to a prisoner to read *in the vulgar tongue*, by a papal constable in the centre of Rome, and in the middle of the sixteenth century! How our revilers will stare when they read this passage in Cellini's Memoirs!

Finding his case almost hopeless, our hero now gave himself up almost entirely to exercises of piety. He schooled his turbulent spirit down to a proper resignation to the divine will, and meditated with sweetness and tenderness on the sufferings of the blessed Saviour for the love of mankind. He prayed, meditated, contemplated the divine perfections, and sang psalms all the day long. When he grew tired of singing and praying, he fell to writing, and composed a beautiful little poem, called the *Capitolo*, during his confinement. He even had visions and revelations, whether real, or the creations of his own fervid fancy, we will not venture to pronounce. Though the extract is rather long, yet we are sure our readers will pardon us for laying before them his account of one of his visions, in which his speedy release was foretold. The description is one of the most graphic we have ever met with, and it proves that Cellini was an artist in writing as well as in other things:

"When the next morning came, I awoke at daybreak, almost an hour before sunrise; and, having quitted my wretched couch, I put on a waistcoat, as it began to be cool, and prayed with greater devotion than I had ever done before. I earnestly entreated Christ, that He

would be graciously pleased to favor me with a divine inspiration, to let me know for what offence I was so severely punished; and since His Divine Majesty did not think me fit to behold the sun even in a dream, I besought Him, by His power and His goodness, that He would at least deem me worthy to know the cause of such rigorous chastisement. When I had uttered these words, some invisible being hurried me away, like a whirlwind, to a place where he unveiled himself to me in a human form, having the figure of a youth with the first down upon his cheeks, and of a most beautiful countenance, on which a particular gravity was conspicuous. He remained with me, and showed me what was in that place, saying, 'Those numerous men whom you see are all those who have hitherto been born and have died.' I then asked him why he brought me thither? To this he answered, 'Come forward, and you will soon know the reason.' I had in my hand a dagger, and on my back a coat of mail; he led me through that spacious place, and, showing me those who travelled several ways to the distance of an infinite number of miles, he conducted me forward, went out at a little door into a place which appeared like a narrow street, and pulled me after him. Upon coming out of the spacious apartment into this street, I found myself unarmed, and in a white shirt, with my head uncovered, standing at the right of my companion. When I saw myself in this situation, I was in great astonishment, because I did not know what street I was in; so, lifting up my eyes, I saw a high wall in the front of a house, on which the sun darted his refulgent rays.

"I then said: 'Oh, my friend! how shall I contrive to raise myself so as to be able to see the sphere of the sun?' He thereupon showed me several steps, which were upon my right hand, and bade me ascend them. Having gone to a little distance from him, I mounted several of those steps backwards, and began by little and little to see the approaching sun. I ascended as fast as I could, in the manner above mentioned, so that I at last discovered the whole solar orb; and because its powerful rays dazzled me, I, upon perceiving the cause of it, opened my eyes, and looking steadfastly on the great luminary, exclaimed: 'Oh, brilliant sun! whom I have so long wished to behold; henceforward I desire to see no other object, though the fierce lustre of thy beams quite overpowers and blinds me.' In this manner, I stood with my eyes fixed on the sun; and after I had continued thus gazing for some time, I saw the whole force of his united rays fall on the left side of his orb; and the rays being removed, I, with great delight and equal astonishment, contemplated the body of the glorious luminary, and could not but consider the concentring of his beams upon the left as a most extraordinary phenomenon. I meditated profoundly on the divine grace which had manifested itself to me this morning, and thus raised my voice: 'O wonderful power! O glorious influence divine! how much more bounteous art thou to me than I expected!' The sun, divested of his rays, appeared like a bath of purest melted gold.

"Whilst I gazed on this noble phenomenon, I saw the centre of the sun swell and bulge out; and in a moment there appeared a Christ upon the cross, formed of the self-same matter as the sun; and so gracious and pleasing was His aspect, that no human imagination could ever form so much as a faint idea of such beauty. As I was contemplating this glorious apparition, I cried out aloud: 'A miracle! a miracle! O God! O clemency divine! O goodness infinite! what mercies

dost thou lavish on me this morning!' At the very time that I thus meditated, and uttered these words, the figure of Christ began to move towards the side where the rays were concentred, and the middle of the sun swelled and bulged out as at first. The protuberance, having increased considerably, was at last converted into a figure of a beautiful Virgin Mary, who appeared to sit with her Son in her arms, in a graceful attitude, and even to smile. She stood between two angels of so divine a beauty that imagination could not even form an idea of such perfection. I likewise saw, in the same sun, a figure dressed in sacerdotal robes. This figure turned its back to me, and looked towards the blessed Virgin holding Christ in her arms.

"All these things I clearly and plainly saw; and, with a loud voice, continued to return thanks to the Almighty. This wonderful phenomenon having appeared before me for about eight minutes, vanished from my sight, and I was instantly conveyed back to my couch. I then began to make loud exclamations, crying out thus: 'It hath pleased the Almighty to reveal to me all His glory, in a splendor which perhaps no mortal eye ever before beheld; hence I know that I am free, happy, and in favor with God. As for you, unhappy wretches, you will continue in disgrace with Him. Know that I am certain that on All Saints' day, on which I was born in 1500, the night of the 1st of November, exactly at 12 o'clock—know, I say, that on the anniversary of that day you will be obliged to take me out of this dismal cell; for I have seen it with my eyes, and it was prefigured on the throne of God. The priest who looked towards Christ, and had his back turned to me, was St. Peter, who pleaded my cause, and appeared to be quite ashamed that such cruel insults should be offered to Christians in his house. (!) So proclaim it everywhere, that no one has any further power to hurt me; and tell the Pope, if he will supply me with wax and paper to represent the glorious vision sent me from heaven, I will certainly convince him of some things of which he now appears to doubt."[1]

The prophecy certainly was fulfilled to the letter; but it detracts no little from its merits as a prophecy, that it was written out, if not made, long after its verification. Cellini was liberated chiefly through the mediation of the French court, and the representations of the Cardinal of Ferrara, a great friend of his, who had just returned from Paris. In gratitude for the intervention of the French monarch in his behalf, Cellini accepted the pressing invitation of the Cardinal of Ferrara, made in his name, and set out with him for France. He was, however, very near making his second stay in France as short as had been the first. The Cardinal of Ferrara having offered him, on behalf of Francis I., the sum of three hundred crowns as his yearly salary, Cellini rejected the offer with scorn, and immediately determined to leave France, and actually set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem! But he was caught, and brought back by the king's officers, and his salary was immediately raised to seven hundred crowns a year, the same that had been

[1] Vol. ii., pp. 21–23.

given to Leonardo da Vinci during his employment by the French court.

Cellini immediately set to work with great spirit, in a palace of Paris, which Francis had munificently bestowed on him. He did not, however, obtain peaceful possession of this palace, until after he had driven out many of the tenants by main force, and engaged in many an affray, some of them dangerous and bloody enough. Madame d'Estampes, the king's mistress and favorite, whose vanity he had inadvertently wounded, did every thing in her power to annoy him, and to thwart his purposes. But Francis continued firm in his friendship for the artist, and showered down upon him every day some new marks of his favor. Cellini executed for him many curious pieces of workmanship in silver, among which was a remarkable salt-cellar, and several statues of the gods and heroes of antiquity, besides several pieces of beautifully chased plate. Every thing was done to the entire satisfaction of the French monarch.

Space fails us to recount the various adventures our hero met with in France. Suffice it to say, that the same headlong impetuosity characterized him here, as elsewhere. He appealed to the sword on almost all occasions, as most suitable for cutting the Gordian knot of controversy. Thus, Primaticcio, the Bolognese painter, having been pitted against him by Madame d'Estampes, he boasts of having actually frightened the man from France by his threats. Thus, also, while a troublesome lawsuit was pending over his head, brought on by a tenant whom he had ejected from his palace, he, after having heartily abused the chicanery of the French courts, suddenly cut short the whole difficulty after his most approved fashion, in the manner following:—

"The first that I attacked was the person who commenced that unjust and vexatious suit; and one evening I gave him so many wounds on the legs and arms, taking care, however, not to kill him, that I deprived him of the use of both of his legs. I then fell upon the other who had brought the cause, and treated him in such a manner as quickly caused a stop to be put to the proceedings."[1]

Though overwhelmed with bounty by Francis I., and though he had almost every thing in his own way in France, he still determined to return to Italy. One motive which hastened his return is highly creditable to his heart; he wished to relieve a poor widowed sister who had six little children. On his arrival in Florence, he found his sister and her children rejoiced at his return. The better to provide for them, he determined to accept the pressing invitation of Cosmo di Medici, the grand duke, and to make Florence his permanent abode. He did not, however, entirely

[1] Vol. ii., p. 96.

give over his passion for travelling, but took frequent excursions to various parts of Italy.

Under the patronage of Cosmo, he now turned his attention almost entirely to design and statuary, in which he had a formidable rival in Bandinello. The rival artists often came into contact at the ducal palace, where they were both frequent visitors. On one of these occasions, he administered to Bandinello a terrible castigation in the form of a criticism on his Hercules; which critique we transcribe for the reader's amusement:—

"The ingenious school of Florence," said I, "declares what follows: if the hair of your Hercules were shaved off, there would not remain skull enough to hold his brains. With regard to his face, it is hard to distinguish whether it be the face of a man or that of a creature between a lion and an ox; it discovers no attention to what it is about; and it is so ill set upon the neck, with so little art and in so ungraceful a manner, that a more shocking piece of work was never seen. His great brawny shoulders resemble the two pommels of an ass's pack-saddle; his breasts and their muscles bear no similitude to those of a man, but seem to have been drawn from a sack of melons. As he leans directly against the wall, the small of his back has the appearance of a bag filled with long cucumbers; it is impossible to conceive in what manner the two legs are fastened to this distorted figure, for it is hard to distinguish upon which leg he stands, or upon which he exerts any effort of his strength; nor does he appear to stand upon both, as he is sometimes represented by those masters of the art of statuary who understand something of their business. It is plain, too, that the statue inclines more than one-third of a cubit forward; and this is the greatest and most insupportable blunder which pretenders to sculpture can be guilty of. As for the arms, they both hang down in the most awkward and ungraceful manner imaginable . . . . The right leg of Hercules and that of Cacus touch at the middle of their calves, and if they were to be separated, not one of them only, but both, would remain without a calf in the place where they touch: besides, one of Hercules' feet is quite buried, and the other seems as if it stood upon hot coals."[1]

No wonder that this and similar castigations caused Bandinello, as the author asserts, to die of chagrin!

Cellini now applied himself, with his usual ardor, to casting in bronze his colossal statue of Perseus. The feverish excitement under which he labored when on the eve of casting the figure, threw him into so violent a fever, that he thought he should certainly die in a few hours. But while his nurses were doing all they could to soothe his pains, and to cheer him up with the prospect of living yet many years, a messenger came to tell him that his workmen were spoiling his cast, and had already despaired of success. He forgot his fever and imminent death, leaped suddenly from his bed, huddled on his clothes, and flew in an instant to

1 Vol. ii., pp. 167, 168.

the spot, where he plied some of his workmen with words and others with blows, until he had communicated all his own ardor to them. His activity and skill retrieved their blunders, and his statue came out perfect except a part of one foot, exactly as he had predicted to the duke. Frantic with joy, he forgot his previous illness, gave over all fear, and submitted to be twitted by his housekeeper on the fears of imminent death, which he had expressed but a few hours before. To thank God for his brilliant success, he went on a pilgrimage of a week to Vallombrosa and other places of solitude and piety.

We regret, that we cannot lay before our readers many other facts and traits in the character of this extraordinary man. But our space is already filled up, and we must break off almost as abruptly as our author himself does in his Memoirs. We leave the appreciation of his character to our readers. All, we think, will agree with us that he possessed remarkable genius, as varied as it was extraordinary. He cultivated as many branches as his great master, Michael Angelo, himself; and he succeeded to perfection in whatever he undertook. He was almost as great a proficient in gunnery and fortification as he was in chasing in silver and gold, in seal and coin engraving, and in the art of design. Many of his exquisitely wrought works are still preserved among the royal family plate at Windsor castle in England and elsewhere; and many more might have been handed down to us for the admiration and instruction of even the present age of mechanical skill, had they not been chiefly wrought in the precious metals, which are often changed from plate into coin, their intrinsic value being often more highly estimated than their extrinsic ornaments.

As to the moral character of our hero, every one can estimate it from the facts we have given; but we believe that many of his defects may be fairly traced to the unsettledness of the times, and the turbulent spirit of the age in which he lived. We are willing to lose sight of his faults in our admiration for his talents; and in doing so, we do but imitate the Popes, cardinals, and Catholic princes who so liberally patronized him.

XLVI. ITALIAN LIFE AND MORALS—EFFECTS OF "ROMANISM" ON SOCIETY.

This is the title of an article in the February number of Harper's Magazine.[1] Though it has fallen to our lot to read many unfair and unjust statements in regard to the character and customs of Catholic countries, we have never, we believe, perused any thing so glaringly slanderous and malignant, as this attempt to delineate Italian Life and Morals. It is evidently the production of a bitter partisan, and an unmitigated bigot, whose blindness will not permit him to see any thing good in the life of those who conscientiously differ from him in faith and worship; of one whose sense of justice is so far dulled that he does not deem it at all necessary to state the good, as well as the bad qualities of those whose character he portrays. The illustrations are in keeping with the matter. One of them represents a rather immodest country dance on an Italian holiday; two of them exhibit different phases of Italian beggary; two are devoted to the brigands; and one sketches an Italian wine-shop, with two monks—whose faces are wicked caricatures—figuring as the most conspicuous characters! Could the delineator of Italian Life and Morals find nothing more worthy of illustration than these things, in that Italy, which is the land of inventions, of genius, of poetry, and the fine arts, the home of Tasso, of Michael Angelo, and of Christopher Columbus!

How the Harpers could have admitted such a production into their popular Magazine, usually so elevated in its style and tone, might seem strange to those who do not reflect, that, like many other shrewd American publishers, they keep a steady eye on the main chance, and survey, with mercantile forethought, the condition and demands of the literary market. The signs of the times indicate a morbid appetite for precisely such gross libels on Catholic institutions and character as the one of which we are speaking; and the Messrs. Harper, no doubt by way of showing their utter abhorrence of the maxim falsely attributed to the Catholic Church—that the end justifies the means—think it, if not right, at least *profitable* to pander to this vitiated taste. We can explain their readiness to give currency to such matter, on no other hypothesis.

If the utter grossness and transparent scandal of the article were re-

1 For 1855.

deemed by refined literary taste, or by elegance of style, there might be some excuse or pretext for its appearance in the Magazine. But its manner is well worthy its matter. Whatever may be the writer's ability as an English scholar, he seems to have entered on his present task with the impression, that both fine writing and common politeness would be thrown away on so ignoble a theme as "Romanism" in Italy! He writes carelessly, and often ungrammatically. The very first sentence, besides containing a gross grammatical error, would have been set down by Blair as a notable example of the *obscure* style, had the rhetorician thought proper to indicate such a method of writing in his catalogue. "I have universally found that the differences in the relative prosperity of the inhabitants of Catholic and Protestant countries *was* in ratio to the degree in which the Holy Father would consider the former faithful and the latter heretical." He continues: "This has indeed become a trite observation among travellers of both religions. But no less a writer than the Abbé Lamennais denies its truth," etc. Denies the truth of what? Of the "ratio to the degree" itself, or of its *application* to Catholic and Protestant countries? The writer probably meant the latter; but if so, why could he not have said it at once? It is as cheap to write clearly, as it is to write vaguely and loosely. Though we were not before aware that *De* Lamennais—who, by the way, died lately a raving infidel in Paris—had ever treated this subject, at least professedly, yet we know of many distinguished writers, both Catholic and Protestant, who have disputed both the principle itself and its application. Again, such a sentence as this: "Milan, to the stranger, presents neither beggary *or* poverty," may do well enough for the libeller of "Romanism" in Italy; but it is little in accordance with the rules laid down by one Lindley Murray.

Did the writer know the language of the people whose character he attempted to portray? From the specimens he furnishes, we would infer that his acquaintance with the language of the Italians was about as superficial and inaccurate, as was his knowledge of their life and morals. True, he occasionally parades Italian words with a flourish, where plain English would have done fully as well, and would have been in decidedly better taste; but in doing so, he shows to demonstration that he is not only trading on borrowed capital, but that his stock in hand is exceedingly limited. The phrases, "fleeced at every *gabelle*," and "comes to a *dogana*," occurring in two successive paragraphs, prove to our mind that he knows neither the obvious difference of meaning in the words he employs, nor the distinction between singular and plural! His blunders in this, as those in English grammar, are too frequent and too gross to be covered by that mantle of charity, which careless writers sometimes delight to throw around their shoulders; from which, as from a panoply of

mail, the darts of criticism aimed at them glance off, to strike the luckless "printers' devils."

Happily, we are not left to our mere surmises in judging of the animus with which the writer undertook his rambling essay on Italian Life and Morals. He has the naiveté to avow the motive which prompted the production, in the following remarkable passage: "My object in presenting this unfavorable summary of Italian character is to show to what extent, in comparison with Protestantism, I consider 'Romanism' to be responsible for it, both for what it has actually done, and what it has failed to do. If such are the results where 'Romanism' is supreme, are not other nations in which it seeks to find sway warranted in viewing it, both in a political and in a moral sense, with a jealous eye?" So his acknowledged motive was to furnish materials for the special benefit of the mysterious order of midnight politicians, who seek precisely such *enlightenment* as this, and who, *knowing nothing* themselves, would not be likely to question any thing he might offer them, as political aliment to strengthen them in the valiant "war to the hilt against 'Romanism.'" This giving aid and comfort to the immaculate "American Party," comes with a specially good grace from one who, it is supposed, is a foreigner himself! If his new political friends should have any misgivings in regard to the fervor of their proselyte, we beg to assure them that they may safely dismiss all scruples in his regard.

Take the following declaration of a principle, as an instance: "Believing, as we do, that the possession of the good things of this earth proceeds mainly from those qualities that heap up most treasure in heaven—or, in other words, that virtue and vice, whether of the individual or nation, have their appointed rewards and punishments in this life as well as in that to come—we consider it a fair rule to judge papal rule by its fruits." We were not before aware that a *rule* brought forth *fruits;* but we suppose this happens only in Italy, where every thing is so *radically* wrong that even *rules* are there transformed into fruit-bearing *trees!* Let this, however, pass. The principle itself, as boldly laid down, is a decided improvement, not only on Catholicity, but on Christianity itself, as set forth by Christ, both by word and by example. He commended poverty and inculcated self-denial. He taught men to lay up treasures, not on earth, but in heaven. He strongly inveighed against riches, and laid down the proposition—startling to such men as the writer on "Romanism" in Italy—that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into heaven. Had He intended that "the qualities" which would be distinctive of His disciples should be the basis for securing the "possession of the good things of this earth," He would have done—what many of our modern *reformed* preachers are constantly doing—delivered lectures on political

economy, and on the best means of laying up treasures on earth, instead of the more elevated doctrine He actually taught.

Our painter of Italian Life and Morals furnishes the following remarkable sketch of the different shades observable in the notable science of "lying," as practised in Catholic countries: "In France, lies are expected as a matter of course. Among the ladies they pass under the softened expression of *broder* (to romance); with gentlemen, more vulgarly *blaguer* (to fib); but both practise the vice either to please, or to add piquancy to scandalous gossip, but seldom from baser motives. They so love to exaggerate, that even their daily newspapers are universally dated a day in advance; and even Galignani has been compelled to follow their example, to do away with the charge that he did not give the latest news. With the Italians, however, lying is a downright vice. Without the courage and gallantry of the French, they lie from fear as well as from fun."

Now we apprehend, that the art of "lying" in all its stages;—*romancing* (*broder* might be translated more elegantly, as well as more literally, *embroidering*); *fibbing*, whether white or black; and downright "lying" in its unmitigated atrocity;—is not at all confined to France and Italy. We might find the richest specimens of all its grades much nearer home. We need go no further, in fact, than our writer himself, for notable examples of this frailty, or for a striking illustration of Falstaff's well-known exclamation against "lying." He *embroiders* with the darkest figures and borders every Italian cloth which he handles; he *fibs* at every step of his progress, and in almost every line of his essay; and as for the highest grade of the art, we can hardly enumerate the instances of it which are scattered over his pages.

Under the two former heads we may class the following extracts, taken almost at random. Speaking of Naples, he says, "At every ten miles or so, one comes to a *dogana*:" why not have written *custom-house* in plain English? His readers might understand nearly as much Italian as himself, without knowing the meaning of *dogana*, any more than he does that of *gabella*.[1] We lately travelled through the kingdom of Naples, and we can testify that we encountered no "*dogana*" for the examination of baggage, until we reached the frontiers at Terracina,—rather more, we apprehend, than ten miles from Naples.—Here is another "fib:" "there are said to be not over three days of their delicious climate in a year which are all right for an Italian." Mark the agreement in number of the *their* and *an Italian*;[2] as well as the exquisite elegance of the whole sentence! But note also the "*fib*," which every one who has been in Italy, and has remarked the habitual cheerfulness

1 *Gabella* means *duties* paid at the custom-house, or *dogana*.

2 In the previous sentence he is speaking in the singular of "the Italian dandy."

and sunlit countenances of the Italians, would detect at a glance. Happily for the characteristic light-heartedness of the Italians, the gloomy religion of John Calvin never could gain a foothold in that beautiful and radiant country.

But again, he says: "Rome, however, is the capital of beggardom;" and almost immediately afterwards he adds: "In fact, throughout Tuscany they are the dirtiest and most beggarly set of beggars Italy can show." *Fibbing* and inconsistency are not incompatible, as these extracts will serve to show. While thus vacillating between Rome and Tuscany, as to the important question, which best merits the elegant designation—"capital of beggardom"—he robs Naples of the palm, universally awarded to her by all previous travellers, who had even skimmed over the surface of Italy.

Nor is this the only instance in which the writer betrays his inconsistency and self-contradiction. Speaking of Roman "beggardom," he says: "If their imperfections are real, the eighteen hospitals of Rome are ample for their relief." A little further on, the eighteen hospitals of Rome swell into nineteen for the treatment of diseases alone! "There are in Rome nineteen hospitals for the treatment of diseases." Those who are so given to "fibbing" should surely have better memories, if for no other reason, than that they might preserve their credit. What makes this contradiction the more glaring, is the evident ignorance of the writer in regard to the distinction—obvious to every child in Rome—between *Spedali*, or hospitals proper for the sick, and *Hospizzi*, or places of refuge for the old of both sexes, for orphans, for unprotected girls, and for others not diseased.[1]

But here, we take it, is yet another example of "fibbing:" "all strangers arriving at Leghorn are taxed nearly one dollar a head for the poor.' Now we were a stranger, and we lately arrived and passed twice through Leghorn, and we were not once asked to pay that "tax of nearly one dollar a head." Other examples might be furnished; but we must hasten on to more important specimens, those in which we have detected him in telling what is not true, and thereby bearing false witness against *his* neighbor. This department is so rich, that we scarcely know where to begin; we may as well follow his own rambling method, and take the instances as they occur.

Here is a libel, as gross as it is atrocious, on Italian chastity—the "index virtue" of a people: "One need have no greater evidence of the depravity of morals among the higher classes of Italian cities than the universal scandal, which spares no one, and at the same time announces a general corruption inconceivable in similar circles in Protestant countries, or which, if existing, would doom the offenders to social isolation. So

[1] The latter are far more numerous than the former.

the universal suspicion proclaims the equally spread habit of falsehood. However much courtesy may gild social intercourse, the serpent head of distrust is seen beneath. Jealousy is equally common. Not the more honorable sentiment founded on a regard for chastity, but the meaner spirit begotten of envy. . . . . Matrimonial fidelity is the exception!" One would think, from this extract, that he had kept shocking bad company, while in Italy. But how the proverbial jealousy of the Italians is compatible with such a state of morals, is entirely past our comprehension. We believe—and all who have passed any time in Italy will readily concur with us in opinion—that one who would there be so reckless as to tamper with conjugal fidelity, would be likely to be convinced of his error, not by expostulation, but by the keener and more trenchant logic of the Italian stiletto.[1]

We ask for no better refutation of this grievous calumny, than what himself furnishes. With all his blind malignity, and with all his efforts to portray the moral degradation caused by "Romanism," he is compelled to pay the following unwilling tribute to the superior morality of Italy and of Catholic countries generally, especially in the matter of chastity: "Roman Catholic cities, in their primary aspect, present a higher appearance of public morality than Protestant capitals. But few public women are met in their streets; drunkenness seems rare; and there is a general quiet and lethargy, the exact reverse of the bustle and enterprise of those towns that acknowledge Protestantism. Nowhere is this parallel (contrast?) more strikingly shown than between Geneva and Lucerne, Florence and New York, or Rome and London. This external morality is readily explained. While the grosser forms of morality are not so openly exhibited in papal cities as in Protestant, the distinction between virtue and vice is much less rigorously drawn. The Roman clergy are able to repress it outwardly, but it extends inwardly. Society in general is corrupt, while the streets are comparatively pure."

This is truly a precious avowal, coming, as it does, from an open enemy, from whom it could have been wrung only by the stern evidence of truth, so palpable as to leave no means of escape. He cannot and does not dare deny the facts; they are too patent to every observer, no matter how prejudiced; and with such facts admitted even by himself, his attempt to cloud their splendor by vulgar and unworthy suspicion of what may take place in secret, proves only his want of charity; it can prove nothing else to any unbiased mind. It evidences a morbid appetite to believe evil of his neighbor from what does not appear, and in open and avowed opposition to what does appear. It manifests the blind malignity of the serpent, which strikes in the

1 Our writer speaks of the knife, and not of the *stiletto*, as the weapon peculiar to the Italians, at least to the Romans. He seems to parade his ignorance of every thing peculiarly Italian.

dark at invisible objects, for fear its head should be crushed by objects which its other senses make it apprehend as present.

Our writer on Italian Life and Morals is not alone among prejudiced Protestants, in his avowal of the superior morality and chastity which distinguish Catholic countries, however he may be solitary, or at least unrivalled in the vulgarity of his suspicions. Samuel Laing, Esq., a Scotchman, and a Presbyterian, as well as a man of great intelligence and candor, and at the same time an unexceptionable witness, because an undisguised enemy of the Catholic Church, bears the most ample evidence to the same startling fact—which in itself speaks volumes in favor of Catholicity. He deals not in mere generalities, or in round assertions, unsustained by facts, much less in uncharitable suspicions of what may happen in secret. He sustains all that he advances by public and undeniable facts, and by those stern statistics which our writer found it so hard to find in Italy.[1] And what is his evidence on this very subject? He tells us that the most unchaste nation on the face of the earth is Protestant Sweden, notwithstanding its high northern latitude, and its stanch Protestantism; and that closely approximating to it in the immoral race comes Protestant Prussia. Both these countries have been under the full sway of the Protestant reformation for three centuries. In regard to Sweden, he clearly establishes the following facts, which are a summary of his researches on the subject:—

"The most thoroughly immoral city in the world is Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. In all Sweden, the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children is as one to fourteen; in the capital, it was, in 1837, as one to two and three-tenths!!"

When this startling revelation made by him appeared, the Swedish legation in London attempted its refutation in an elaborate pamphlet. This provoked a rejoinder from Laing, who triumphantly established all his previous statements by unanswerable statistics. He proved that in 1838, "the divorces were 147, the suicides 172. Of the 2,714 children born in Stockholm, 1,577 were legitimate, 1,137 illegitimate; making only a balance of 440 chaste mothers out of 2,714; and the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children, not as one to two and three-tenths, but as ONE TO ONE AND A HALF!!"

In regard to Prussia, he asserts that chastity, the "index-virtue of the moral condition of a people, is lower than in almost any part of Europe." In proof of this, he adds:—

1 Simply because he was too ignorant to know where to look for them, or too indolent to make the necessary researches, for those statistics are far from being wanting in Italy, whose writers are remarkable for their erudition on all the subjects which they attempt to handle. Did he ever hear of such works as those of Galli and Morichini on Roman Statistics? We suspect that he did not.

"It is no uncommon event in the family of a respectable tradesman in Berlin, to find on his breakfast table a little baby, of which, whoever may be the father, he has no doubt at all about the maternal grand father. Such accidents are so common in the class in which they are least common, with us—the middle class, removed from ignorance or indigence—that they are regarded but as accidents, as youthful indiscretions, not as disgraces, affecting, as with us, the respectability and happiness of all the kith and kin for a generation."[1]

The worst enemy of Italy could not assert so much as this, in regard to the low state of Italian morals.

In regard to temperance, it is generally admitted that Catholic are far in advance of Protestant countries. Our libeller of Italian Life and Morals admits this in relation to Italy, though the admission costs him a very wry face, and sundry contortions of visage, which would be amusing, if they did not excite our pity. Says he: "The faintness, or want of strength, resulting from so meagre a diet, is relieved by the stimulus of large draughts of the light wines of the country, in general, mixtures deleterious to the health (another *fib*), though not very intoxicating. Indeed, one cause of the apparent sobriety of the peasantry is said to be their inability to swallow enough to make them tipsy, though there are men among them who will swallow a gallon flask at a sitting. (Still another.) They drink enough, however, to excite to crime and disorders, and their temperance may be considered rather a passive than active virtue; though as men will seek artificial stimulus, it would be an advantage to the United States could light wines be substituted for strong drinks."

This is a pretty fair specimen of the manner in which he makes admissions. The fact is, drunkenness is almost as unknown in Italy, and other Catholic countries, as it is prevalent in those which are Protestant; and in few more so, unhappily, than in this, our own prosperous republic. We ourselves lived for more than four years in Rome, and though we almost daily walked the streets, we never, in all that time, saw but one man who was overcome by intoxication, and he was a young soldier. All travellers, of every shade of opinion, have freely admitted the superior temperance of the Italians. Mr. Laing testifies as follows—he is speaking of a great popular festival in Venice, on an occasion when the entire population seems to have turned out:—

"In all this bustle I did not see, even in the fish market at the Rialto, a single instance of intoxication—people were not drinking, although all were singing, talking, and enjoying themselves—nor a single instance, even among the boys, of jostling, pushing, running, or rudeness, nor a single person whom I could suppose to be a policeman

[1] See Notes of a Traveller, in 1 vol. 8vo.—Prussia.

The ordinary corporal's guard, at a public building near the church, was the only authority that I saw of any kind."[1]

He furnishes similar testimony in regard to the temperance, refinement, and politeness of the lower orders in Florence :—

"No town on the continent," he says, "shows so much of this kind of intellectuality (a taste for the fine arts), or so much well-being and good conduct among the people. It happened that the 9th of May was kept here as a great holiday by the lower class, as May-day with us, and they assembled in a kind of park about a mile from the city, where booths, tents, and carts, with wine and eatables for sale, were in crowds and clusters, as at our village wakes and race-courses. The multitude from town and country round could not have been less than twenty thousand people, grouped in small parties, dancing, singing, talking, dining on the grass, and enjoying themselves. I did not see a single instance of inebriety, ill-temper, or unruly, boisterous conduct; yet the people were gay and joyous. There was no police, except at the crossings of the alley in the park, a mounted dragoon to make the innumerable carts, horses, and carriages of all kinds and classes keep their files and their own sides of the road. The scene gave a favorable impression of the state of the lower classes in Tuscany."[2]

One would think that, in a country where wine is so abundant as to allow common men "to drain a gallon flask at a sitting," there is, after all, not so appalling an amount of destitution as to call forth a long Jeremiad on Italian beggary, and on the degrading influence of "Romanism" on national wealth and comfort. The condition of the poor in Italy will compare favorably with that of the same class in England, as set forth by many Protestant writers, and as unfolded in official reports to the British Parliament. A volume of evidence might be furnished on this subject, but it is already familiar to the reading public, and our limits forbid our entering into details. We refer to Calvin Colton's "Four Years in Great Britain," to Lester's "Glory and Shame, and Fate and Condition of England," and to the more recent work of Cobden, entitled "The White Slaves of England." Compared to the down-trodden and crushed poor of Ireland, exhausted and brought down to the verge of starvation by three hundred years of English Protestant robbery and oppression, the poor of Italy enjoy an earthly paradise, and they may well be proud of the ample protection thrown around their destitute condition by an exhaustless Catholic charity, while their less fortunate neighbors, under Protestant auspices and sympathy, are allowed to starve by hundreds of thousands and by millions. The most striking difference between the state of the poor in Catholic and in Protestant countries consists in this, that in the former they are permitted to go at large, to enjoy their personal liberty, and even to shock the nervous sensibility of

1 Notes of a Traveller, p. 428. 2 Ibid., pp. 418-19.

some exquisitely philanthropic gentlemen, by resorting to the disgusting practice of begging; whereas in the latter they are carefully kept out of the public eye, being deprived of their personal liberty, and shut up in poor or work houses, as if poverty were a crime to be punished with imprisonment! At any rate, you seldom hear of starvation in Catholic countries, whereas this manner of death is not uncommon elsewhere.

Our writer himself admits that "the proportions of Roman Catholic charity are colossal;" but here, as elsewhere, he qualifies his admission by reviling the Church, for insisting too much on charity! This seems almost incredible, yet it is true; and what makes it the more remarkable is, the circumstance that he alleges this excessive charity of the Church as a reason for the defective education of the people! A beautiful specimen, truly, of logic and of Christian charity combined! The Church cannot hope to succeed in imparting wholesome education to the masses, so long as she will insist so much on the practice of that charity, which is Christ's distinctive commandment! Here is the curious passage, worthy, in every respect, the portrayer of Italian Life and Morals: "To return to schools and ecclesiastical education. One of its (?) chief principles tends to perpetuate a canker, which is gnawing at the vitals of Italy. The Church honors beggary in its bosom, by sustaining numerous communities of idle monks, who live on the charity and industry of the public. (Not true, but what has this to do with education?) It teaches through all its lessons, even as an article of faith, that alms expiate sins, and that it is necessary to give continually and abundantly to win heaven. Her (the Church was *it* just above, now *she* has become feminine) charity is not of doctrine; she holds none in store for those who deny her faith —they are inevitably damned; but in good works and in alms-giving she is lavish, because by them she buys salvation for herself. This abuse is twofold. It makes heaven a matter of barter (!), and teaches the poor that it is only necessary to wear rags, and live in filth and idleness, for the wealthy to become their debtors; while the excess of good works of the Church provides them with a bed in the hospitals when ill, a snug retreat when old, and the gifts of the rich at all times."

How detestably tyrannical and hard-hearted must be the Catholic Church to deal thus cruelly with the poor! How shocking in her to provide them with such horrid appliances as "a bed in the hospital when ill, a snug retreat when old, and the gifts of the rich at all times!" How certain she is to receive the awful retribution to be denounced by our Lord on the last day against those who will have fed the hungry clothed the naked, and taken in the stranger, and thereby done all these services to Himself!!![1] Had she been a real mother, and not the cruel step-dame that she is, she would have spurned the poor from her, and

[1] See St. Matt., ch xxv.

have shut them up in prison, for the atrocious crime of not possessing "the good things of this world!" How sad and utterly hopeless is her degradation, so long as she will continue to be thus "lavish" and "colossal" in her charity! She is surely behind the age, and what is still worse, with her deeply rooted but antiquated principles, she can never hope to keep pace with its onward march of improvement!

To be serious, the charities of Italy are unequalled in any other country in the world, and those of Rome surpass what is found in any other portion of Italy. Says a recent American Protestant writer:—

"But even admitting the faults of the Roman people to be as great and as numerous as their worst detractors charge, they would be made pardonable by their warm-hearted *charity*, 'which covereth a multitude of sins.' Their practical benevolence surpasses that of any other nation. The many poor among them share their mite with the poorer; the very beggar, who has been fortunate in his alms-seeking, divides his gain with his less lucky comrade; the rich bestow bounteous and systematic charity; and the number and magnificence of charitable establishments for the relief of suffering humanity are unapproached in any other country of Europe. Hospitals for every form of disease, and for all classes of the wretched, abound in every city, and their inmates are zealously and kindly tended by self-sacrificing Sisters of Charity, who devote themselves to these painful duties, in the just belief that they are thus rendering the most acceptable religious service. Other charitable offices are performed by various confraternities, similar to the *Misericordia* of Florence. Of these, one secretly sends relief to needy but respectable families; another pays off oppressive debts, contracted by the honest poor in times of sickness and accident; another relieves friendless prisoners; another seeks out the sick poor; and another still, when all other benevolent exertions have proved faithless, carries the dead with decent ceremony to the grave. When we find the feelings, which prompt these manifold acts of kindness, extending through every class, we can pardon them their transgressions of some other points of the moral law."[1]

Of the charities peculiar to Rome and to Italy, our delineator of Italian morals speaks as follows: "The hospital of the Holy Ghost receives all bastards without question. (This is a gross misstatement; every one who has been in Rome knows that this hospital is for sick generally, and that it is the oldest, as well as one of the largest and best conducted establishments of the kind in the world.) They cost Rome yearly fifty thousand dollars. (This is of a piece with 'fib' No. 1, and is absurd on its very face.) There are besides some fourteen semi-convents, where young girls are gratuitously received and educated. They never leave these retreats except to marry or become nuns. If the former, they receive a dowry of thirty-five dollars;[2] if the latter, fifty dollars, so much is celibacy in Rome held in honor above matrimony. (In which Rome does but follow St. Paul, 1 Cor. ch. vii.) As an anomaly, however, in

1 "Rome, as seen by a New Yorker," pp. 200, 201. 2 Not an inconsiderable sum in Rome.

this doctrine, there exists (another grammatical blunder) in Rome, and in Italy generally, dotal institutions, which annually provide a considerable number of poor girls with sufficient dowries to tempt offers of marriage."

But, perhaps the most remarkable thing, in this most remarkable essay on Life and Morals in Italy, is the passage in which the writer seriously undertakes to show that Catholic charity is self-seeking and ostentatious, while Protestant charity is silent and unpretending! We furnish an extract;—and if our readers can refrain from laughing, they must have much more command over their facial muscles than we can lay claim to:—

"There is an important distinction between Roman Catholic and Protestant benevolence in modes of action. Both are comprehensive, self-denying, laborious, and unwearied. The former, however, partakes of the parade and ostentation of the Church, which controls and directs its operations. . . . . No one can meet the Roman 'Brethren of the Dead,' whose office it is to bury the deserted victims of contagion, see the mournful costume of the Florentine 'Brethren of Pity,' or watch the noiseless steps of the French 'Sisters of Charity,' as they glide, like ministering angels, to the hearth-stones of poverty, or the bedsides of the sick and dying, without feeling his heart respond to the sublime doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man, and involuntarily reverencing that form of Christianity which thus manifests its benevolence to the world. But is there not more real sublimity in the silent, humble walk of Protestant benevolence—the doing good in secret—than in all the mighty machinery of Rome? . . . . . Protestantism washes no pilgrims' feet, and feeds no paupers in the pride of charity amidst the splendors of a dominant hierarchy. It makes no theatrical exhibition of its benevolence, though its English form delights too much in good dinners. . . . . Men see not the Protestant Brethren of Mercy as they pass by, for they are like other men; neither do women kneel on stony pavements when the Protestant clergyman carries hope to the dying; . . . . . nor do our Sisters of Charity wear other garb than that in which they so faithfully perform their duties as Christian mothers."

A much more plausible reason for our not seeing the Protestant "Brethren of Mercy" and Protestant "Sisters of Charity" might be found in the very simple fact, that there are none in existence to become the objects of our vision! While we cheerfully award to Protestants the just meed of praise, for their frequent exhibition of the spirit of charity and benevolence, we cannot be expected to be guilty of the palpable absurdity of believing, that theirs is a secret, and ours an ostentatious charity. The contrary is known to be the case. The after-dinner charity of the English is proverbial; and our own form of public subscriptions and ostentatious collections is equally notorious. The Catholic Sisters of Charity "glide along with noiseless steps" on their errands of mercy; and most of the Catholic charities, those of Italy especially, were founded by men

who took every possible means to remain unknown to the world. It is a distinctive feature in Catholic charity, more insisted on than any other, that, in accordance with the divine admonition, the left hand should not know what the right hand bestows. The charitable Brotherhoods, to whom reference is above made, require an external organization, with some outward badges and rites, to band them together, so that they may be able to carry out the noble purposes of their institute; but so far from being ostentatious, many of them wear disguises whenever they appear in public on their charitable mission. This is known to all who have been in Italy.

The writer on Italian Life and Morals makes so many utterly false statements, that we are not able, without transcending all reasonable limits, to refute, or even to contradict them all. An untruth may be asserted in a single line, which it would require pages properly to refute. We might, in fact, characterize the whole article, in the aggregate, as one huge misstatement. We may say of it, what Talleyrand once said of a book submitted to his criticism,—whatever is *new* in it is not *true*, and whatever is *true* is not *new!* Even what is true is so mixed up with untruth, either express or implied, as fairly to pass for a misrepresentation. But we cannot refrain from branding, as a downright untruth, his assertion that the Pope sells Indulgences; as well as that in which he dares imply that Indulgences are but licenses to commit sin. The Council of Trent solemnly forbids the sale of Indulgences, and an Indulgence, as defined by all our standards—from the simplest Catechism up to the Council of Trent—is the very opposite of the permission to commit sin; for it necessarily presupposes the forgiveness of sin. He must have known better, at the very time he was engaged in penning the injurious calumny; and he should have remembered, that while he was denouncing the Italians for downright "lying," consistency—to say nothing of higher motives—should have prompted him to avoid the wicked practice he was so free to charge on others.

Another injurious slander—contradicted by all history—is contained in the assertion that "the Popes were alive only to the extension of their own petty sovereignties." Had they been thus ambitious, how has it happened that, with all their great temporal power during the middle ages, they have not extended their territory one foot, but have, on the contrary, lost considerable portions of it, through the grasping ambition of their more powerful neighbors? When a man is thus reckless of truth, he ought to preserve at least the probabilities, and not make his misstatements so gross and palpable, that every one can detect them at a glance. But our writer is utterly devoid of the ingenuity which covers falsehood with the semblance of truth; and when detected, he cannot even allege the excuse contained in the well-known Italian proverb:

sé non é vero, é ben trovato.[1] For his own credit's sake, he should have learned this lesson, if no other, in that polished Italy which he so grossly maligns.

In one instance, while endeavoring to fasten the charge of dishonesty on Italian officials, he unwittingly exposes himself to the charge of either bribery or smuggling! "From Rome I have gone by land to Naples, thence through some of the northern States of Italy (is Naples en route from Rome to the north of Italy?) and never once opened a carriage load of trunks. The gift was expected as a matter of course; but for the officers to do their duty, that was quite another affair." That is, the officers of customs were dishonest, and he encouraged and abetted them in their dishonesty! A little further on he says: "If you refuse to pay, your baggage remains untouched, but you are not allowed to proceed." Of course, if you refuse to pay, travel is impossible in Italy! This we know to be glaringly untrue, from our own actual experience.

Again, he endeavors to prove that deeds of violence and murders are as common in Italy as with us, and in Protestant countries. He is, however, compelled by truth to make the following admission, which tallies badly with his assertion: "Still I do not believe that the Italians are given to the cold-blooded atrocities, which figure not unfrequently in the criminal calendars of England and America. At all events, we rarely hear of coolly planned murders for the sake of booty; and yet brigands and assassinations figure largely in Italian tales. The Italian kills in warm blood, or in his profession of a 'bravo.' He uses his knife, particularly the Roman, as an Anglo-Saxon does his fists."—*Our* modern specimens of the Anglo Saxons use the bowie-knife, or the revolver, almost as often as they do "their fists." We doubt much whether in Italy, during the last year, there was one-twentieth part of the eight to nine hundred murders perpetrated during the same time, in our own republic, and recorded in the public prints! How few among the perpetrators were brought to justice!

We will close this review with some remarks on popular education in Italy, upon which our writer makes, as usual, some important misstatements. His theory on the subject is contained in the following singular passage: "Another cause of indolence are (?) the fetters imposed on knowledge. There are numerous primary schools, it is true. Rome alone possesses three hundred and seventy-two, which receive about fourteen thousand children of both sexes. Throughout the country, they exist gratuitously; but besides the simple elements of instruction, they, as well as the universities, are made subordinate to the papacy. The instructors, in general, are priests. The Church Catechism is a text-

1 "If it be not true, it is well contrived, or gotten up."

book. All knowledge that tends to expand the mind, liberalize ideas, or develop physical energy unsuited to the theory of absolutism, is rigorously tabooed."—What a pity that, instead of teaching the "Church Catechism," the Italian clergy, engaged in the noble work of imparting education, should not teach the Presbyterian, or—what would be still better, and would tend vastly more "to expand the mind and liberalize ideas"—the many conflicting and contradictory doctrinal expositions of the various Protestant sects! Children would then be reared up in the *liberal* belief that, instead of the one faith and one Church, Christ had established a hundred jarring sects, and had left the choice amongst them to man's private judgment or taste! Do what she will, the Catholic Church cannot please some fault-finding people. Do her clergy engage actively in the cause of education?—they are still keeping the people in ignorance!

A much more satisfactory cause for the alleged "indolence" of the Italians might be found in the warmth of the climate. Every one, who has even glanced at the comparative activity of northern and southern nations, must have noticed at once the characteristic difference in energy and industry which distinguishes them. As Mr. Laing well remarks, the religion and the government of a people are very "convenient pack-horses," on which superficial travellers are in the habit of laying whatever burdens they have not sense or philosophy enough otherwise to dispose of. Upon the relative condition of popular education in Catholic and Protestant countries, in particular, Mr. Laing has bestowed much attention and diligent research; and as he had no pet theory to establish, and was, at the same time, a Presbyterian and a Scotchman, we suppose his testimony will be taken as unexceptionable. He unfolds the result of his inquiries in the following remarkable passage:—

"In Catholic Germany, in France, and even in Italy, the education of the common people, in reading, writing, arithmetic, music, manners, and morals, is at least as generally diffused, and as faithfully promoted by the clerical body, as in Scotland. It is by their own advance, and not by keeping back the advance of the people, that the popish priesthood of the present day seek to keep ahead of the intellectual progress of the community in Catholic lands: and they might, perhaps, retort on our Presbyterian clergy, and ask if they, too, are in their countries at the head of the intellectual movement of the age? Education is in reality not only not repressed, but is encouraged by the popish church; and is a mighty instrument in its hands, and ably used. In every street in Rome, for instance, there are, at short distances, public primary schools, for the education of the children of the lower and middle classes in the neighborhood. Rome, with a population of 158,678 souls, has 372 public primary schools, with 482 teachers, and 14,000 children attending them. Has Edinburgh so many schools for the instruction of those classes? I doubt it. Berlin, with a population about double that of Rome, has only 264 schools. Rome has also her university, with an

average attendance of 660 students: and the Papal States, with a population of two and a half millions, contain seven universities. Prussia, with a population of fourteen millions, has but seven."[1]

We have now done with our portrayer of Italian Life and Morals. Without an adequate knowledge of either the language, or the manners and customs of the country, he was manifestly wholly incompetent to judge aright the people, whose hospitality he enjoyed, only to requite it with the most malicious slander. His mind was too narrowed by prejudice against their religion, to allow him to do justice to their many good qualities of mind and heart. He entirely forgets to tell us what we owe to the Italians, in the field of art, science, discovery, and invention; and yet in all these departments of human knowledge, we are probably more indebted to them than to any other nation on earth. Under his pencil, their vices stand out in dark and bold relief, while their virtues and merits are almost wholly concealed.

If we have used plain, and sometimes strong language, we have thought that the malignant spirit, which prompted and dictated his portraiture of the Italians, deserved a stern rebuke. In his travels through Italy, he reminds us of the serpent in Paradise: his poisonous breath infects the very air he breathes; he covers whatever is good and holy with the slime of his poison; and he snaps, with blind malignity, at whatever crosses his way. We have thought that we were doing a service to humanity, in casting him out from so beautiful a garden spot of the world, and in sending him to wander about in places more suitable to his habits, and more congenial to his tastes.

1 Laing, Sup. Cit.

APPENDIX.

(Note A, P. 147.)

ON THE MAGNA CHARTA OF ENGLAND.

The controversy which was carried on between the English Barons and Pope Innocent III., and the Bull published by the Pontiff annulling the Charter, have been referred to, as conclusive evidence that the Catholic Church is opposed to liberty. The best refutation of this charge is found in a simple and unvarnished statement of the facts, as furnished by reliable historians. From these it will appear that the act of Innocent constitutes an exceptional case, easily explained by the circumstances accompanying it; that it was prompted chiefly by reasons extrinsic to the Charter itself; that his Bull had no practical results, even at the time it was issued; and that both his predecessors and his successors in the papal chair sanctioned, at least did not condemn, the political franchises contained in that famous instrument. Here are the facts, with the authorities by which they are supported:

1. The Charter was not a new document, drawn up for the first time by the Barons in 1215. It was more than a hundred years older, having been issued by Henry I., shortly after his accession to the throne in 1100. Cardinal Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, found this older document in the archives of London, and brought it to the notice of the Barons.[1] Many of its most valuable provisions were fifty years older, having been contained in the laws of Edward, the Confessor; some of them, as trial by jury, dated back to the reign of Alfred the Great, in the tenth century.

2. The Charter contained sixty-seven articles, most of them regarding special rights and immunities connected with the feudal system; and these have long since become obsolete, together with the peculiar system of jurisprudence of which they were an appendage. With the exception of the two provisions securing *habeas corpus*, and the right of representation before taxation, M. Hurter thinks that all the articles of the Charter may be reduced to two heads: "the guaranty of the requirements of natural justice, and the renewal of anterior rights."[2]

3. Though the Barons were in the right as to the substance of their demands, yet they more than once transgressed the bounds of moderation, notwithstanding the efforts of Cardinal Langton and the Bishops to restrain their impetuosity and to prevent violence. Thus, after John had signed the Charter, he called upon them in their turn "to subscribe the charters declaring that they were bound by oath and homage to be true to him against all manner of men, and to defend his rights and the rights of

1 See Hurter — Histoire du Pape Innocent III. et des Ses Cotemprains, 3 vols. 8vo, Paris, 1838: Vol. iii, p. 324-5. This history is full, learned, and reliable, drawn from cotemporary authors. See also Lingard — History of England — John.

2 Hurter, vol. iii, p. 331.

his heirs to the crown. They refused; and the archbishop, with several prelates, gave a solemn attestation of their refusal."[1] A portion of them went still farther, renewing the war against John, contrary to their solemn engagement, so lately entered into at Runnymede. "In many localities, the officers of the king were arrested or driven away, some royal possessions were ravaged, and the forests devastated."[2] The civil war having been thus rekindled in England, and John having ravaged the possessions of the Barons, they, after some hesitation, "unanimously determined to offer the crown to Louis, the eldest son of the king of France."[3] Thus, in a noble contest for liberty against a tyrant, the Barons greatly damaged their cause by violent measures, and by an attempt to upset the fundamental laws of the kingdom in calling a foreigner to the throne.

4. Perhaps a worse monarch than John never sat upon the English throne. Innocent had excommunicated him for his excesses, particularly for his sacrilegious oppression of the Church. He was as mean in adversity as he was cruel in prosperity. Finding that matters were going against him, and that his crown was in danger, he now professed repentance, took the cross as crusader, and placed himself as a vassal, his kingdom as a fief, under the special protection of the Holy See; thus becoming, of his own choice, a vassal of the Pope. The zeal of the royal penitent far outstripped the wishes of the Pontiff, who had not anticipated, nor expected any such result;[4] but, in accordance with the peculiar jurisprudence of that period, he did not feel himself at liberty to decline the trust thus reposed in the See of Peter, by a feeble prince beset with difficulties, and whom he believed sincere. It was not unusual for monarchs, during the middle ages, when surrounded by danger, to invoke the protection of "St. Peter" against violent assaults; and such appeals, far from depressing, tended rather to elevate the throne which sought so high a protector. Innocent was deceived by the wily representations of the English monarch, who found some plausible arguments in the violence of the Barons. The ambassadors of John found the Pope at Anagni; and they "spoke of the revolt of the Barons, of their exacting spirit, and of the declaration of the King, importing that that the Roman Church being the Suzerain of his kingdom, he could consent to nothing without its concurrence. The Barons," they added, "without regarding the appeal interposed, have occupied the capital by treachery, and have extorted by force of arms the liberties which they had demanded. They showed to the Pope the articles of the Charter, by which John thought himself most aggrieved. Innocent read them, rubbed his eye-brows, and said: 'Do the English Barons think to be able to overturn the throne of a king invested with the Cross, and who is under the protection of the Apostolic See, and put another in his place, contrary to the will of the Roman Church? . . . Such an injustice shall not go unpunished!'"[5]

5. In annulling the Charter, Innocent promised the Barons "that he would induce the King to consent to whatever might be just or reasonable, *to take care that all grievancies should be abolished, that the crown should be content with its just rights*, AND THE CLERGY AND PEOPLE SHOULD ENJOY THEIR ANCIENT LIBERTIES."[6] Thus, it is manifest, that the Pontiff did not condemn the Charter on account of the liberties it contained, most of which were ancient, long established, and sanctioned by Rome itself. His motives for the act, as stated by himself, were as follows; That John had become his vassal, and he felt bound by the jurisprudence of the

1 Lingard — John — vol. iii, p. 59 — Edit. London, Dolman, 1844. 2 Hurter, ibid., p. 335.
3 Lingard, ibid., p. 64. 4 Hurter, ibid., p. 235. 5 Hurter, ibid., p. 337.
6 Lingard, ibid., p. 62. He quotes Rymer.

times to protect him; that the Barons had employed violence, instead of accepting the offer of redress by due course of law; and that they had violated the privileges which all Christian nations had granted to the champions of the cross, in rebelling against John, an enrolled crusader.[1]

6. But did the act of Innocent really annul the Charter? Did the Barons recognize his right to do so? Did even the Bishops accept the decision of Innocent? They did not. They maintained that the rigorous measures adopted by Innocent "had been obtained on false suggestions, and for objects not within the jurisdiction of the Pontiff. He had no right to interfere in temporal concerns; the control of ecclesiastical matters only had been intrusted by Christ to Peter, and Peter's successors."[2]

7. Far from being practically annulled, the Charter was solemnly renewed and confirmed, under the express sanction of Honorius III., Innocent's successor, two years afterwards, in the reign of John's son, Henry III. This monarch ascended the throne in his eleventh year, inheriting from his father a disastrous and bloody civil war. "But Honorius, as feudal superior, declared himself the guardian of the orphan, and commanded Gualo (his legate in England) to reside near his person, watch over his safety, and protect his just rights. The legate discharged his trust with fidelity, and found in the earl marshal a coadjutor actuated by the same zeal and concurring in the same sentiments."[3] . . . . . "The Charter was again confirmed, but with additional alterations. It was provided that the widow should have for her dower the third part of all the lands which had belonged to her husband during the coverture, unless she had been endowed with a smaller portion at the door of the church. . . . . Lastly, it was enacted that ALL MEN SHOULD ENJOY EQUAL LIBERTIES."[4]

8. Between the year of its adoption and the date of the reformation, the Charter was confirmed no less than THIRTY-EIGHT TIMES: "Six times by Henry III., thrice by Edward I., fifteen times by Edward III., six times by Richard II., six times by Henry IV., once by Henry V., and once by Henry VI."[5] We do not read that any Roman Pontiff ever objected to even one of these numerous ratifications; some of these — as that under Henry III. referred to above,— were made with the express sanction of the Holy See.

9. From all these facts, it is apparent that the action of Innocent III. in regard to the Charter, together with his summary decision of the controversy between John and the Barons, constitute an exceptional case, involving other issues besides that of the franchises claimed by Cardinal Langton and his associates. To estimate aright the merits of the discussion, we should not lose sight of the peculiar system of jurisprudence which then obtained, on which the decision of Innocent was based. Whenever Roman Pontiffs were called on to interfere between a tyrannical prince and his subjects, during the middle ages, their influence was almost invariably thrown in the scale of popular rights and liberties. Such a thing as absolute monarchy, sustained by standing armies, was then wholly unknown; and subjects were thought to have rights as well as sovereigns. The doctrine of passive obedience had not yet been broached. Among the objects which induced Innocent III. to convene the general Council of Lateran, as set forth in his letter of convocation, we find the following: "to consolidate the faith, to extinguish enmities, to re-establish peace, to cause oppression to cease, *to protect liberty*, to determine princes and people to carry succor to the holy land, &c."[6]

1 Lingard, ibid., p. 60.
2 Lingard, ibid., p. 62. He quotes the original Latin of their reply, from Rymer and Mathew Paris.
3 Lingard, ibid., p. 81. 4 Ibid., p. 82. 5 Ibid. p. 58, note.
6 Hurter., ibid , p. 275 The letter of convocation was issued in 1213, and the council met in 1215

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